1987
DIRECTOR'S BOOK
BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Introduction and Basic Information

Basic Information Sheet
Address List
1987 Schedule of Classes
Program for the 1987 Summer

Letters to the Faculty

Evening Happy Hours at Bread Loaf
Reserve Books
IWRP - Students/Professors
M.Litt. Exam Letter
Dear Bread Loafer and Attachments
Rental of Regalia
Theatre Staff
Assistant to the Director's Letter to the Faculty
Letter regarding Grades with Attachments
Memo Regarding Auditors
Memo Regarding Theatre Program
Memo Regarding Mid-session
Memos Regarding Exams

Letters to Students

Dear Bread Loafer Letter (including Off Campus)
Medical Forms
Insurance Letter
New York Times Subscription
Linen Service Letter
Arrival Card
Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends Letter
Croutons
Dear Bread Loaf Waiter/Waitress (including instructions)
Green Ribbon Greeters
Fun and Frugality
Dear Bread Loaf Letter Regarding Grades
Statement of Family Educational Rights
Waiver Statement
Memo on Classroom Research Support Grants
Middlebury Admissions
Evaluation - Off-campus Housing
Memo Regarding Oxford Meeting
Evaluation - Bread Loaf Assessment
Evaluation - Writing Program

Entertainment

Program - 1987
Films - 1987
Theatre Programs

Statistics

First-year Students
Scholarship/Financial Aid Report
Named Scholarships
Waiterships
General Statistics
Appendix A - Bread Loaf/Oxford Comparisons
Enrollment Figures
Faculty Load
Course Enrollment
Undergraduates
Continuing Education
Course Load - Students
Independent Projects
M.A. Candidates
M.Litt. - Area of Concentration
Prospective Degree Candidates for 1988
Program in Writing Students - 1987
Program in Writing Students, by years (1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc.)
Program in Writing Students - Mary Reynolds Babcock
Program in Writing Students - General Mills
Program in Writing Students - International Paper Company
Program in Writing Students - Lyndhurst Foundation
Program in Writing Students - New York Times Company

Exams

Declined to Waive Rights
Memo Regarding Proctoring Exams
No Exam Given List

Commencement

Class President's Remarks - Greetings to Oxford and Oxford to Breadloaf
Class President's Commencement Dinner Talk
Procedures for Commencement
Commencement Program
Commencement Address

Annual Report of the Director

Tin Cup Letter

The Bread Loafer

The Crumb

The YEAST

OXFORD

Correspondence

Address List
Dear Bread Loafer Soon to be at Oxford (March)
Dear Bread Loafer at Lincoln College (May)
Medical Information
Insurance Sheet
Information Sheet
Maps of Lincoln College
Bus Schedules
Letter Regarding Green Ribbon Greeter
Dear Museum Road Residents (June)
Letter Regarding Grades, British vs. American
Evaluation - Oxford
Evaluation - Program in Writing
Independent Winter Reading Projects
Letter Regarding M.Litt.

Statistics

First Year Students
Scholarship/Financial Aid Report
Named Scholarships
General Statistics
Enrollment Figures
Faculty Load
Course Enrollment
Continuing Education
Undergraduates
Independent Winter Reading Projects
M.Litt. - Areas of Concentration

Commencement

Program

Paniculum

INTRODUCTION AND BASIC INFORMATION

THE GUIDE TO WELL-BRED LOAFING

The Bread Loaf School of English Tuesday, June 23, 1987

Green Greetings

Welcome to Bread Loaf. For those of you who don't yet know your way around, those who think they do will by now have assaulted you with their knowledge. The "Green Ribbon Greeters" in the Inn Lobby are returning Bread Loafers who want to help you feel at home. Ask them questions about any aspect of life on the mountain. And remember the answers: you may wear a ribbon yourself next year.

Of Course Registration

In the Secretary's Office are Dana Washington, Elaine Hall, and Jean Tomlinson. Students should confirm their course selections as soon as possible. If you have not yet registered for classes or if you wish to change your registration, please see Paul Cubeta. Possibly, you might want to see him anyway. The aforementioned ladies will gladly, graciously, and efficiently arrange appointments. For urgent matters, he is, of course, immediately available.

Greasing Our Palmeri

Middlebury College Comptroller John Palmeri will collect on all unpaid bills today in the Blue Parlor. Ask a Green Ribbon Greeter where that is. It's best to do it now before it slips your mind.

An Easing Hour with Merry Paul

This summer's first All-School Meeting will convene tonight at 7:30 in the Little Theatre. In typical directorial fashion, Paul Cubeta will officially welcome us to the mountain by putting last things first. His remarks will center on two personalities central to this summer: "Bread Loaf and Macbeth: 'Yet I Will Try the Last.'" How better to begin a summer than with its culmination? A reception in the Barn afterwards will carry us all beyond any conclusions we may have begun to draw. After many a summer, we'll get it right.

They're Handy

The Front Desk of the Inn is ably managed by Joan (jo-an) and Robert (bob) Handy, with help from Andrew Stockwood, Tim Taylor (alias the Bookstore Manager), Sean Marshall (a.k.a. the Taxi Driver), and the Handys' son Doug (dug). They will provide you with information, advice, and (in need) comfort. They double as switchboard operators and triple as Post Officers.

Park Away from the Parkway

State Law prohibits parking along Route 125. Enforcement of this law begins today. Faculty in Maple and students in Tamarack, Brandy Brook, and Gilmore may park their cars on the lawn contiguous to but well off the road. It is particularly important to keep the road clear in front of the Inn: the School's van stops there frequently and one can't always count on driver Sean Marshall's natural good humor.

Expert Nurse-zen'

Jane Lorentzen will be our resident nurse this summer. Her office and home, which doubles as our infirmary, is in Cornwall Cottage, across from the Inn. In the event of an emergency, contact the Front Desk immediately and whoever is on duty will contact Jane. In non-emergency situations please consult Jane during her regular office hours. Tuesdays will be Jane's day off, during which Nurse Practitioner and former Bread Loaf Nurse Laurie Brown will assume Jane's regular hours. Even if you are in perfect health, please stop by to turn in your medical form if you have not already done so. In case of need, Nurse Jane has extra forms.

On Fire

Due to the danger of fire, hot plates and coffee makers are forbidden on campus. Hot food and coffee are available at all reasonable hours from the snack bar. Also due to the danger of fire, smoke detectors have been installed all over campus. As they are very sensitive to smoke (by nature) be careful when smoking in your room. If the alarm should go off inadvertently, air your room; if the alarm persists, notify the Front Desk. If the alarm beeps frequently, it probably needs a new battery: contact the Front Desk.

Valuable Information

Small valuables may be stored in the Front Desk Safe.

White Wash

The Laundry is in the white building on the road from the Inn to the Barn (or vice versa). Recently its facilities have been doubled. But wash and dry are still a bargain at fifty cents each. All machines run on small plastic tickets, which are available with the rest of the necessities of life at the Front Desk. Please be patient with our machines: they do not start up immediately, but like all rustic things will get the job done at their own pace.

In the Soup

Registration for the Croutons, Bread Loaf's resident kids group, will be at the Croutons' Playground this morning from 8:30 until noon, Head Crouton Greg Blackburn presiding. In the event that you can't make registration today, come by tomorrow morning on your way to class. Meanwhile, Cathy Blackburn will be in the Blue Parlor today, 8:30 to noon, to sign up off-campus students for a special cookout on Saturday evening at the Playground.

In Time for the Times

If you still want The New York Times this summer, place an order with Sean Marshall at the Front Desk by 6:00 p.m. Wednesday and your first copy will arrive Friday. Check with Sean for current rates.

No Room at the Inn

Urgent requests for room changes may be submitted to Dana Washington for Paul Cubeta's approval. But our current enrollment makes it virtually impossible to provide any new (or old) rooms.

Pick Up Your Crumbs

The Bread Loaf Crumb is a daily bulletin that you will find among the condiments on your table at lunch each weekday. Copies for off-campus students will be available at the Front Desk from about 12:00. The Crumb serves up important announcements, but also offers salacious gossip, sports scores, tidbits of wit, and poor spelling, in addition to many other verbal transactions without which life on the mountain would be well-nigh impossible.

For More Information

Keep your eyes open for a new guide to Middlebury and vicinity scheduled to appear later this week: included will be shopping and dining tips, listings of local services from laundry to hair-care, and maybe even a suggestion or two of sights to see. You might also ask the Front Desk staff, eternal providers of helpful hints and essential facts. And if all else fails, just start asking anyone you meet: someone on the mountain is bound to know the answer.

The Times of Your Loaf

FRONT DESK:	Monday - Saturday:	8:00am to 8:00pm
	Sunday:	9:30am to 1:00pm and 5:30pm to 8:00pm
SWITCHBOARD:	Monday - Saturday:	8:00am to 11:00pm
	Sunday:	8:30am to 1:00pm and 5:30pm to 11:00pm

Note: Local off-campus calls are free and need no operator assistance: simply dial 9 and then your number. Long distance calls go through our switchboard and must be collect, calling card, or third party calls. Please observe the switchboard hours for both outgoing and incoming calls. Emergency calls will be received at any time by the Handys, but please tell the friends and family you have left behind that our industrious Deskers need their sleep, too. For those late night callers, there are pay phones on the ground floor of the Inn, behind the Laundry, and at Gilmore.

POST OFFICE:	Monday - Friday:	8:00am to 5:00pm
	Saturday:	8:00am to 1:00pm
	Sunday:	Closed

Note: These are Federally regulated hours. Mail should be posted at the Front Desk mailbox (located on the door beside the student mailboxes) by 3:00 on weekdays and 2:00 on Saturdays. Mail is distributed at 10:00 and 5:30 weekdays, varying slightly with volume. Everyone is sharing a mailbox, so don't tear up the letters in your box just because they're not for you.

MEALS:

	Weekdays	Weekends
Breakfast	7:30 to 8:00	8:00 to 8:30
Lunch	1:00 to 1:15	1:00 to 1:15
Dinner	6:00 to 6:15	6:00 to 6:15

Note: The Dining Hall will be open at these times only. Since meals are served by students on working scholarships, please try to be prompt. The waiters must clear and set up after each meal before returning to their true identities as students. Headwaiter this summer is Tom Scanlan; his assistant is Skip Saunders. As usual, Paul Larocque is the Dining Hall Supervisor. Weekend breakfasts are self-serve. Meals are available for adult guests at the following rates: $3.00 for Breakfast, $5.00 for Lunch, and $7.00 for Dinner. Off campus students may purchase weekly lunch tickets for $15.00. Tickets are available at the Front Desk.

SNACK BAR:	Daily:	8:00am to 6:00pm and 6:30pm to 11:00pm

Note: The Snack Bar is located in the Barn.

BOOKSTORE:	Today:	All day (more or less)
	Tomorrow:	8:00am to 1:00pm, 1:30pm to 2:30pm, and 6:30pm to 7:30pm
	Weekdays:	8:00am to 9:45am, 12:30pm to 1:00pm, and 1:45pm to 2:15 (an hour and forty-five minutes after breakfast; half an hour before lunch; half an hour after lunch)
	Saturday:	Noon to 1:00pm
	Sunday:	Closed

Note: Manager, Tim Taylor.

DAVISON LIBRARY:	Weekdays + Sunday:	9:00am to midnight
	Saturday:	9:00am to 5:30pm

Note: Our librarians this year are Brent Goeres, Patricia Noll, Terry Plum, and Elizabeth Seidel. The Library will be closed during special programs.

INFIRMARY:	Weekdays:	One hour after each meal, except Monday and Wednesday when lunch hours will be before lunch.
	Sunday:	One hour after lunch.
TAXI:	Tuesday and Thursday:	Leave Inn at 2:00pm; leave Town at 4:00pm

Note: Be prompt.

1987 SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

All classes will be held in the Barn. Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in class.

				Room
8:30	77.	The Literature of American Trancendentalism (IV)	Mr. Buell	6
	95.	The Modern American Novel (IV)	Mr. Sundquist	A
	177.	Forms of Thinking and Writing (I)	Ms. Cazden	1
	205.	James, Eliot, and the Art of Fiction (III)	Mr. Freedman	2
9:30	3.	Writing About Learning (I)	Mrs. Goswami/ Mr. Wigginton	2
	19.	Chaucer (II)	Mr. Patterson	3
	28.	Shakespeare in His Own Time (II)	Ms. Patterson	A
	93.	Masters of Modern Drama (V)	Mr. Vandenbroucke	1
	101.	Yeats and Joyce (III)	Mr. Maddox	6
	174.	Connections: Thought/Modes of Lang. (I)(1st 3 wks)	Miss Martin	5
	203.	Writing, Discourse and Culture (I)(2nd 3 wks)	Mr. Burgess	5
10:30	11.	English Romanticism (III)	Mr. Knoepflmacher	2
	39.	Contemporary American Short Story (IV)	Mr. Huddle	1
	50.	Puritanism and the American Rennaissance (IV)	Mr. Buell	4
	60.	Shakespearean Texts & Dramatic Revision (II)	Mr. Urkowitz	A
	206.	American Literature of the 1950's (IV)	Mr. Sundquist	6
	208.	The Theory & Practice of Cultural Criticism (V)	Mr. Freedman	3
11:30	21.	Modern British Novel (III)	Ms. Maddox	2
	32.	Milton (II)	Ms. Patterson	4
	37.	Studies in the European Novel (V)	Mr. Donadio	3
	154.	Contemporary Drama (III)	Mr. Vandenbroucke	A
	172.	Children's Stories (I)(2nd 3 weeks)	Mr. Armstrong	5
	173.	Writing & Reading Stories in Sch. (I)(1st 3 wks)	Mr. Britton	5
	196.	Contemporary American Poetry (IV)	Mr. Prunty	6
	204.	Daughters and Lovers (III)	Mr. Maddox	1
Mon., Wed. 2-4:30				
	62.	Romantic and Modern Poetry (III)	Mr. Pack	2
	172.	Children's Stories (I) (Opt.hrs. 2nd 3 wks)	Mr. Armstrong	5
	173.	Writing & Reading Stories (I)(Opt.hrs. 1st 3 wks)	Mr. Britton	5
	184.	American Nature Writing (IV)	Mr. Elder	6
	202.	Writing Teacher's Case Histories (I)	Mr. Macrorie	4
Mon., Thurs. 2-5				
	129.	Introduction to Acting (VI)	Ms. Elliott	Earthworm Barn
Tues., Thur. 2-4:30				
	2.	Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction (I)	Mr. Macrorie	1
	34.	Nineteenth Century Novel (III)	Mr. Knoepflmacher	4
	174.	Connections: Thought/Modes (I)(Opt hrs 1st 3 wks)	Miss Martin	5
	203.	Writing, Discourse/Culture (I)(Opt hrs 2nd 3 wks)	Mr. Burgess	5
	207.	Forms of 20th-Century European Fiction (V)	Mr. Donadio	3
Tues., Thur. 2-5				
	139.	Directing Workshop (VI)	Mr. Mokler	A
Tues., Fri. 2-4:30				
	5.	Poetry Writing (I)	Mr. Prunty	2
	6.	Fiction Writing (I)	Mr. Huddle	6

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Program for Summer of 1987

Monday, July 6	Faculty Lecturer - Courtney Cazden "Texts & Contexts - The Myth of 'Autonomous Text'"	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 7	Visiting Lecturer - Ann Berthoff University of Massachusetts at Boston "Is Learning Still Possible?"	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 8	Visiting Lecturer - Eliot Wigginton Author of Sometimes a Shining Moment	Barn 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 13	Faculty Lecturer - David Huddle Reading of a story "Playing"	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 15	A. Walton Litz Professor of English, Princeton University The Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture	Little Theatre 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 20	Faculty Lecturer - John Elder "The Plane on South Mountain"	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 21	Faculty Lecturer - Wyatt Prunty Poetry reading	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday, July 22	Faculty Lecturer - Steven Urkowitz "Five Women, Eleven Ways - Shakespearean Characters in Revision"	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Monday, July 27	Faculty Lecturer - Robert Pack Author of Clayfeld Rejoices, Clayfeld Laments: A Sequence of Poems	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, July 28	Faculty Lecturer - Lawrence Buell "Communing with Henry: Thoreau's Presence in Walden"	Barn A
Wednesday, July 29	Faculty Lecturer - Michael Armstrong Author of Closely Observed Children	Barn A 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, Friday Saturday, Sunday July 30 & 31, August 1 & 2	Macbeth by William Shakespeare (preview - Wednesday, July 29)	Little Theatre 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, August 8	Commencement Exercises	Little Theatre 8:15 p.m.

LETTERS TO THE FACULTY

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

March 6, 1987

TO: The Great 1987 Bread Loaf Faculty

FROM: Paul Cubeta

SUBJECT: Evening Happy Hours at Bread Loaf

Annabel and Lee Patterson came up with a great idea for providing Bread Loaf with a rich extension of our summer's program. At their suggestion, rather than calling upon a number of outside lecturers and "consultants," I would like to take advantage of our unbeatable campus resources and invite all of you most enthusiastically to give a working paper, a lecture, a reading - your label - some evening this summer. You should not think of this as my clever strategy, please, to get a gratis formal lecture. It should be a welcomed occasion to share with the whole community something that you would enjoy presenting to, or testing out on, friends.

There is nothing obligatory about your accepting this invitation. You determine if you'd like an occasion, and just tell me how long. We may well want to schedule a couple of presentations of an evening.

If you could advise Dana no later than May 15 that you'd like to participate in our Faculty Evening Programs, we'll do our best to schedule you for a time and date that would suit. Anyone for 7:30, Tuesday, June 23 please? I'd introduce you with as much enthusiasm as I shall easily generate just before your Commencement Address. The community would be grateful.

PMC:dw

Dictated by Paul Cubeta and signed in his absence

March 9, 1987

All Bread Loaf Faculty

The Davison Library at the Bread Loaf campus contains about 4,000 volumes, a collection selected to support graduate courses in English and American language and literature, theatre arts, and the teaching of writing. The collection is choice, but small, and it may not have the materials that you need to place on reserve for this summer.

Enclosed please find a reserve list for each course you are teaching. On the form would you please list the author, title, publisher and date (if the edtion is important), and number of copies of the items you would like placed on reserve. Indicate also whether the items should be charged out for two hours only or for twenty-four hours.

Reserve materials are placed on designated shelves in the Library. Your name and the course number are identified, and the items are marked for either two-hour or twenty-four hour loan. Materials not at the Davison Library are either transferred from Starr Library at Middlebury College for the summer, or purchased. Receiving ordered materials from publishers can take up to two months, even under the best of conditions. Would you please return the reserve list to the Bread Loaf office by April 15.

This year the libraries at Middlebury College automated some of their systems, offering enhanced service through a computer catalog and circulation system. Davison Library will benefit from the automation project with, at the very least, online access to the collection and to the collection of Starr Library. The circulation system may also be online at Davison, requiring a few changes in procedures for charging out books. The net result of these efforts will be greater access to the materials, and a convenient, powerful way of searching the literature.

Brent Goeres, Cookie Morgan, and I look forward to seeing you this summer. If it appears that an item requested for reserve is out of print, out of stock or has succumbed to any of the other problems that befall books, you will be notified. Again, please return the list by April 15 to have the materials waiting for you when you arrive.

With best regards,

Terry Plum (Mr.)
Davison Librarian

TP:jt

INDEPENDENT WINTER READING PROJECTS

1987 - 1988

Louise Burnham

James Curley

Peter Platt

Patricia Woodward ?

Ellen Rennard

Wendy Blue

Eric Sundquist
Steve Donadio

Bob Pack
Wyatt Prunty

Lee Patterson
Annabel Patterson

Uli Knoepflmacher
John Elder

Russell Vandenbroucke
Alan Mokler

Eric Sundquist
Lucy Maddox

June 1987

TO: Faculty

FROM: Paul M. Cubeta

RE: Independent Winter Reading Program

I'd like to define the role of faculty advising on Independent Winter Reading Programs. This project is not a guided winter readint program undertaken with a member of the Bread Loaf faculty as a literary correspondence course. In order to be assured that the student's project is a responsible one and that the student has been given some guidance in shaping a thesis, selecting manageable primary texts, and sampling major secondary sources, I ask students contemplating an Independent Project to consult with their instructor and to submit a brief statement of theme and text for your review and signature. This procedure simply verifies that the Bread Loaf faculty member has reviewed the topic and finds that it is one that could be managed in a 25-30 page essay. The instructor may be asked to review an outline or progress report in early April but will provide no further advice during the academic year.

Although the projects are a valid way to receive a unit of credit - better often than dubious evening extension courses - they falter because they are not carefully set up with a clear subject that can over the winter be refined into a manageable essay with a defensible thesis or because students who achieve an A in a course still do not have the experience or independence of mind to move forward with the proposed project. Students who could do well in a directed reading program may still understandably flounder when completely on their own. Therefore, it is usually prudent to suggest to first-year students that they wait a summer or two.

Proposed topics should be reasonably focused and not so specialized that I will have trouble finding readers in next summer's faculty. Bibliographies should be limited to key texts available to students who have no access to a major library. A list of preliminary texts can include more works for exploration than can be encountered in the essay. Students must have demonstrated a mastery of some aspect of the field or the subject in your course. I rely on your professional judgment of the topic and the student. I need your help in dissuading the student that enthusiasm and dedication are not the only prerequisites.

To assure that a student can reasonably undertake such a project successfully, the reading project in general should emerge as an extension of a course that has been taken or is being taken at Bread Loaf.

In the fall these approved proposals are reviewed by me after the student's grades and faculty comments have been recorded. Final approval is given in October, if the student's grade is high enough (usually A- or better) to suggest competent undertaking of the project.

In April the student will submit a two-page summary of the thesis, if not a rough draft, as well as an outline of it and a statement of changes in the reading list. I shall send the precis to a member of the 1988 faculty who is probably to be one of the readers. Failure to submit a summary is usually taken to mean that the project has been abandoned or postponed.

The student should not solicit further guidance from the faculty member after the Bread Loaf session. I urge faculty who receive inquiries in the winter to forward them to be for a response, since, of necessity, I am the advisor for all Bread Loaf students between sessions.

U

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Dear Uli:

As the final requirement for earning the Master of Letters degree at Bread Loaf, a student must undertake a three-hour written and a one-hour oral exam in the area of his or her concentration. I am requesting that you serve as one of the two members of the M.Litt examination board for Carlene King. . The exams will be held in early August, and there will be ample time for us to discuss arrangements at Bread Loaf. I just did not want to spring any surprises on you once the summer got under way. I hope that this task will not be a burdensome one for you.

I am enclosing Carlene's reading list. Early in the summer, Lucy Maddox and you can meet with Carlene to discuss her preliminary statements so that by the time of the exam, you will have a better sense of what its dimensions are.

The purpose of these exams is to draw together authors, works, themes, genre, etc., which a student has been thinking about in the selected field of concentration. The exams are not meant to be all-inclusive in coverage, but they should give the candidate a chance to discuss in writing and in conversation his work for this degree.

The student is expected to be prepared in depth to write on those works which may be used for exploration during the oral exam.

The exam as a whole must be passed as a degree requirement. It is graded simply pass/fail.

I would very much appreciate your assistance in undertaking this additional academic chore.

Sincerely,

John Elder
Dean

JCE:dw

cc: Doug Woodsum

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Dear Bob:

As one of the ways in which Bread Loaf students may earn credit off the Mountain, the School permits able students to undertake an Independent Winter Reading Project, which is explained in the attached letter. I might need you to read several of these essays some time early in July. In most cases you or your colleague have read a preliminary draft of the essay this spring so that we are reasonably sure that the project is on track. I never know until registration day whether approved projects will actually come to fruition, but if these do, I hope you won't find the task of reading them burdensome. You and one other colleague would read the essay and if it were judged to be worthy of a passing grade (B-), you would then conduct an hour oral exam. The purpose of the exam is to reconcile differing judgments between colleagues, to give a student an opportunity to clarify aspects of his essay and in general to improve his or her grade. An unhappy oral would not fail a paper which was judged to be worthy of credit. In other words, a student could only be helped by the exam. That recognition takes a lot of strain off the performance.

There is a possibility, therefore, that I may ask you to help assist in reading the following projects:

*James Curley - Poetry of Williams

Sincerely,

John C. Elder
Dean

*Not in residence, but will come to Bread Loaf in July for orals.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Dear Bread Loafer:

This letter is a happy harbinger for returning Bread Loafers, and one which I hope will be helpful to those about to enjoy their first summer on the Mountain. We again have a standing-room-only enrollment, and with luck we'll all be ready - I think.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College, is payable upon receipt and should have been paid by June 1. This date does not apply for those admitted recently. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf office.

The Bread Loaf campus still is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station (Rt. 7 South) in Middlebury on June 23. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany and New York City. Do not get off at the College because English is not spoken there in the summer. Buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 5:00 P.M. They leave the airport at 11:05 A.M. and 2:00 and 4:30 P.M.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Delta Connector (Business Express), Eastern, and Piedmont have flights from Boston to Burlington. USAir, and Eastern (LaGuardia Airport) and Piedmont (LaGuardia and Kennedy Airports) have service from New York, and other connections in the East. Continental and Piedmont fly in from Newark, USAir from Pittsburgh and United from Chicago and points west. Connections from Burlington can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for $40 or so right to Bread Loaf.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers; and then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Dana Washington. Then from a representative of the Comptroller's Office, in the Blue Parlor, you may obtain your ID card (as receipt for full payment made). I'd like to welcome you, too; I've been waiting long enough.

Lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 23, will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June

23, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on Monday, June 22, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Monday, June 22.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40°to 50°) and warm (75°to 90°F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. If you do not elect to use Nu Way Linens for linen rental, you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), TV's, and hi-fi's are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be a fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Leo Hotte, our Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by your typewriters or insured word processors.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased by returning the enclosed form for those who believe that something might happen in the real world. This summer it could. A TV set will be brought on campus for viewing, should any event make the world impossible for your re-entry in August. I'd gladly stay at Bread Loaf anyway.

For your convenience bring travelers checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until July 31, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding $20 - an inconvenience which is not in my control. And after that, no honor and no cashed checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash $30 personal checks and $50 travelers checks throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in student dormitories or in public buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus. You may bring your plants.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 5. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be sent back to the real world when you leave the Mountain. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Tilden House, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it can be difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945.

If you have software disks that will be interesting to use during demonstration sessions on an Apple IIe microcomputer, please bring them.

Since Alan Mokler is producing Macbeth, you should no longer be in doubt about the subject of the Opening Night thing I do at 7:30. The doubt is now whether I can. I can't think of a better reason for both you and me to arrive late. But just be sure to have had an easy, cool, refreshing trip whenever you get to the Mountain.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

P.S. If you find at the last moment that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer, would you please call the Bread Loaf office collect at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418. We have a waiting list of great candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to be a Bread Loafer this summer if we have room.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH - 1987

SALARY AND TAX INFORMATION

GENERAL:

Summer faculty and staff members are paid in two installments. The first payment is made about midway through the session, and the second at the end of the session.

Form W-4 (withholding exemptions) should be returned to the Bread Loaf office so that there will be no delay in processing your salary check.

OTHER INFORMATION:

TRAVEL INFORMATION

Travel allowance will be paid by check separate from your salary payments. Although travel allowance payments are not subject to withholding taxes, they may be subject to income tax, and consequently the College is required to report these payments to the Internal Revenue Service on your W-2 statement. You can claim allowance deductions on your tax return in order to offset this income.

FEDERAL AND STATE WITHHOLDING TAXES

Salary payments are subject to Federal Income and Social Security taxes. Those of you with two or more employers for 1987, who will have more than the maximum FICA tax withheld by law, will be able to recover the excess when filing your 1987 Federal Income Tax Return. The College is required to withhold Vermont Income Tax whether or not you are a year-round resident of Vermont. At present, it is 25.8% of Federal Income Tax withheld. If you are a non-resident, you may file a Vermont Non-Resident Income Tax return to recover excessive state taxes withheld. These forms will be available after December 1987. Please write to the Bread Loaf office if you need one.

1987

Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service

Instructions for Form W-4

Employee's Withholding Allowance Certificate

Why Must I Complete a New Form W-4?

The Tax Reform Act of 1986 made many changes to the tax law that could affect your taxes for 1987. Therefore, the amount of tax that is now withheld from your pay may no longer be correct. So that your employer will not withhold too much or too little tax from your pay, give your employer a new Form W-4.

When Must I File the Form?

Give your employer a new Form W-4 **as soon as possible**. While the law requires you to file a new form before October 1, 1987, you are urged to file early to avoid incorrect withholding.

What Happens If I Do Not Complete the Form?

The amount of tax withheld from your pay may not be close to the amount of tax you will owe when you file your tax return. If you do not give your employer a new Form W-4, your employer will have to ignore any previous form you have filed, and the amount withheld will probably not be correct for your tax situation.

How Do I Complete the Form?

The following instructions tell you how to complete the Form W-4 on this page. Use the worksheet on page 3 to figure the number of withholding allowances you can claim on Form W-4.

Please Note: Most employees will have to complete ONLY lines A through E of the worksheet. But if you have a spouse who is also employed, or you have more than one job at the same time, or you have nonwage income, complete the rest of the worksheet. You should also complete the worksheet if you have itemized deductions, tax credits, adjustments to income, or the age or blindness deduction.

Should I Claim the Special Withholding Allowance?

Claim this allowance if you have only one job at a time and you don't have a working spouse. Take this allowance so that you won't have too much tax withheld from your pay. See line B of the worksheet on page 3.

Step-by-Step Instructions

Step 1—How To Complete Form W-4.— First, fill in the information asked for on lines 1 through 3 of the form. Then, if you think you might be exempt from withholding, read the instructions for Step 2 below. Otherwise, skip to Step 3 on page 2. If you want to have more money withheld from your pay, see Step 4 on page 2.

After your new Form W-4 takes effect, you should check to see if you are having the proper amount withheld. To do this, you may want to get **Publication 919,** Is My Withholding Correct? For more details on withholding, get **Publication 505**, Tax Withholding and Estimated Tax, and **Publication 553**, Highlights of 1986 Tax Law Changes. You can get these publications by calling 1-800-424-FORM (3676).

Note: ***If Your Allowances Change.***—*If the number of withholding allowances you are entitled to claim decreases to fewer than the number you claim on this Form W-4, you must file a new W-4 within 10 days.*

Step 2—Are You Exempt From Withholding?—You are exempt from withholding ONLY if:

1. Last year you did not have any Federal income tax liability; AND
2. This year you expect to have no Federal income tax liability.

Important Change in the Law.—If you can be claimed as a dependent on another person's tax return (for example, on your parent's return), you may not be exempt. You **cannot** claim exempt status if you have any nonwage income, such as interest on savings, and expect your wages plus this nonwage income to add up to more than $500.

If you are exempt, go to line 6 of Form W-4 and complete the appropriate boxes. Your exempt status will remain in effect until February 15 of the next year. If you still qualify for exempt status next year, complete and file a new form by that date.

(Continued on page 2)

Cut along this line and give this form to your employer. Keep the rest for your records.

Form **W-4**
Department of the Treasury
Internal Revenue Service

Employee's Withholding Allowance Certificate

▶ **For Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice, see instructions.**

OMB No. 1545-0010
1987

1 Type or print your full name	2 Your social security number
Home address (number and street or rural route)	3 Marital Status ☐ Single ☐ Married ☐ Married, but withhold at higher Single rate **Note:** *If married, but legally separated, or spouse is a nonresident alien, check the Single box.*
City or town, state, and ZIP code	

4 Total number of allowances you are claiming (from the Worksheet on page 3) . . . . . .

5 Additional amount, if any, you want deducted from each pay (see Step 4 on page 2) . . . . . $

6 I claim exemption from withholding because (see Step 2 above and check boxes below that apply):

a ☐ Last year I did not owe any Federal income tax and had a right to a full refund of **ALL** income tax withheld, **AND**

b ☐ This year I do not expect to owe any Federal income tax and expect to have a right to a full refund of **ALL** income tax withheld. If both a and b apply, enter the year effective and "EXEMPT" here . . . ▶ Year 19

c If you entered "EXEMPT" on line 6b, are you a full-time student? . . . . . ☐ **Yes** ☐ **No**

Under penalties of perjury, I certify that I am entitled to the number of withholding allowances claimed on this certificate or, if claiming exemption from withholding, that I am entitled to claim the exempt status.

Employee's signature ▶ **Date** ▶ , 19

7 Employer's name and address **(Employer: Complete 7, 8, and 9 only if sending to IRS)**	8 Office code	9 Employer identification number

Step 3—Complete the Worksheet on Page 3.— By using this worksheet, the amount of tax withheld from your pay should closely match your tax liability for the year.

Please claim all the withholding allowances to which you are entitled. In certain cases, your employer must send copies of the Form W-4 to IRS. You may then be asked to verify your allowances. This applies if you claim more than 10 withholding allowances, or you claim exemption from withholding under Step 2 and your wages are expected to usually exceed $200 a week.

Penalty.—You may be fined $500 if, with no reasonable basis, you file a Form W-4 that results in less tax being withheld than is properly allowable. In addition, criminal penalties apply for willfully supplying false or fraudulent information or failing to supply information requiring an increase in withholding.

Line B—Special Withholding Allowance.— The Special Withholding Allowance is very important. Claim it if you qualify for it, because if you **do not**, too much tax may be withheld from your pay.

Claim this allowance if:

- You are single and have only one job at a time; OR
- You are married, have only one job at a time, and your spouse does not work; OR
- You have two jobs at a time and only one job paid more than $2,500; OR
- You are married, both you and your spouse work, and only one job paid more than $2,500.

Line E—Should I Stop Here?—You may stop here and enter the total from line E on Form W-4, line 4, **only** if you do not need to increase or decrease your allowances as explained between lines E and F of the worksheet.

Line F—Adjustments to Income.—Enter the total of the following:

- Qualified reimbursed employee business expenses (unreimbursed expenses are allowed only as an itemized deduction)
- Qualified alimony payments made
- Deductible business and investment losses
- Penalty on early withdrawal of savings
- Qualified contributions to an IRA account or Keogh plan. If either you or your spouse, if applicable, have an IRA and are covered by an employer's pension plan, your 1987 IRA deduction may be reduced or eliminated if your adjusted gross income is at least $40,000 ($25,000 if single, or $0 if married filing separately). Get **Publication 590**, Individual Retirement Arrangements (IRAs), for details.

Line G—Itemized Deductions.—Enter the total of the following:

- Medical expenses in excess of 7.5% of your AGI*
- State and local taxes (exclude **sales** taxes)
- Home mortgage interest and 65% of personal interest
- Qualified investment interest
- Charitable contributions
- Certain casualty and theft losses in excess of 10% of AGI*
- Moving expenses (if reimbursed, include only if your employer withheld tax on them)
- Miscellaneous deductions (most of these are now deductible only in excess of 2% of AGI*; see Publication 553)

* In general, your AGI (adjusted gross income) is your income less any adjustments to income included on line F of the worksheet.

Line J—Additional Standard Deduction for Age or Blindness.—If you do **not** expect to itemize deductions on your 1987 tax return **and** either you or your spouse is age 65 or over or blind, use the following table.

	If 65 or over **or** blind, enter on line J:	**If** 65 or over **and** blind, enter on line J:
Single	$1,210	$1,960
Head of Household	$2,610	$3,360
Married-Joint	$1,840 **	$2,440 **
Married-Separate	$1,220	$1,820
Qualifying Widow(er)	$1,840	$2,440

**If your spouse is 65 or over or blind, add $600 to this amount. Add $1,200 if spouse is both 65 or over and blind.

Line K—Tax Credits.— Enter the amount of any tax credits you expect to claim, such as the credit for child and dependent care expenses, the earned income credit (EIC), and other credits shown on the 1986 Form 1040. The amount of the EIC has increased for 1987. Get Publication 553 for details. Do not include the EIC if you are receiving advance payment of it.

Line O.— Round the result to the nearest whole number. Drop amounts under .50. Increase amounts from .50 to .99 to the next whole number. For example, 3.25 becomes 3, and 4.61 becomes 5.

Lines Q through T—Working Spouse? More Than One Job? Nonwage Income?— So that you will have enough tax withheld, you MUST complete any lines that apply to you.

Line U—Total Withholding Allowances.— If the number on line T is larger than the number on line P, you will probably owe more tax when you file your return and may have to pay a penalty unless you take further steps to have more tax withheld from your pay. You may use the instructions for Step 4 to estimate how much additional tax you should request your employer to withhold each pay period. As an alternative, you may use the 1987 **Form 1040-ES,** Estimated Tax for Individuals, to make this computation.

Step 4—Additional Amount You Want Deducted From Each Pay.—In some instances, you will be underwithheld, even if you do not claim any withholding allowances on Form W-4. This could occur if you have a working spouse, more than one job at a time, or nonwage income, AND the number on line T of the worksheet is larger than the number on line P.

To correct this problem, you may have more tax withheld by filling in a dollar amount on line 5 of Form W-4. A method of figuring this amount follows:

1. Enter the number from line T of the worksheet . . . _____
2. Enter the number from line P of the worksheet . . . _____
3. Subtract line 2 from line 1 . _____
4. Enter the amount from the table below that applies to you . . . . . $_____
5. Multiply line 3 by line 4 . . $_____
6. Divide line 5 by the number of pay periods each year. Enter the result here and on Form W-4, line 5 . . . . $_____

Married Workers' Combined Annual Income	Line 4 Amount
Under $4,860	$209
$4,860 - $29,860	$285
$29,861 - $46,860	$532
$46,861 - $91,860	$665
$91,861 and over	$732

Unmarried Worker's Annual Income	Line 4 Amount
Under $2,440	$209
$2,440 - $17,440	$285
$17,441 - $27,640	$532
$27,641 - $54,640	$665
$54,641 and over	$732

Privacy Act and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice.—We ask for this information to carry out the Internal Revenue laws of the United States. We may give the information to the Department of Justice for civil or criminal litigation and to cities, states, and the District of Columbia for use in administering their tax laws. You are required to give this information to your employer.

Worksheet To Figure Your Withholding Allowances

Note: *If you have a working spouse or more than one job at a time, use only one worksheet to figure your total allowances, combining all income, deductions, and credits on the one worksheet.*

A Enter "1" **for yourself** unless you can be claimed as a dependent on another person's tax return . . . . . **A** _____

B **Special Allowance.**—Enter "1" if:
- you are single and you have only one job; or
- you are married, you have only one job, and your spouse does not work; or
- wages earned by you on a second job or earned by your spouse (or both) are $2,500 or less.

. . **B** _____

C Enter "1" **for your spouse** unless your spouse can be claimed as a dependent on another person's tax return . . . . **C** _____

D Enter number of **dependents** other than your spouse that you expect to claim on your tax return . . . . . **D** _____

E Add lines A through D and enter the total*—Read the following instructions to see if you should stop here . . . . ▶ **E** _____

You **MUST** complete lines Q through T if you have total income of $950 or more from the following sources:
- A Working Spouse
- More Than One Job
- Nonwage Income

You **SHOULD** complete lines F through P if you expect to have:
- Itemized Deductions
- Tax Credits
- Adjustments to Income
- Age or Blindness Deduction

Otherwise, **STOP** here and enter the number from line E on Form W-4, line 4.

F Enter your estimated **adjustments to income** . . . . . **F** $ _____

G Enter your estimated **itemized deductions** . . . . . **G** $ _____

H Enter:
- $3,760 if married filing jointly or qualifying widow(er)
- $2,540 if single or head of household
- $1,880 if married filing separately

H $ _____

I Subtract the amount on line H from line G. Enter the result, but not less than zero . . . . **I** $ _____

J **Age 65 or Over? Blind?** If you do not plan to itemize deductions, enter your additional standard deduction from instructions for line J on page 2 . . . . . **J** $ _____

K Enter your estimated **tax credits,** such as child and dependent care credit or earned income credit . . . . . **K** $ _____

L If line K is zero, skip to line N. Otherwise, enter the number from the table below . . . . . **L** _____

Married Filing Jointly or Qualifying Widow(er)			Single or Married Filing Separately			Head of Household		
If your combined estimated wages are—		Enter on line L	If your estimated wages are—		Enter on line L	If your estimated wages are—		Enter on line L
At least	But less than		At least	But less than		At least	But less than	
$0	$12,500	9	$0	$6,200	9	$0	$8,800	9
$12,500	$37,500	6.5	$6,200	$21,000	6.5	$8,800	$29,000	7
$37,500	$55,000	3.5	$21,000	$31,500	3.5	$29,000	$44,000	4
$55,000	$110,000	3	$31,500	$70,000	3	$44,000	$100,000	3
$110,000 or over		2.5	$70,000 or over		2.5	$100,000 or over		2.5

M Multiply the amount on line K by the number on line L and enter the total amount here . . **M** $ _____

N Add lines F, I, J, and M. Enter the total amount here . . . . . **N** $ _____

O Divide the amount on line N by $1,900. Round to the nearest whole number (see instructions on page 2) . . . . ▶ **O** _____

P Add lines E and O and enter the total number here . . . . . ▶ **P** _____

Q **Nonwage Income?**—Enter the estimated amount, if any, of all your nonwage income . . **Q** $ _____

R **Working Spouse? More Than One Job?**—Too little tax may be withheld if either of these situations applies. See page 4 for line R instructions and tables to figure the amount to enter on this line . . . . . **R** $ _____

S Add amounts on lines Q and R and enter the total amount here . . . . . **S** $ _____

T Divide the amount on line S by $1,900. Round to the nearest whole number (see instructions for line O) . . . . . ▶ **T** _____

U **Total Withholding Allowances.**—Subtract the number on line T from the number on line P. Enter the result here and on Form W-4, line 4.* If the result is zero or less, enter zero and see instructions for line U on page 2 . . . . ▶ **U** _____

** If you have more than one job or if your spouse works, you may claim all of your allowances on one job or you may claim some on each job, but you may **NOT** claim the same allowances more than once. Your withholding will usually be more accurate if you claim **all** allowances on the Form W-4 for the job with the largest wages and claim zero on all other Forms W-4.*

Instructions and Tables for Line R of the Worksheet

1. Enter wages from the HIGHEST paying job (of either spouse, if married) $ _____
2. . . . . $1,900
3. Enter the number from line P of Worksheet on page 3 . . . . ×
4. Multiply line 2 by line 3. Enter the result here . . . . . $ _____
5. Subtract line 4 from line 1. If zero or less, enter zero . . . . . $ _____
6. Enter wages from the NEXT HIGHEST paying job . . . . . $ _____
7. If married filing jointly, use Table A. Otherwise, use Table B.
8. Read ACROSS the table and find the column for the line 5 amount.
9. Read DOWN the left column and find the row for the line 6 amount.
10. Enter on line R of the Worksheet the amount in the table where the column and row meet.

Table A—For Married Couples Filing Joint Returns

Amount From Line 6 Above		Amount From Line 5 Above																					
At Least–	But Less Than–	Under $4,000	$4,000 And Under $18,000	$18,000 And Under $20,000	$20,000 And Under $22,000	$22,000 And Under $24,000	$24,000 And Under $26,000	$26,000 And Under $28,000	$28,000 And Under $30,000	$30,000 And Under $32,000	$32,000 And Under $34,000	$34,000 And Under $36,000	$36,000 And Under $38,000	$38,000 And Under $40,000	$40,000 And Under $42,000	$42,000 And Under $44,000	$44,000 And Under $46,000	$46,000 And Under $48,000	$48,000 And Under $50,000	$50,000 And Under $55,000	$55,000 And Under $60,000	$60,000 And Under $70,000	$70,000 Or Over
$0	$2,000	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
$2,000	$4,000	0	300	300	300	300	300	300	500	700	700	700	700	700	700	700	700	700	700	700	700	700	700
$4,000	$6,000	0	800	800	800	800	800	1,000	1,800	1,800	1,800	1,800	1,800	1,800	1,800	1,800	2,100	2,100	2,100	2,100	2,100	2,100	2,100
$6,000	$8,000	0	800	800	800	800	1,000	2,700	2,800	2,800	2,800	2,800	2,800	2,800	2,800	3,100	3,200	3,200	3,200	3,200	3,200	3,200	3,200
$8,000	$10,000	0	800	800	800	1,000	2,700	3,700	3,700	3,700	3,700	3,700	3,700	3,700	4,000	4,400	4,400	4,400	4,400	4,400	4,400	4,400	4,400
$10,000	$12,000	0	800	800	1,000	2,700	4,400	4,600	4,600	4,600	4,600	4,600	4,600	4,900	5,400	5,500	5,500	5,500	5,500	5,500	5,500	5,500	5,500
$12,000	$14,000	0	800	1,000	2,700	4,400	5,600	5,600	5,600	5,600	5,600	5,600	5,900	6,400	6,700	6,700	6,700	6,700	6,700	6,700	6,700	6,700	6,700
$14,000	$16,000	0	800	2,700	4,400	6,200	6,500	6,500	6,500	6,500	6,500	6,800	7,300	7,800	7,800	7,800	7,800	7,800	7,800	7 800	7,800	7,800	7,900
$16,000	$18,000	0	800	4,400	6,200	7,400	7,400	7,400	7,400	7,400	7,700	8,200	8,700	9,000	9,000	9,000	9,000	9,000	9,000	9,000	9,000	9,000	9,300
$18,000	$20,000	0	800	6,200	7,900	8,300	8,300	8,300	8,300	8,700	9,200	9,700	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,600
$20,000	$22,000	0	1,000	7,900	9,300	9,300	9,300	9,300	9,600	10,100	10,600	11,100	11,200	11,200	11,200	11,200	11,200	11,200	11,200	11,200	11,200	11,200	12,000
$22,000	$24,000	0	2,700	9,600	10,200	10,200	10,200	10,500	11,000	11,500	12,000	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	12,400	13,200
$24,000	$26,000	0	4,400	11,100	11,100	11,100	11,400	11,900	12,400	12,900	13,400	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	13,500	14,400
$26,000	$28,000	0	6,200	12,100	12,100	12,400	12,900	13,400	13,900	14,400	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	14,700	15,600
$28,000	$30,000	0	7,900	13,000	13,300	13,800	14,300	14,800	15,300	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	15,800	16,800
$30,000	$32,000	0	8,600	13,700	14,200	14,700	15,200	15,700	16,200	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,500	16,800	17,700
$32,000	$34,000	0	8,600	14,200	14,700	15,200	15,700	16,200	16,700	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	16,900	17,400	18,200
$34,000	$36,000	0	8,600	14,700	15,200	15,700	16,200	16,700	17,200	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	17,300	18,000	18,800
$36,000	$38,000	0	8,600	15,200	15,700	16,200	16,700	17,200	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,700	17,800	18,600	19,300
$38,000	$40,000	0	9,200	15,700	16,200	16,700	17,200	17,700	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,100	18,400	19,200	19,900
$40,000	$42,000	0	10,200	16,200	16,700	17,200	17,700	18,200	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	18,500	19,000	19,800	20,400
$42,000	$44,000	0	11,100	16,700	17,200	17,700	18,200	18,700	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	18,900	19,100	19,600	20,400	20,900
$44,000	$46,000	0	12,000	17,200	17,700	18,200	18,700	19,200	19,300	19,300	19,300	19,300	19,300	19,300	19,300	19,300	19,300	19,400	19,700	20,200	21,000	21,500
$46,000	$48,000	0	12,900	17,700	18,200	18,700	19,200	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,900	20,300	20,800	21,500	22,000
$48,000	$50,000	0	12,900	17,700	18,200	18,700	19,200	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,900	20,100	20,500	21,000	21,700	22,200
$50,000	$55,000	0	12,900	17,700	18,200	18,700	19,200	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,900	20,100	20,300	20,500	20,800	21,300	22,100	22,500
$55,000	$60,000	0	12,900	17,700	18,200	18,700	19,200	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,700	19,800	20,000	20,200	20,400	20,600	20,800	21,000	21,300	21,800	22,600	23,000
$60,000	$70,000	0	12,900	17,700	18,200	18,700	19,200	19,700	19,700	19,900	20,100	20,300	20,500	20,700	20,900	21,100	21,300	21,500	21,700	22,100	22,600	23,300	23,600
$70,000		0	12,900	18,300	19,100	19,800	20,600	21,000	21,200	21,400	21,600	21,800	22,000	22,200	22,400	22,600	22,800	23,000	23,200	23,600	24,100	24,800	25,000

Table B—For All Others

Amount From Line 6 Above		Amount From Line 5 Above											
At Least–	But Less Than–	Under $10,000	$10,000 And Under $12,000	$12,000 And Under $14,000	$14,000 And Under $16,000	$16,000 And Under $18,000	$18,000 And Under $20,000	$20,000 And Under $22,000	$22,000 And Under $24,000	$24,000 And Under $30,000	$30,000 And Under $40,000	$40,000 And Under $50,000	$50,000 Or Over
$0	$4,000	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
$4,000	$6,000	0	0	0	0	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,400	1,400	1,400	1,600
$6,000	$8,000	0	0	0	1,500	1,900	1,900	1,900	2,100	2,600	2,600	2,600	2,800
$8,000	$10,000	0	0	1,500	2,900	2,900	2,900	3,000	3,500	3,700	3,700	3,700	4,000
$10,000	$12,000	0	1,500	3,300	3,800	3,800	3,900	4,400	4,900	4,900	4,900	4,900	5,300
$12,000	$14,000	0	3,300	4,700	4,700	4,900	5,400	5,900	6,000	6,000	6,000	6,200	6,500
$14,000	$16,000	0	5,000	5,700	5,800	6,300	6,800	7,200	7,200	7,200	7,200	7,500	7,700
$16,000	$18,000	1,500	6,600	6,700	7,200	7,700	8,200	8,300	8,300	8,300	8,300	8,800	8,900
$18,000	$20,000	1,900	6,900	7,400	7,900	8,400	8,900	8,900	8,900	8,900	8,900	9,600	9,600
$20,000		2,100	8,400	8,900	9,400	9,900	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,100	10,400	11,200	11,200

☆ U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1986—493-047

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK FOR NEW YORK TIMES

We realize that some of you may want to keep in touch with the outside world, for inscrutable reasons of your own. Therefore, we'll allow you to subscribe to all the news that's fit to print, namely, THE NEW YORK TIMES. Check below the kind of subscription you want, if any; payment in full will be due when you pick up your first copy at the front desk.

CHECK ONE

Daily only	$24.60
Sunday only	$12.00
Daily and Sunday	$36.60

YOUR NAME _____
(Please print)

Please do not send payment in the mail. Bring it with you to Bread Loaf.

Please return this form, if you are subscribing, with all of the other forms, by June 12th.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711, Ext. 5135

June 1, 1987

Dear Student,

We are pleased to welcome you to the 1987 session of the Bread Loaf School of English. Please help us to anticipate and meet your health needs by completing the enclosed confidential health form and returning it to: Parton Health Center, Carr Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753. If you have a chronic condition, ongoing problem, or special therapeutic regimen, please ask your physician to send a letter outlining the details. Our Health Center handles most primary health care needs, but the College cannot guarantee that all health care needs will be met on the Mountain or even in Middlebury.

The summer program is an intensive one and can be stress-producing. If you have had or are now experiencing stress-related physical or emotional symptoms, e.g., head/stomach aches, sleeping problems or depression, please consult your health care provider before arriving on campus. We encourage you to utilize College health services this summer if you experience any stress-related problems. If you have any questions or anticipate special health needs, please contact the Health Center after June 12, telephone 802/388-3711, ext. 5135.

We hope your experience this summer will be a satisfying and rewarding one. Please be sure to let us know if we can be of further help.

Sincerely,

Gary F. Margolis, Ph.D.
Director of Counseling
Services

Nancy Cutting, R.N.
Administrative Director
Parton Health Center

Enc.

Summer '87 Health Form, Short Version*

CONFIDENTIAL

Name (please print) _____
Last First

Summer Program_____

Social Security Number_____

*For any Middlebury College undergraduates and any students who attended a Middlebury College summer program in 1985 or 1986 and who have a Health Form on file at the Parton Health Center: You may complete and return this form in lieu of the two-page Health Form.

☐ No changes in my health condition since summer 1986.

☐ Health changes which would not yet be recorded at Parton Health Center. (Please list specific diagnosis, medication or other treatment regimen, name and address of caregiver, and any other details which would help us care for you.)

_____ _____
Signature Date

Please return this form to:

George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Summer Program: _____

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

_____

Home Tel: (____) _____

S.S. # _____

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Dizziness or fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion					Kidney Stone				
Severe head injury					Albumin or blood in urine				
Head or neck X rays or radiation treatments					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Sinusitis					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Cigarette Smoking									
Hearing loss					Shoulder dislocation				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Knee problems				
Eye trouble other than need for glasses					Recurrent back pain				
					Excessive alcohol or drug use				
High blood pressure					Neck injury				
Rheumatic fever					Back injury				
Heart Trouble					Broken bones				
Pain or pressure in chest					Swollen or painful joints				
Shortness of breath					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitus				
Fibrocystic breasts									
Asthma					Paralysis				
Pneumonia					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Chronic cough					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Tuberculosis or Positive TB test					Thyroid trouble				
Tumor or cancer					Serious skin disease				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Pilonidal cyst				
					Obesity				
Hernia					Mononucleosis				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Anemia				
Intestinal trouble					Immune Deficiency Syndrome				
Self-induced vomiting					HTLV III Assoc. Disorder				
Frequent vomiting					Malaria				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Serious depression				
					Learning disability				
Jaundice or hepatitis					Excessive worry or anxiety				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right.

YES	NO	Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:	(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
☐	☐	Penicillin	_____
☐	☐	Sulfa	_____
☐	☐	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)	_____
☐	☐	Aspirin	_____
☐	☐	Codeine	_____
☐	☐	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)	_____
☐	☐	Horse serum	_____
☐	☐	Local anesthetics	_____
☐	☐	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)	_____

YES	NO	Are you allergic to:	
☐	☐	Foods (please list) _____	Name of allergist: _____
☐	☐	Stinging insects (please specify) _____	Address: _____
☐	☐	Molds, pollen _____	_____
☐	☐	Animals (please specify) _____	Telephone: ( ) _____
☐	☐	Other (please specify) _____	Date series begun: _____
☐	☐	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?	Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections:
☐	☐	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column.	_____
			_____
			_____
			_____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

YES	NO	
☐	☐	Do you use medications regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced.

Chickenpox_____ Measles_____ Rubella (German Measles)_____

Diphtheria_____ Mumps_____ Scarlet Fever_____

YES NO

☐ ☐ Have you had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe. _____

YES NO

☐ ☐ Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.) _____

YES NO

☐ ☐ Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.) _____

YES NO

☐ ☐ Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.) _____

YES NO

☐ ☐ Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses; prescription: _____

Contact lenses; prescription: _____

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Diabetes			
High blood pressure			
Stroke			
Cancer (Type: _____)			
Heart attack before age 55			
Cholesterol or blood fat disorder			
Alcoholism			
Sickle cell anemia			
Glaucoma			

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Depression			
Other serious illness (specify): _____			

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

_____

_____

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday.						
Measles (red or hard measles) Check type: ☐ Live ☐ Killed* ☐ Unknown* *reimmunization required		DATE __/__/__ if measles disease diagnosed by a physician.				
Rubella (3-day or German measles)		Immunize if rubella disease was not confirmed by blood test; titer result: DATE __/__/__				

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Please list below any additional immunizations, with dates:

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____ Field _____
Address _____
City, State _____
Tel. ( ) _____

Name _____ Field _____
Address _____
City, State _____
Tel. ( ) _____

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:
Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone ( ) _____
Work Telephone ( ) _____

In case of emergency please notify:
Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone ( ) _____
Work Telephone ( ) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

_____
DATE SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

_____
DATE SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN
(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

If you have any questions, call the Health Center at 388-3711, ext. 5135

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Dear Colleagues:

Since the rental costs of academic regalia for Commencement Night have become so exorbitant, may I please ask you to bring your cap, gown and hood if you own them.

Yours,

Paul/elh

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Memo to: Theatre Staff

From: Paul Cubeta

I'd like to set up a schedule for theatre meetings so that if there are any problems, we can work them out before tryouts at 7:30 on June 24.

The Kitchen will be open Sunday noon for lunch, June 21, and you're welcome any time on Sunday. Dinner is at 6. Please let me know when you plan to arrive so our meal count will be accurate.

There will be a meeting of the Theatre Staff (Mokler, Boswell, McCartney, Lobdell, Foltz) Monday morning at 11 in Treman.

The Theatre Production Staff should be ready for a meeting with Alan and the Theatre Staff Monday afternoon at 1:30.

See you all soon, never too soon.

PMC/elh

6/24/87

Dear Faculty,

Welcome to Bread Loaf. The following information may be helpful to you this summer.

Treman Cottage is always open to faculty, their spouses, and guests. Before lunch and dinner every day we serve Vermont Cheddar, crackers, mixers and ice. Coffee is served after dinner. Come and relax in Treman anytime. I ask only that you plan to hold routine student conferences elsewhere.

I have desk copies of most books. Check with me, Nitter or Geoff if you would like a free copy. Nitter(Mark Nitczynski) and Geoff Proulx are assistants to Paul Cubeta. The three of us hope to help you and your families throughout the summer.

You and your children are welcome to use the college athletic facilities. Hours for the fieldhouse and the pool are available at the front desk of the Bread Loaf Inn. These hours will be published soon in The Crumb. Children must be accompanied by an adult and you will be asked to show your college ID. Please ask your children to avoid the barn area during classes(8:30-4:30). Classes are easily disrupted on this quiet campus. After dinner there are frequent volleyball games on the east lawn. Everyone is invited to play.

There is a Kid's Table in the dining hall. Head Waiter, Tom Scanlon, will assign his best waitroid to serve the young.

I'd be grateful if you could supply me with the names, ages, and expected dates of residence of your children. The meal plan form attached to this letter can be used to supply this information. Faculty guests must pay for meals at the full rate($3, $5, and $7).

John Canaday is the editor of the daily newspaper, The Crumb. All Crumb submissions must be received by John by 8:30 a.m. He would appreciate it if you would submit material a day early whenever possible. Announcements may be given directly to John, posted at the front desk, or left with Dana Washington, Elaine Hall, or Jean Tomlinson, the hard-working ladies in the office.

Good luck with everything. Nitter, Geoff and I will try to make the summer a smooth one.

Enjoy Bread Loaf,

Woody

Doug Woodsum, "Woody"
Assistant to the Director

While love and fame may be the food of poets, children generally require more conventional fare. While Bread Loaf defies The Chicago School of Economics by offering free lunch (and dinner and breakfast) to those four and under, you may wish to nourish your older children according to one of the following meal plans.

FULL SESSION RATE: $292.50. If your child is over four years old and will be with us for the entire session, this meal plan will prove the most palatable. As the board charge for students is $585, your child gets a 50% discount just for selecting such distinguished parents. If your child misses one meal consistently (breakfast, perhaps?), we can deduct the cost of the missed meal from the final bill according to the following schedule: breakfast - 25%; lunch - 35%; dinner - 40%. (Thus, for example, if your child eats only lunch and dinner in the Dining Room, the charge for the entire session will be 75% of $292.50, or $219.00.

WEEKLY RATE: $45. If your child will be here for only part of the session, you can arrange to be billed by the week. As above, if your child misses one meal consistently, an appropriate percentage of the cost can be deducted.

INDIVIDUAL MEAL RATE: Breakfast $1.50; Lunch $2.50; Dinner $3.50. If your child eats in the Dining Room only on occasion, this is a tasty option. Please note that these rates apply to faculty children only. Other guests must fork over $3 for breakfast, $5 for lunch, and $7 for dinner. Please keep an accurate count of all meals eaten.

Bills for the meal plan you have chosen may be paid at the end of the session. I would be happy to meet with you at your convenience to complete the attached form. As always, I will be glad to try to answer any questions you may have.

Thanks for your cooperation.

1987 MEAL PLANS - FACULTY CHILDREN 1987

Please fill out a separate form for each child for over four years of age.

Meals Regularly Missed:

Breakfast_____

Lunch_____

Dinner_____

MEAL PLANS - SELECT ONE:

1) Full Session Rate ----- $292.50

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed_____

Adjusted Cost_____

2) Weekly Rate ----- $50

Percentage Deducted For Meals Regularly Missed_____

Adjusted Cost Per Week_____

Number of Weeks_____

Total Cost_____

3) Individual Meal Rates:

Breakfast ---- $1.50

Lunch -------- $2.50

Dinner ------- $3.50

I AGREE TO COUNT ALL MEALS EATEN ON THE INDIVIDUAL MEAL PLAN.

Signature_____

While love and fame may be the food of poets, children generally require more conventional fare. While Bread Loaf defies The Chicago School of Economics by offering free lunch (and dinner and breakfast) to those four and under, you may wish to nourish your older children according to one of the following meal plans.

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Meals Regularly Missed:

Breakfast_____

Lunch_____

Dinner_____

MEAL PLANS - SELECT ONE:

1) Full Session Rate ----- $292.50

Percentage Deducted for Meals Regularly Missed_____

Adjusted Cost_____

2) Weekly Rate ----- $50

Percentage Deducted For Meals Regularly Missed_____

Adjusted Cost Per Week_____

Number of Weeks_____

Total Cost_____

3) Individual Meal Rates:

Breakfast ---- $1.50

Lunch -------- $2.50

Dinner ------- $3.50

I AGREE TO COUNT ALL MEALS EATEN ON THE INDIVIDUAL MEAL PLAN.

Signature_____

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 23, 1987

Dear Colleagues:

A variant of this letter will be familiar to returning colleagues, but it would be nice if you would refresh your memory about our grading strategies anyway.

I should like to suggest the following scale for final grades:

Letter Grade	Numerical Grade	Description
A+	97-100	A superlative achievement.
A	94-96	An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are received probably by no more than 10 to 15% of all students.
A-	90-93	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	87-89	Very good work.
B	83-86	Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in lower range of your class.
B-	80-82	Passing, but undistinguished work.
C	70-79	An unstisfactory performance, not worthy of graduate credit.
F	Below 70	A total failure. Fails to complete the work of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in the class.

Final grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggest that as a normal expectation half of them will be B+ or better. First-year students do not always do as well as their more experienced Bread Loaf peers, but many surprise us in impressive ways.

More important than the grade on the transcipt are the comments I ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are helpful in determining whether to readmit a student, to allow him or her to attend Oxford next summer, and in my preparing letters of recommendation. I attach a statement of School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Education Rights and Privacy Acts of 1974.

Enough written work in literature courses should be assigned so that the final examination will not have to carry the preponderant weight of your judgment. Some kind of early paper could help spot trouble - a weak student, a miscalculation in the demands of the course, etc. Most members of the faculty in literature assign a 6 to 8 page paper due about July 10; another about July 24. That observation carries nothing prescriptive about it.

We have in recent summers become plagued with late papers and excuses for extensions. It's probably a good idea to announce your policy on due dates early on. Community casualness in regard to deadlines can create problems you don't need in August. I'm not asking you to be draconian, but late papers, particularly at the end of summer, serve nobody well. (Case histories on request.) I have been advised more frequently than I like that students are leaving Bread Loaf without having received their papers back. All comment cards should be turned in prior to your departure. I think the obligation of the faculty here is clear.

Most students at Bread Loaf should achieve a grade of B without difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade is B-. If a weak first-year student has made good progress, and you believe that he or she could become a Master's candidate at Bread Loaf, it is reasonable to give a grade of B-. If returning students have in your judgment been done a disservice by being reaccepted, please do not make the problem of termination more difficult by awarding B's when the student should not be encouraged to continue. Think of yourself and your next summer's colleagues.

B- is a probationary grade. Such a grade is your recommendation that a student be readmitted the following summer on probation. If he or she then fails to achieve B or better in both his or her courses, I will not readmit. A Bread Loaf faculty member can no longer in this

age of academic litigation give a student a passing grade and then suggest in confidence that I not readmit him or her. You can, or course, so recommend, but I have little choice but to readmit on probation. If the School faces the problem of the marginal student early in his or her Bread Loaf career, we (I, you, he and she) can be spared much anguish at Commencement time.

Enclosed is a list of first-year students. Please give them a particularly careful scrutiny and keep me informed of any emerging concerns.

I, or course, will be glad to discuss with you problems of student workload, grading, and standards of the School.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:hst

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 31, 1987

Dear Colleague:

Some comments on the eternal concerns of grading procedures at Bread Loaf, beyond what has been explained in earlier memos, may be helpful.

One problem is the grade of Incomplete. Only in the rare cases does the School ever use this grade. The grounds for assigning it must be personal or family emergencies (not academic crises). In any case, if you want to assign a final grade of Incomplete, you should clear it with me. Students should not be encouraged to think that permission for Incompletes can be counted on. Before recording a grade of Incomplete, you should make arrangements with the student for completing the work in the course (deadlines for papers, taking the final examination) and the arrangements agreed upon should be specified in writing to me. Students should be instructed to forward completed work to the Bread Loaf School of English Office for transmittal to the instructor. (The voice may be that of a pedant, but the hassle, as some of you know, can be a pain in the butt for both of us.)

The second problem involves final grades and the written comments submitted to me. In most cases, the implications of a student's grades are clear-cut, but in the case of failing or marginal students, ambiguities may arise which we should try to minimize. In a few cases each year, I must decide, after the faculty has left, whether to deny readmission to these students, or whether to place them on probation. A grade of B minus (particularly if a student receives two of them) brings credit for the course, but is a signal that the student must improve in order to proceed toward the degree or should not be encouraged to be a degree candidate. A grade (or grades) of C+ or lower signals that denial of readmission is called for. I hope that Comment Cards will give me clear advice in such cases, and that the comments will be in tune with the letter grade that is assigned. It is difficult for me to give proper guidance to students if faculty members recommend denial of readmission, but award passing grades. I have the funny feeling I've said this before, and will again.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

June 17, 1987

TO: Faculty

FROM: Paul M. Cubeta

RE: Auditors

John Elder and I have been advising students that no auditors are permitted in writing courses, afternoon seminars and workshops. Although you are free to admit students to any of your courses, you should recognize that if you do so in these, you may be doing a disservice to others whom John has declined to let in. It's a good idea not to let students simply drop into these courses.

Although students are encouraged to audit an additional literature course, auditing means simply attending class unless you invite participation. It might be well to segregate auditors so that you and the class have a clearer sense of its identity. In the past, I've had some complaints about courses in which auditors dominated the discussion and created some morale problems.

PMC/hst

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 10, 1987

To the Faculty:

July 17 is the midpoint in the session. Students after that date cannot drop a course without an automatic failure.

If you have any students whose performance in your course may be a cause for concern, would you please let me know.

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 31, 1987

Dear Colleague:

With rare exceptions, final examinations should be administered to students only at the regularly scheduled time:

8:30 classes - Thursday, August 6 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

9:30 classes - Thursday, August 6 from 2 - 5 p.m.

10:30 classes - Friday, August 7 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

11:30 classes - Friday, August 7 from 2 - 5 p.m.

Barn A - 129. Introduction to Acting - Wednesday, August 5 from 2 - 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. to end

Room 1 - 184. American Nature Writing - Thursday, August 6 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

Room 3 - 34. Nineteenth Century Novel - Thursday, August 6 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

Permission to take an examination outside the regularly scheduled time should be secured from the Director in advance. It's not necessary to advise them that "It's O.K. with me if it's O.K. with him." A little suspense helps a little healthy guilt.

If any courses other than 2, 3, 5, 6, 39, 62, 139, 172, 173, 174, 177, 202, 203, and 207 are not scheduling final examination, please let Elaine Hall know.

Paul Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

Bread Loaf School of English

July 31, 1987

Dear Colleague:

Enclosed are the Comment Cards, Grade Rosters and notation of graduates in your course(s).

Would you please verify immediately that every student listed is, in fact, taking your course; and that there are no students listed whom you are not aware of.

If possible, will you please give Elaine examinations to be mimeographed not later than Monday morning, August 3.

There is no need to proctor exams. Please remain with your class for about fifteen minutes to answer questions. A member of the administrative staff will be in the vicinity of the Barn to relay distress calls to you. He or she should be informed where you will be.

Students should be given no more than three hours to complete an examination.

Exam books and copies of the exams will be brought to the Barn classroom for you well before the exam starts. Please return to the Barn at the end of the exam to pick up your students' bluebooks.

Books of graduating students should be read at once, and the final grades should be returned to Elaine. The graduating students appreciate your initialing your courses on the list on the bulletin board outside of the secretary's office as soon as you have determined that all of the candidates have passed. If a graduating student has failed your course, please notify Elaine or me at once. I will inform the student, and the list can then be initialed. Please turn in the grades of graduates by 11 a.m. on Saturday, August 8.

I would appreciate some appraisal of each student on the Comment Card. This evaluation of the student's work will explain the significance of the grade and will be helpful in readmitting students, or denying readmission, and in preparing letters of recommendation. If students know that your criticism is available in the Director's Office, they may not feel the need of requesting recommendations from you during the winter. Please be sure that each card and the Grade Rosters have your signature.

I also ask for your judgment as to whether the quality of the student's writing and his or her ability to work independently make him or her fully qualified (1) to attend Oxford in 1988 or (2) to undertake an Independent Winter Reading Project. A simple yes, no, or doubtful is an adequate signal.

Comment cards are marked Not Confidential if the student has indicated that he/she reserves the right to review his/her record. I defer to your wish if you do not submit an evaluation under these circumstances.

Exams abandoned in desperation should be graded F. Remaining grades and comments should be left with the Front Desk as early Sunday, August 9, as possible because the Bread Loaf School office moves from the Mountain to Middlebury College Monday a.m. Bluebooks should be destroyed before leaving the Mountain, with the exception of any exam you grade below B minus, which should be turned over to Elaine with your comment cards and grade rosters.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

LETTERS TO STUDENTS

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Dear Bread Loafer:

This letter is a happy harbinger for returning Bread Loafers, and one which I hope will be helpful to those about to enjoy their first summer on the Mountain. We again have a standing-room-only enrollment, and with luck we'll all be ready - I think.

Your final bill has been sent from Middlebury College, is payable upon receipt and should have been paid by June 1. This date does not apply for those admitted recently. Please return the enclosed arrival card and the medical information form to the Bread Loaf office.

The Bread Loaf campus still is twelve miles from Middlebury, the closest bus stop. The Bread Loaf taxi will meet all Vermont Transit buses at Keeler's Gulf Station (Rt. 7 South) in Middlebury on June 23. There are Vermont Transit buses from Montreal, Boston, Albany and New York City. Do not get off at the College because English is not spoken there in the summer. Buses leave the Burlington bus station at 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 2:30 and 5:00 P.M. They leave the airport at 11:05 A.M. and 2:00 and 4:30 P.M.

If you are traveling by car, you should turn off U.S. 7 at the junction of State Hwy. 125, four miles south of Middlebury. The Bread Loaf campus is eight miles mostly up and east of this junction on Rt. 125. The School will provide taxi service at modest cost during the summer so that you can get to Middlebury some afternoons if you don't have a car.

Delta Connector (Business Express), Eastern, and Piedmont have flights from Boston to Burlington. USAir, and Eastern (LaGuardia Airport) and Piedmont (LaGuardia and Kennedy Airports) have service from New York, and other connections in the East. Continental and Piedmont fly in from Newark, USAir from Pittsburgh and United from Chicago and points west. Connections from Burlington can be made on Vermont Transit buses, or you can get a taxi for $40 or so right to Bread Loaf.

Upon arrival at Bread Loaf, you should go to the Inn Desk to check in and to receive your room and post office box assignments. Please read the Basic Information Sheet, which you will receive from Bob and Joan Handy, the Inn Managers; and then call at the Secretary's Office to register and to confirm your courses with Dana Washington. Then from a representative of the Comptroller's Office, in the Blue Parlor, you may obtain your ID card (as receipt for full payment made). I'd like to welcome you, too; I've been waiting long enough.

Lunch at 1:00 on Tuesday, June 23, will be the first meal served to members of the School. No rooms will be available before the morning of June

23, except for waiters and waitresses, who are expected to arrive on Monday, June 22, for faculty and staff, and for students who because of travel problems have my permission to arrive on Monday, June 22.

You should bring informal clothing for country wear, both for cool (40°to 50°) and warm (75°to 90°F), wet and dry weather. Vermont weather is notoriously fickle. Bring insect repellent, preferably Cutters or Deet. If you do not elect to use Nu Way Linens for linen rental, you must bring your own linen, unless you are on the faculty or staff. Bread Loaf provides blankets, bedspreads and pillows free of charge.

Radios (unless you use earphones), TV's, and hi-fi's are not permitted in the dormitories, which are far from soundproof. Please leave portable refrigerators, hot plates and coffee pots at home. Hot plates and coffee pots can be a fire hazard. (Medical supplies needing refrigeration may be given to our Nurse.) Leo Hotte, our Caretaker, has graciously agreed to retain in secure custody any contraband items, should you inadvertently bring them. The only noise encouraged on campus is that created by your typewriters or insured word processors.

A subscription to the New York Times may be purchased by returning the enclosed form for those who believe that something might happen in the real world. This summer it could. A TV set will be brought on campus for viewing, should any event make the world impossible for your re-entry in August. I'd gladly stay at Bread Loaf anyway.

For your convenience bring travelers checks, which may be cashed at the Front Desk. Until July 31, banks will honor personal checks in amounts not exceeding $20 - an inconvenience which is not in my control. And after that, no honor and no cashed checks at all. The obliging Front Desk Team, however, will gladly cash $30 personal checks and $50 travelers checks throughout the session.

Pets are not allowed in student dormitories or in public buildings. If you must bring an animal, please make prior arrangements to have it kept off campus. A barking dog can seriously disrupt a class on a quiet mountain campus. You do neither your colleagues nor your pet a service in bringing it on campus. You may bring your plants.

You should inform correspondents to address you at: (Your name) Bread Loaf School of English, Bread Loaf Rural Station, Middlebury VT 05753. Please make clear that this address is, alas, temporary. Notify your Post Office to forward your mail to Bread Loaf only until August 5. Newspapers, magazines and other than first class mail cannot be sent back to the real world when you leave the Mountain. Express packages sent in advance should be addressed to you at the Bread Loaf School of English, Tilden House, Middlebury College, Middlebury VT 05753.

Since the Front Desk closes at 11 P.M., it can be difficult to complete late evening calls. Try to have incoming calls made well before 11 P.M., with allowances for time differential. Emergency telephone messages, of course, will be delivered at any time. The Bread Loaf campus telephone is 802-388-7945.

If you have software disks that will be interesting to use during demonstration sessions on an Apple IIe microcomputer, please bring them.

Since Alan Mokler is producing Macbeth, you should no longer be in doubt about the subject of the Opening Night thing I do at 7:30. The doubt is now whether I can. I can't think of a better reason for both you and me to arrive late. But just be sure to have had an easy, cool, refreshing trip whenever you get to the Mountain.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

P.S. If you find at the last moment that you can't come to Bread Loaf this summer, would you please call the Bread Loaf office collect at 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418. We have a waiting list of great candidates, and I would hate to have them lose out on a chance to be a Bread Loafer this summer if we have room.

BREAD LOAF

I will arrive by bus at the Middlebury Bus Station ☐

I will arrive by private car at Bread Loaf ☐

at..... on.....
hour of day day of week and month

Name.....

In order to facilitate transportation arrangements, please return this card before..... .

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VT 05753

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
(802) 388-3711, Ext. 5135

June 1, 1987

Dear Student,

We are pleased to welcome you to the 1987 session of the Bread Loaf School of English. Please help us to anticipate and meet your health needs by completing the enclosed confidential health form and returning it to: Parton Health Center, Carr Hall, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753. If you have a chronic condition, ongoing problem, or special therapeutic regimen, please ask your physician to send a letter outlining the details. Our Health Center handles most primary health care needs, but the College cannot guarantee that all health care needs will be met on the Mountain or even in Middlebury.

The summer program is an intensive one and can be stress-producing. If you have had or are now experiencing stress-related physical or emotional symptoms, e.g., head/stomach aches, sleeping problems or depression, please consult your health care provider before arriving on campus. We encourage you to utilize College health services this summer if you experience any stress-related problems. If you have any questions or anticipate special health needs, please contact the Health Center after June 12, telephone 802/388-3711, ext. 5135.

We hope your experience this summer will be a satisfying and rewarding one. Please be sure to let us know if we can be of further help.

Sincerely,

Gary F. Margolis, Ph.D.
Director of Counseling
Services

Nancy Cutting, R.N.
Administrative Director
Parton Health Center

Enc.

Summer '87 Health Form, Short Version*

CONFIDENTIAL

Name (please print) _____
Last First

Summer Program_____

Social Security Number_____

*For any Middlebury College undergraduates and any students who attended a Middlebury College summer program in 1985 or 1986 and who have a Health Form on file at the Parton Health Center: You may complete and return this form in lieu of the two-page Health Form.

☐ No changes in my health condition since summer 1986.

☐ Health changes which would not yet be recorded at Parton Health Center. (Please list specific diagnosis, medication or other treatment regimen, name and address of caregiver, and any other details which would help us care for you.)

_____ _____
Signature Date

Please return this form to: George F. Parton Health Center
Carr Hall
Middlebury College
Middlebury, VT 05753

Summer Program: _____

Name _____
LAST FIRST

Date of Birth: _____

Home Address: _____

_____

Home Tel: (_____) _____

S.S. # _____

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753
Tel. (802) 388-3711, ext. 5135

HEALTH FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: This form must be completed, signed, and submitted in order for you to attend Middlebury College. The information will be held in confidence as part of your health records at the College. Contents of your health file will not jeopardize your admission to Middlebury College. *It is in your interest that your health records be complete.* Please attach additional sheets if necessary.

Please return the completed forms to the address above. Thank you for your cooperation.

PERSONAL HEALTH HISTORY

Have you ever had or have you now: (Please check and describe at right of each item)

	YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS		YES	NO	YEAR	COMMENTS
Frequent or severe headache					Rectal disease				
Dizziness or fainting spells					Kidney or bladder infection				
Concussion					Kidney Stone				
Severe head injury					Albumin or blood in urine				
Head or neck X rays or radiation treatments					Mother used D.E.S. during pregnancy with you				
Sinusitis					Bone, joint, or other deformity				
Cigarette Smoking									
Hearing loss					Shoulder dislocation				
Other ear, nose & throat trouble					Knee problems				
Eye trouble other than need for glasses					Recurrent back pain				
					Excessive alcohol or drug use				
High blood pressure					Neck injury				
Rheumatic fever					Back injury				
Heart Trouble					Broken bones				
Pain or pressure in chest					Swollen or painful joints				
Shortness of breath					Arthritis, rheumatism or bursitus				
Fibrocystic breasts									
Asthma					Paralysis				
Pneumonia					Epilepsy or seizure disorder				
Chronic cough					Diabetes or sugar in urine				
Tuberculosis or Positive TB test					Thyroid trouble				
Tumor or cancer					Serious skin disease				
Severe or recurrent abdominal pain					Pilonidal cyst				
					Obesity				
Hernia					Mononucleosis				
Ulcer (duodenal or stomach)					Anemia				
Intestinal trouble					Immune Deficiency Syndrome				
Self-induced vomiting					HTLV III Assoc. Disorder				
Frequent vomiting					Malaria				
Gall bladder trouble or gallstones					Serious depression				
					Learning disability				
Jaundice or hepatitis					Excessive worry or anxiety				

Please check each item "YES" or "NO."
For every item checked "YES," please explain fully in blank space on right.

YES	NO	Have you ever experienced adverse reactions (hypersensitivities, allergies, upset stomach, rash, hives, etc.) to:	(If yes, please explain fully: type of reaction, your age when the reaction occurred, and how often the experience has occurred.)
☐	☐	Penicillin	_____
☐	☐	Sulfa	_____
☐	☐	Other antibiotics (Name: _____)	_____
☐	☐	Aspirin	_____
☐	☐	Codeine	_____
☐	☐	Other pain relievers (Name: _____)	_____
☐	☐	Horse serum	_____
☐	☐	Local anesthetics	_____
☐	☐	Other drugs, medicines, chemicals (Name: _____)	_____

YES	NO	Are you allergic to:	
☐	☐	Foods (please list) _____	Name of allergist: _____
☐	☐	Stinging insects (please specify) _____	Address: _____
☐	☐	Molds, pollen _____	_____
☐	☐	Animals (please specify) _____	Telephone: ( ) _____
☐	☐	Other (please specify) _____	Date series begun: _____
☐	☐	Do you receive allergy desensitization injections?	Please describe fully any adverse reactions to these injections:
☐	☐	Do you wish to continue allergy desensitization injections at Middlebury College Health Center? If so, please supply the information in the right hand column.	_____

—Please bring your serum with you, along with complete directions and a schedule for the injections—

YES ☐ NO ☐

Do you use medications regularly? Please list any drugs, medicines, chemicals, vitamins and minerals (both prescription and non-prescription) you use and indicate how often you use them. We recommend that you bring what you anticipate needing.

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

(Name) _____

Please indicate year for any of the following childhood illnesses you have experienced.

Chickenpox_____ Measles_____ Rubella (German Measles)_____

Diphtheria_____ Mumps_____ Scarlet Fever_____

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you had any problems for which you have received counseling or psychotherapy? If so, please describe.

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you ever been a patient in any type of hospital? (If yes, specify when, where, and diagnosis.)

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you had any operations? (If yes, please describe and give year in which they were performed.)

YES NO
☐ ☐ Have you ever had any serious illnesses or injuries other than those already noted? (If yes, specify when and where and give details.)

YES NO
☐ ☐ Do you use corrective eyewear?

Please copy your prescription(s) here:

Eyeglasses; prescription:

Contact lenses; prescription:

Has any blood relative of yours had any of the following?

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Diabetes			
High blood pressure			
Stroke			
Cancer (Type: _____)			
Heart attack before age 55			
Cholesterol or blood fat disorder			
Alcoholism			
Sickle cell anemia			
Glaucoma			

	YES	NO	RELATIONSHIP
Depression			
Other serious illness (specify): _____			

If either parent or any sibling is deceased, please list relationship to you, age at death, and cause of death.

_____

_____

IMMUNIZATIONS

VACCINE TYPE	MONTH, DAY, & YEAR FOR EACH DOSE					10 YEAR BOOSTER
	1	2	3	4	5	
DPT or Td (Diphtheria, Pertussis, Tetanus or Tetanus, Diphtheria)						
Polio - not required after 18th birthday.						
Measles (red or hard measles) Check type: ☐ Live ☐ Killed* ☐ Unknown* *reimmunization required		DATE __/__/__ if measles disease diagnosed by a physician.				
Rubella (3-day or German measles)		Immunize if rubella disease was not confirmed by blood test; titer result: DATE __/__/__				

Measles and rubella vaccine - must be repeated if administered before first birthday.

Please list below any additional immunizations, with dates:

Have you ever had to discontinue study or restrict activities because of physical or nervous disturbances? If yes, explain fully.

Have you ever had any limitation placed on the amount and type of physical exercise? If yes, explain fully.

SOURCES OF HEALTH CARE

Please list the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of physicians, psychologists, or other health caregivers you now consult.

Name _____ Field _____
Address _____
City, State _____
Tel. (____) _____

Name _____ Field _____
Address _____
City, State _____
Tel. (____) _____

HEALTH INSURANCE COVERAGE

Please list below any current insurance coverage such as Blue Cross/Blue Shield, public assistance, or private insurance.

INSURANCE COMPANY	ADDRESS	GROUP/POLICY NUMBER

EMERGENCY NOTIFICATION

In case of emergency please notify:
Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

In case of emergency please notify:
Name _____
Relationship _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Telephone (____) _____
Work Telephone (____) _____

My signature below indicates that:

- I consent to medical and nursing treatment by the staff at the Health Center.
- the information on this form is correct and complete to the best of my knowledge.
- I understand that Middlebury College views my health as chiefly my responsibility.
- if I require services, prescriptions, or referrals beyond the primary care services available at Parton Health Center, I shall assume the financial responsibility or negotiate satisfactory arrangements with the caregiver.
- I hereby authorize the release of any information on file pertaining to my condition of health. I understand that my contacts with health and counseling services are held in confidence but that confidentiality may be broken if my life or that of any other person is in danger.

DATE _____ SIGNATURE OF STUDENT

DATE _____ SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN
(required if student is not yet 18 years old or if insurance listed above is in parent's or guardian's name)

If you have any questions, call the Health Center at 388-3711, ext. 5135

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Office of the President

June 1, 1987

To Members of the Middlebury College Community:

Middlebury, like the rest of American society, will not escape the threats posed by the epidemic of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Realizing that we, as a community, must address the presence of this disease in our society, we have recently spent many hours in research on and discussion of AIDS. All current medical and scientific information emphasizes that AIDS is not communicable by casual contact and that members of the College community have nothing to fear from the presence among us of individuals with the disease. Instances where AIDS has been spread by any means other than sexual contact, sharing of intravenous needles, or blood transfusions are virtually unknown. In almost all cases the activities through which the disease is spread can be easily avoided.

There will, sooner or later, be AIDS patients within our community, as there almost certainly have been for some time carriers of the disease among us. I believe, however, that a greater danger to this community, or to any segment of our society, lies in the irrational reactions which AIDS has sometimes engendered. AIDS is indeed a terrible disease, but some of the fears associated with it are not justified by the medical facts.

The enclosed information deals frankly with the subject of AIDS and our response to it. I want to emphasize that we must treat AIDS patients with the sensitivity and dignity which is every person's due. Of equal concern is the health and safety of our community. We have an obligation to learn, to understand and to work to prepare our community to respond in an informed, compassionate manner to a serious human dilemma. I ask that you review the written material on AIDS that is being sent to all members of the Middlebury community.

Olin Robison

Enclosures
blh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

June 1, 1987

To Faculty, Staff, and Students at the Bread Loaf School of English:

We write to you concerning Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS). During the past academic year and summer AIDS has been the subject of much discussion, background investigation, and exploration of policy alternatives here at Middlebury College. Recent statistics show that roughly 1 in 200 Americans have been infected by the AIDS virus and are potential carriers. Most of these people do not know they are carriers and will not actually get AIDS. Information publicly available suggests, at least statistically, that there are probably AIDS carriers among us. We believe it is important that we outline policy guidelines and initiate a general educational program.

Studies and guidelines from the Center for Disease Control and the Public Health Service indicate that individuals with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions to not pose a health risk to others through casual contact. There is much that we don't know about AIDS. However, available evidence indicates that AIDS is transmitted only by intimate sexual contact or by injection of contaminated blood. The overwhelming consensus of authoritative medical opinion, based partly on the thorough study of roughly 33,000 AIDS cases in the U.S. to date, is that AIDS is not readily communicable and that it is not spread through casual contact.

The American College Health Association (ACHA) provides a series of guidelines for college policy based on facts from the best recent medical data available. Middlebury College has used those guidelines and adapted them to our particular needs.

ACHA recommends that colleges not adopt blanket policies concerning students with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions. Rather, it suggests that certain guidelines be followed and that the College analyze and respond to each case individually. Middlebury College has established a committee of three people whose responsibility it is to do this. For the 1987 summer session these individuals are:

Dr. Ruth Grant, College Physician
Gary Margolis, Ph.D., Director of Counseling and Human Relations
Jane Lorentzen, R.N., Bread Loaf Nurse

In order to provide for essential medical support, appropriate health and hygiene counseling, and related assistance, any member of the community with AIDS or an AIDS-related condition should consult

- over -

either the College Health Services or his or her own physician, and with one of the three individuals named above. Responses to such occurrences will be guided both by the College's commitment to the protection of individual rights, including confidentiality, and by necessary consideration of the community public health interest.

Testing for the presence of the AIDS antibody is readily available. You may be tested anonymously by directly calling an office in Bristol (Edward Clark, M.D., 453-5028) in Burlington (Community Health Center, 864-6309) and in Rutland (Vermont Women's Health Center, 775-1056) where the tests are offered free in conjunction with the Vermont State Health Department. Testing can also be arranged for students at the College Health Services or at local physician offices. If you think you may have had exposure to AIDS or have symptoms of AIDS, we strongly urge you to arrange for the testing. Confidentiality is maintained in accordance with laws governing the privacy of medical information.

It is important that we all be acquainted with the latest information concerning AIDS. Therefore, the College has undertaken an educational program concerning the disease. We strongly urge each of you to read the enclosed pamphlet: "AIDS: The Facts." It gives an excellent and readable summary of what we all need to know about AIDS. For those who are sexually active, we recommend a second document entitled "Safe Sex." This pamphlet and free condoms are available to all members of the community at the Cornwall Infirmary.

If you have any questions or concerns, please call the nurse at Cornwall Infirmary (ext. 14) or the Parton Health Center in Middlebury (388-3711, ext. 5135). You may also call the Vermont Health Department telephone hot line to request further information and advice: 1-800-882-AIDS.

Sincerely,

Ruth K. Grant

Ruth K. Grant, M.D.
Medical Director
Parton Health Center

Nancy Cutting

Nancy Cutting, R.N.
Administrative Director
Parton Health Center

hepatitis B vi[illegible] This is to make sure that the person who [illegible]eceiving the blood does not get hepatitis B.

Is the Blood Supply Safe?

Yes. The blood supply is well protected from the AIDS virus. People who may be at risk of having AIDS are told that they should not donate blood. For example, men who have had sex with another male since 1977 are told not to donate blood. Also, the test is used to screen all donated blood and plasma for signs of the virus that causes AIDS.

Can I Get AIDS by Donating Blood?

No. All of the needles, syringes, tubing, and containers used by blood donation centers are sterile and are used only once and thrown away, so there is no chance of infection.

Is the Test Available to the Public?

Yes. The test is available at a variety of test sites in most states. It is also available through private doctors and clinics. Information about where to get the test is available from state or local health departments, sexually transmitted disease clinics, doctors' offices, local American Red Cross chapters, and community blood services. Anyone planning to take the test should get advice before the test and understand what the results may indicate. It is important to have counseling after the test.

How Can I Protect Myself From AIDS?

The Public Health Service recommends the following steps:

- Do not have sexual contact with AIDS patients, with members of the risk groups, or with people who test positive for the AIDS virus. If you do, use a condom and avoid sexual practices such as anal intercourse that may injure tissue.
- Do not use IV drugs. If you do, do not share needles. Do not have sex with people who use IV drugs.
- Women who are se[illegible]artners of risk group members or [illegible]o use IV drugs should consider the risk to their babies before pregnancy. These women should have an HTLV-III antibody test before they become pregnant. If they become pregnant, they should have a test during pregnancy.
- Do not have sex with multiple partners, including prostitutes (who may also be IV drug abusers). The more partners you have, the greater your chances of contracting AIDS.

What Should I Do if I Have a Positive Test?

- Have a regular medical checkup and get counseling.
- Do not donate blood, sperm, or organs.
- Do not share drugs with others, and avoid exchanging body fluids during sexual activity (a condom should be used). Avoid oral-genital contact and intimate kissing.
- Do not share toothbrushes, razors, or anything that could be contaminated with blood.
- Consider postponing pregnancy.

Further information about AIDS can be obtained from your Red Cross chapter, local or state health department, other community agencies, or the Public Health Service Hotline. The hotline number is 1-800-342-AIDS. Atlanta area callers should dial 329–1290.

Developed in cooperation with the Washington Business Group on Health, based upon Public Health Service/U.S. Department of Health and Human Services' pamphlet "Facts About AIDS."

Funding provided by the American Council of Life Insurance and the Health Insurance Association of America.

American Red Cross

AIDS: The Facts

AIDS
SPREAD FACTS
NOT FEAR

What Is AIDS?

Acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS) is a serious condition that affects the body's ability to fight infection. A diagnosis of AIDS is made when a person develops a life-threatening illness not usually found in a person with a normal ability to fight infection. The two diseases most often found in AIDS patients are a lung infection called *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia and a rare form of cancer called Kaposi's sarcoma. It is these diseases, not the AIDS virus itself, that can lead to death. To date, more than 50 percent of the persons with AIDS have died.

What Causes AIDS?

Researchers have discovered the cause of AIDS—a virus that is called either HTLV-III or LAV. This virus changes the structure of the cell it attacks. Infection with the virus can lead to AIDS or to a less severe condition known as AIDS-related complex (ARC). Some of those persons infected with the virus will develop symptoms of AIDS or ARC. Other people who carry the virus may remain in apparent good health. These carriers can transmit the virus during sexual contact, or an infected mother can transmit the virus to her infant before, during, or after birth (probably through breast milk).

Who Gets AIDS?

Since 1981, the Centers for Disease Control has been collecting information on AIDS. Approximately 95 percent of the persons with AIDS belong to one of the following groups:

- Sexually active homosexual or bisexual men (73 percent)
- Present or past abusers of intravenous drugs (17 percent)
- Patients who have had transfusions with blood or blood products (2 percent)
- Persons with hemophilia or other coagulation disorders (1 percent)
- Heterosexuals who have had sexual contact with someone with AIDS or at risk for AIDS (1 percent)
- Infants born to infected mothers (1 percent)

Approximately 5 percent of persons with AIDS do not fall into any of these groups, but researchers believe that they came in contact with the virus in similar ways. Some died before complete histories could be taken, while others refused to provide any personal information.

What Are the Symptoms?

Most individuals infected with the AIDS virus have no symptoms and feel well. Some develop symptoms that may include—

- Fever, including "night sweats."
- Weight loss for no apparent reason.
- Swollen lymph glands in the neck, underarm, or groin area.
- Fatigue or tiredness.
- Diarrhea.
- White spots or unusual blemishes in the mouth.

These symptoms are also symptoms of many other illnesses. They may be symptoms of AIDS only if they are unexplained by other illness. Anyone with these symptoms for more than two weeks should see a doctor.

How Is the AIDS Virus Spread?

The AIDS virus is spread by sexual contact, needle sharing, or rarely through transfused blood or its components. Multiple sexual partners, either homosexual or heterosexual, and sharing needles by drug users increase the risk of infection with the virus.

Is the AIDS Virus Spread Through Casual Contact?

No. Casual contact with AIDS patients or people who carry the virus does **not** place others at risk for getting AIDS. The AIDS virus is **not** spread by—

- Casual contact, such as hugging or hand shaking with an AIDS patient or a person carrying the virus.
- Use of bathroom facilities, such as toilets, sinks, or bathtubs. Use of swimming pools.
- Sneezing, coughing, or spitting.
- Dishes, utensils, or food handled by a person with AIDS.

The AIDS virus is not spread through normal daily contact at work, in school, or at home. No cases have been found where the virus has been transmitted by casual contact with AIDS patients in the home, workplace, or health care setting. This statement is based, in part, on studies of more than 300 households where people with AIDS were present. Not a single case of AIDS or transmission of the virus was found except from sexual contacts or from infected mothers to their infants. Many of those tested were children who had shared bottles, beds, toothbrushes, and eating utensils with infected brothers and sisters.

Is There a Test for AIDS?

There is an AIDS virus antibody test that detects antibodies to the AIDS virus that causes the disease. The body produces antibodies that try to get rid of bacteria, viruses, or anything else that is not supposed to be in the bloodstream. The test tells if someone has been infected with the AIDS virus. Most people with AIDS have a positive test and some people with a positive test will develop AIDS. The test does not tell who will develop AIDS.

What Does a Positive Test Mean?

It means that a person has been infected with the AIDS virus. It is estimated that more than one million Americans have been infected by the AIDS virus. Some of these people will develop AIDS. Others who have the virus may stay well, without any symptoms, but can transmit the virus to others.

Why Do We Have a Test?

This test was first used in blood donation centers to prevent the AIDS virus from getting into the blood supply. We have always used tests to make the blood supply as safe as possible. For example, all blood is tested for the

PARTON HEALTH CENTER
CARR HALL
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of $1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, 40 Broad Street, Boston MA 02109, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	23 June - 9 August, 1987
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	29 June - 9 August, 1987

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK FOR NEW YORK TIMES

We realize that some of you may want to keep in touch with the outside world, for inscrutable reasons of your own. Therefore, we'll allow you to subscribe to all the news that's fit to print, namely, THE NEW YORK TIMES. Check below the kind of subscription you want, if any; payment in full will be due when you pick up your first copy at the front desk.

CHECK ONE

Daily only	$24.60
Sunday only	$12.00
Daily and Sunday	$36.60

YOUR NAME _____
(Please print)

Please do not send payment in the mail. Bring it with you to Bread Loaf.

Please return this form, if you are subscribing, with all of the other forms, by June 12th.

Nu-Way Linen
68 South Main Street
Port Henry, New York 12974

Telephone 518-546-7666

Dear Student:

Nu Way Linen has been selected to provide linen service for students attending Middlebury College's Bread Loaf School of English for the 1987 Summer Session. A weekly linen service includes 2 sheets, 1 pillow case and 3 bath towels. The price for this six week service is $38.00 and includes a deposit of $10.00 which will be refunded when a complete set of linen is returned at the end of the session. An order form and return envelope is enclosed for your convenience. Please make checks payable to Nu Way Linen.

Thank you and good luck this Summer.

Sincerely yours,

William Joyce

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Dear Bread Loaf Relatives and Friends:

I want to welcome all relatives and friends of Bread Loaf students to the Mountain. Bread Loaf is a lot more than a School; it is a community of shared intellectual, social and recreational engagements.

You who are not enrolled students are cordially invited to join in as many on-campus activities as you wish, to attend the evening lectures, the writing workshops, the picnic at the Frost Farm, receptions, films and plays, or to use the tennis and volley ball courts, the Johnson Pond, the Snack Bar in the Barn. You may purchase meal tickets at the Front Desk whenever you'd like to join on-campus Bread Loafers for a meal. Lack of space makes it impossible for us to accommodate student children at meals. If you'd like to audit an occasional class, you may do so after checking with Dana Washington to see whether the instructor permits auditors. It has been an honored tradition since 1920 to pay the School $1.00 a class hour to help the secretaries meet their routine office expenses at Bread Loaf. This fee has not gone up in 67 years, and must now be the 1920 equivalent of $15. Jim Lobdell, the Theatre Production Manager, would welcome your assistance in mounting our dramatic productions. You are encouraged to try out for a part in our plays: Macbeth or our student productions. I suggest you write your landlord (copy to me) on arrival and advise him or her as to how you found your accommodations. Keep a copy of the letter if there are problems.

The spirit of this invitation is meant to be warm and real, but we should recognize that it can also be abused. The rights of resident students can unintentionally be infringed upon by visitors. Dogs must not be brought on campus because they create a serious nuisance by barking outside open classroom windows, by annoying students and faculty in the Barn, or worse, being left unattended in cars. My tone is not meant to be querulous, but it is my responsibility to create an educational environment which supports the central purpose of the School.

I'm pleased that Greg Blackburn is running our informal weekday all-day-child-care program, the Croutons, for all our off-campus youngsters. You can make arrangements with Greg by completing the enclosed Croutons form and sending it to the Bread Loaf office. The fees are minimal and the program terrific. The Blackburns are also planning social gatherings for off-campus Bread Loafers as soon as School starts - cookouts, etc.

I hope we can make the summer a truly enjoyable one for you and your family.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

Summer 1987

Dear Bread Loaf Parents,

Attending classes at the Bread Loaf School of English is hard work. Attending classes while at the same time attempting to provide for the needs of a young child can be ten times more trying than it need be.

For the past several years, a child-care program under the name of "Croutons" has lessened the burden on students. Each year we have tried to make Croutons better. Starting out as a five or six child play group run by twelve-year-olds and furnished with a few paintbrushes, Croutons has grown to such proportions that the School now provids facilities complete with a playground at Dragon's Den, a mile from the School.

This program will be directed by Greg Blackburn, husband of third-year Bread Loafer, Cathy Blackburn. Greg holds a Ph.D. in early childhood, curriculum development, child development and reading. The Blackburn's are parents of a 12 year-old daughter, Stephanie. Greg plans to involve the Croutons in creative writing, dramatics, cooking, music, reading, swimming, art, games, a field trip (possibly), and lots and lots of fun.

Hours are set for 8:15 to 4:45. The rates below are for the first child in each family. The cost for each additional child from the same family will be one-half the stated rates.

Full day bringing own bag lunch. . . . . (available Mondays & Wednesdays only)	$ 6.50
Full day without lunch	5.50
Full morning with bag lunch. . . . . (available Mondays & Wednesdays only)	4.50
Morning only (8:15 - 12:45).	3.50
Afternoon only (1:45 - 4:45)	2.50

There will be no restrictions on age. The very young children will be accepted if their parents can provide a playpen or other suitable place in which the baby can be safely kept.

Children frequently like to bring special things to share with their friends to Croutons, and also take home special things they have made. Please provide him/her with a fairly sturdy plastic bag with handles that can also be used to hold a change of clothing, an old shirt or smock for painting days, swim suits, towels, diapers, bottles, blankets, toys, etc.

It would be helpful to have an idea of how many children may be in attendance this year. If you are planning on having a child cared for on a regular basis, would you please send the attached registration form by June 11 to the Bread Loaf office.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/eh

CROUTONS

Please mail this form to: The Bread Loaf School of English
Tilden House
Middlebury College
Middlebury VT 05753

Children's names and ages

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

Parent's name and home address

_____

_____

_____

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1, 1987

Dear Fellow Waiters:

In this letter, I am hoping to accomplish two things. First, I would like to welcome all of the new waiters, and assure you that while waiting is hard work, it is neither as frightening nor as onerous as one might assume after reading the infamous "Information for Waiters", which is enclosed. Secondly, I would like to tell all the returning waiters how good I feel about having your experience upon which to draw.

This being only my second summer at Bread Loaf, the memory of my first glimpse at this packet is still fresh. I was panic-stricken; I wondered what I was getting into; I worried that this waiting idea, while it helped pay the bills, might provide a little too much structure. After all, how could I concentrate on Shakespeare and Chaucer if someone was going to be looking over my shoulder to make sure I served from the left, refilled my sugar bowls and put out the right silverware? My worrying was silly. I had one of the best summers of my life.

Therefore, in the interests of making this packet a bit less intimidating, I have tried to put the waiting instructions into a less random order. By far, the most important things we have to do are to show up and be courteous to one another and to our customers. Please take those suggestions to heart, and use the others in the spirit in which they are intended -- as a help.

Last summer, I found my fellow waiters hardworking, supportive and fun, and I know this summer, we will continue in that tradition. We contribute something special to the community, and we come away with an experience and a perspective that not every student gets.

Of the roughly thirty waiters, about half are new, and of the returning waiters, I know only about half of you, as many of you were at Lincoln College last summer. All of the returning waiters probably know Skip Saunders (with whom I shared a mailbox last year, and who gets a lot more mail than I do); he will be the Assistant Head Waiter. Together, I am sure we will all do a great job. I hope you are looking forward to the summer as much as I am.

Sincerely,

Tom

Tom Scanlan
Head Waiter

INFORMATION FOR WAITERS

THE GOLDEN RULE

Attendance. A former Bread Loaf head waiter is fond of quoting Woody Allen's observation that "90% of life is showing up." The School assumes that in accepting a waiting contract you plan to wait at every meal. If for any special reason you must have a meal off, see the head waiter. Every week each waiter normally receives one full day free from his waiting duties in addition to receiving the breakfast of the following day off. Near the end of each week waiters should sign up for time off for the next week. The head waiter will post a days off sheet. Occasionally a waiter may need to hire someone to work in his place. Each waiter must assume responsibility for hiring and paying his substitute. A list of substitutes will be available.

Being courteous is just as important as "showing up." Try to remember these suggestions.

- Waiters should lend each other a hand whenever possible, particularly toward the end of the meal. Everyone occasionally falls behind schedule; waiter cooperation will help everyone finish more quickly.

- When you have your station completely set up, you may need to help someone else set his station.

- Courtesy, patience, and efficiency are extremely important to the smoothly run dining hall.

- The head waiter will be glad to help in any way he can with problems pertaining to the job. But do not expect the head waiter (or any other waiter) to overlook the unsatisfactory performance of a waiter. A waiter who fails to do his job jeopardizes not only his position but also the morale and cooperative spirit of a traditionally close-knit and mutually supportive group.

- Treat the kitchen staff courteously and cooperate with them completely.

- Remember: Do not seek efficiency at the expense of dining hall etiquette, regardless of the conduct and etiquette of the people you serve. If you have a problem with a customer, discuss it with the head waiter and he will do his best to alleviate the problem.

- In the past, waiters have adopted different styles of waiting. Courtesy is most important. Trying too hard to be efficient can produce unwanted results ranging from the mildly embarrassing plight of having extra drinks on your hands to the uncomfortable awareness that you have been rude to a fellow Bread Loafer.

THE LOGISTICAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE DINING HALL AT BREAD LOAF

- The door of the dining hall is kept open for fifteen minutes after the start of each meal (thirty minutes at breakfast) during which time guests are permitted. After the door closes, no guests are normally admitted.

- Each waiter will serve two tables of six or three tables of four each.

- Stations will be changed periodically so that no one will have easier posts than others for any length of time.

- Those waiting at the faculty table and the children's table should go to the head of the serving line in the kitchen.

- Any visitors eating in the dining hall must buy a meal ticket at the Inn desk, and give it to the head waiter at the door.

- The dining hall is to be run as an inn: it is not a college cafeteria. There is no guest menu, but meals are individually served and should be served properly. The customer is always right. If you do not think so, tell the head waiter, not the diner.

- While you are eating, the head waiter will announce the stations for the meal. He will post the assignment sheet so that you may check it in case you miss the announcement.

A QUICK GUIDE TO WAITING ON TABLES, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER DONE IT BEFORE

- Serve food from the left; beverages from the right. Remove plates from the left. Some tables are very close together and hard to squeeze between, but try not to lean across guests to reach for plates.

- Wait until all guests at a given table are finished with a course before bringing the next one unless some of those at the table were very late arrivals or a guest requests that he be served before the others.

- Do not remove silverware or side dishes from a guest's place until he is finished with that course. Wait a moment before taking his plate, rather than snatching it away the minute he has set his fork down.

- Be sure to ask whether anyone would like seconds. (After checking with servers in the kitchen.) At the end of the main course clear bread, butter, jam, etc. Guests may have seconds on beverages. Hot coffee seconds are normally served by pitcher.

- At the end of the meal you may clear the place of the individual as soon as he is finished eating completely. If he wishes to linger over a beverage, that is fine, but you may continue to clear the rest if he is finished. Never clear while people are still eating unless they are very nearly finished, for others at the table may well feel rushed.

- If there is a question in your mind about what he wants, ask the guest.

- Do not allow dishes and garbage to stack up on trays. Remove them quickly to the kitchen so that dishwashers can finish their work more quickly.

- Scrape and stack dishes according to size. Separate silverware on the tray to save time.

WAITING DUTIES SPECIFIC TO BREAD LOAF, FOR THOSE WHO HAVE WAITED BEFORE, BUT NOT AT BREAD LOAF

- Try to keep your waiting jacket clean. You will change jackets twice each week (Wednesday and Sunday). Do not take someone else's jacket if you misplace yours of if someone accidentally takes yours.

- It is a good idea to keep in your jacket a small pad and pen for taking breakfast and beverage orders.

- After you have eaten and returned your dishes to the kitchen, you should put on your waiter's jacket and check the menu posted in the kitchen to see that you have put out the correct settings for the meal. (Waiters occasionally enjoy a broader bill of fare than regular diners. Also, last minute changes may be made in the menu.)

- Following each meal, waiters should set places for the next meal. Tables should be thoroughly wiped with damp sponges or cloths. Place a fresh paper place mat at the center of each table. Each table should have reasonably full salt and pepper shakers, a bowl of sugar, a sugar spoon, a candleholder with a candle long enough to burn through the evening meal, an ash tray, napkins, and silverware. Put out dinner napkins at dinnertime only.

- Be sure to put out butter, catsup, relish, jelly, crackers, etc. when they are offered. You may need to put out serving spoons. Make sure there is a tray stand near your table. Make sure you have a pen and paper with which to take orders.

- The waiters serving as busers for the meal are responsible for pouring drinks in the kitchen while other waiters are setting stations.

- A few minutes before bell time the head waiter will let you know that you should have your station set up. When he announces that it is bell time you should be at your station. Light candles for dinner a few minutes before bell time.

- Make sure windows are propped open and fans are on during warm weather.

- Waiters sometimes forget that they are expected to wait for the graduation banquet which takes place the evening of the day following final exams. Waiters must spend several hours the morning of the banquet preparing the dining hall for the dinner. If you plan to leave prior to the banquet let the head waiter know and plan to hire a substitute. Waiters who leave prior to the banquet forfeit tips.

- Be sure to empty liquids into the sink before putting dirty glasses and cups on the rack.

- You will need to wipe off your tray with a sponge or cloth after returning dirty dishes to the kitchen. Keep your tray clean. Blobs of jelly, lumps of gravy, and streams of milk not only mar the aesthetic appeal of your shiny tray, but also make for an unreliable grip on a trayful of fragile dishes.

- Be sure to put silverware in the appropriately labeled soaking basins. Do not throw silverware at the water. Splashing the dishwasher is forbidden. Occasionally waiters may have to fill in for dishwashers.

- Busers will assist waiters in returning dirty dishes, but each waiter is primarily responsible for busing his own station.

- Do not put untouched food, clean plates, or clean silver on the same tray with dirty dishes.

- No seconds of dessert will be served. Before bringing desserts from the kitchen, ask the people at your tables how many wish dessert. Bring only that number. Use underliners with small dessert dishes and with the dishes in which boiled eggs are served.

- Containers for unused butter, catsup, crackers, pickles, etc. will be on a counter in the kitchen. Please do not throw out unused condiments.

- After a meal has been served, tables cleared and reset, check to make sure there is nothing further to do before you leave. Make sure no trays have been left on stands in the dining hall. Trays are to be cleaned and stacked in the kitchen. Check to see whether you can help someone set his station. No waiters are to leave the dining hall until all stations are in order. If you have a class immediately following a meal, you may leave in time to get to class. It is not always necessary to leave the dining hall early in order to make it to class on time.

- Be sure to hang your jacket in the proper room. Do not leave it draped over a chair in the dining hall.

- Do not leave extra silverware, napkins, cloths, sponges, etc. at stations between meals. Do not "hoard" silverware.

- At breakfast, serve beverages right away. A buser will help serve refills of coffee.

- All food and beverages should be brought from the kitchen on a tray. If you have a small order (one cup of coffee), you may want to use one of the small trays. Return small trays to the kitchen so that others may use them. Do not accumulate trays at your station. You will usually have two tray stands. You should have no more than two trays.

THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WAITERS SHOULD NOT DO....

- No smoking in the dining hall or kitchen except at the waiters' table and then only during waiters' mealtime.

- No drinking before serving tables.

- Do not run in the dining hall or kitchen.

- There is no tipping until the end of the session. All tips will be divided evenly among the waiters.

- Waiters and guests may not use kitchen facilities for their personal use. Do not ask to do so. (Ice, for example, is for meal time use only. You may purchase ice at the snack bar in the Barn.)

- Never leave books, food, plates, glasses, or eating utensils in the waiters' dining area. Try to keep the back tables reserved for waiters and kitchen staff clean. Do not expect someone else to do the job for you.

- Do not cluster in groups or sit down while guests are eating. Do not retire to the waiters' table to smoke or eat. Stay by your station. If there is a lull during a meal, it saves time to get your napkins and silver for the next meal.

GREEN RIBBON GREETERS - BREAD LOAF

1987

Eileen Clark

Ike Coleman

Tom Crochunis ALT. 1

Larry Deblois

Tom Edgar

Mary Johnston

Abner Oakes ALT. 2

Leslie Owens

Danny Paul

Stuart Robinson

Ed Stansfield YES

Joanne Tulonen

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

May 29, 1987

Ms. Joanne Tulonen
P.O. Box 28
Wilsall, MT 59086

Dear Joanne:

We're heading up the home stretch with well over one hundred new Bread Loafers this summer and another full house, too. Many of our newcomers will again be traveling from the remotest regions of the country and abroad to get to our edge of civilization. They must be made welcome and be reassured from the moment they stumble onto the Front Porch. As you know, we have a wonderful tradition of having about a dozen Bread Loafers assist me as Green Ribbon Greeters on Opening Day - June 23 - as we go through the necessary hassle of settling in.

I would be grateful if I could call on you Tuesday from mid-morning until the evening meal to act as an informal welcomer and guide for new students in your dorm. It would be helpful if you could arrive on Monday, the 22nd so that we could have a brief orientation meeting among ourselves after dinner (served at 6) on Monday. You would know how to make our new friends feel welcomed better than I ever could, since I'm still waiting to be greeted. If you could help out, the School would be pleased to extend you an honorarium of $25 for your generous commitment.

I hope your plans would permit your arriving a day early as guests of the School. Your efforts would be appreciated by your new classmates. A collect call to the Bread Loaf office (802-388-3711, Ext. 5418) or a quick note would be helpful for us in making arrangements. Many thanks.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/ees

A SEMI-COMPLETE GUIDE TO FOOD, FUN, FRIVOLITY, FRUGALITY, ETC. IN MIDDLEBURY AND SURROUNDING AREAS

We hope that this little publication will be helpful to new and returning Bread Loafers and to your families. The listing is certainly not comprehensive, but perhaps it will serve as a jumping-off point.

Happy exploring!

Cathy and Greg Blackburn

Thanks to Vermonters: Dana Washington
Elaine Hall
Jean Tomlinson
John Palmeri

for their input!

FOOD

Mister Ups - Very good food/atmosphere. Overlooks Otter Creek. Great Sunday brunch. Reasonable. (Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

Woody's - Try the spring rolls! Nice atmosphere. Good food. Reasonable. Ask to be seated on the deck which overlooks Otter Creek. (5 Bakery Lane, Middlebury)

Rosie's - Good local color restaurant/diner. Reasonable. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

Calvi's - Wonderful homemade ice cream treats! Stop by for a break when you are exploring Middlebury's great shops. (Main Street, Middlebury)

Lyon's Place, Ltd. - Tiny shop specializing in submarine sandwiches and creemies. Order a small creemie unless you want to be eating it the rest of the day! Try the cheesecake too. (6 College St., Middlebury)

Zachary's Pizza House - Serves great pizzas and hot submarine sandwiches. (Washington Street next to Grand Union, Middlebury)

Rosemarie's - Wonderful Italian food. Semi-expensive. About 20 minutes from Middlebury. (Routes 17 and 116, Bristol)

Mary's Restaurant - According to the yellow pages, "Yankee Magazine's Favorite Restaurant in All of Vermont." (11 Main St., Bristol)

Fire and Ice - Good food. Salad bar and children's menu. (26 Seymour, Middlebury)

Paisano Restaurant - Good Italian food. Reasonable (86 Main St., Middlebury)

Waybury Inn - Expensive but lovely. New England Inn atmosphere. (Route 125 at foot of Bread Loaf Mountain, East Middlebury)

Frog Hollow Cafe - Great gourmet soups, breads, salads. Has received rave reviews. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

McDonald's - Sure to squelch your mid-summer Big Mac Attack. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

A & W - Try a cold root beer float. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

FUN/FRIVOLITY

Book Shops

Breadloaf Bookshop - Great used book shop. (Route 125, East Middlebury)

Poor Richard's Used Book Shoppe - (56 Main St., Middlebury)

The Vermont Book Shop - (38 Main St., Middlebury)

Alley Beat - Used books and records (Merchants Row, Middlebury)

Antique Shops - Dotted across the Vermont countryside. Great places to explore.

Burlington, Vermont - Population 40,000. Largest city in the state. Offers exploration possibilities.

Rutland, Vermont - Population 20,000. Second largest city in the state. A real Vermont experience.

Shelburne Museum - Fantastic replica of early American community. Covers several acres. Expensive ($9 adults, $6 children) but well worth the price.

Ben and Jerry's Factory - Ice cream factory. Tours and samples, $1. "Udderly" incredible gift shop. (Route 100, Waterbury, Vermont)

Ilsley Library - Good community library. Excellent children's collection. Non-resident fee $5. (Main St., Middlebury)

Frog Hollow Craft Center - Offers exhibits, demonstrations, classes. (Frog Hollow, Middlebury)

Bakery Lane - Delicious baked goods. (Across the street from Grand Union, Middlebury)

Middlebury Recreation Department - Swimming pool, tennis courts. Summer classes (ballet, tennis, etc.) (Middlebury - call 388-4041 for information)

SERVICES

Grocery Stores - Middlebury

A & P, Middlebury Plaza, Route 7 South
Grand Union, Washington Street, Middlebury
Hannah's Red and White, Route 7, Middlebury

Haircuts - a few suggestions - Middlebury

Pauline's - Merchant's Row
Lady Fair - 34 Main St.
Under Cuts, Inc. - Washington St., opposite Grand Union
Heads Up Hairstyling - 34 N. Pleasant St.

Copy Services - Middlebury

Main Street Stationery - 7 cents a copy, self-service

Middlebury Print and Copy - (9 College St.)

Middlebury College Library - copy machines available

Dry Cleaners and Laundry Facilities - Middlebury

Desabrais Laundry 7 Dry Cleaning (Village Court)
Mountain Fresh Cleaning (10 Washington St.)

FRUGALITY

Cartmell Complex - Arrow outlet for men's and women's clothing. (Off Main St. between Lazarus Dept Store and Shop on the Green, Middlebury)

Charleston Mill Store - Great buys on sweaters. (Route 7 South, Middlebury)

Cheese Factory Outlet - 2 locations

Burlington - Pine Street Hinesburg - Route 116

Bass Shoe Factory Outlet - (3 locations) 2 in Burlington 1 in Rutland
Dexter Shoe Factory Outlet - Burlington and Rutland
Dunham Shoe FActory Outlet - Burlington and Rutland
Timberland Shoe Factory Outlet - Burlington and Rutland
Danform Shoe Factory Outlet - Burlington

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 1, 1987

Dear New Bread Loafer:

Since you are spending your first summer on the Mountain, it might be helpful in allaying any anxieties to inform you, as I have the faculty, what grades are alleged to mean at the School of English.

Grade	Description
A+, A	An extraordinary or even superlative achievement.
A-	A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.
B+	Very good work.
B	Good, competent achievement, an entirely creditable effort.
B-	Passing work.
C	An unsatisfactory performance.
F	Fails to complete work of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in the class.

The normal expectation for first-year students at Bread Loaf is that about half of the final course grades will be B or B+, but many students start out with lower grades on their first papers. It is not at all unusual for students to get a C or C+ at first and a B or B+ for a final grade.

You would not be at Bread Loaf if John Elder or I had any doubts about your intellectual ability or your preparation. If for whatever reason you are disappointed with the results of your first papers, please don't get discouraged. See your instructor. See me. First papers of first-year students are no indication of any final assessment. If you start off with an A+, remember there is no way for you to improve.

May this please be the first and last word on a subject which has never yet gotten to the meaning of an educational experience. More important than grades is the assessment each instructor will place in your file if you elect to sign the Waiver of Confidentiality, which you have received. I pay little attention to specific grades on a Bread Loaf transcript, but I evaluate these detailed and perceptive letters, which are available as part of a Bread Loaf letter of recommendation, should you ever request one from the School.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

PLACEMENT AND READMISSION RECORDS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

The policy of Middlebury College and the Bread Loaf School of English regarding the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 is as follows:

Students or former students have the right to inspect and review all Placement and Readmission Records placed in their files after 1 January, 1975, unless they sign the Student's Waiver Statement attached. Placement Records are letters of recommendation written by the Director of the School of English. Readmission Records are comments submitted each summer by your instructors regarding your performance. These comments are used for readmission and for the preparation of letters of recommendation.

If the Student's Waiver Statement is not signed, your instructors will be advised that comments they may submit cannot be held confidential. The School will defer to the wishes of any instructor who does not submit an evaluation under those circumstances, and this fact will be noted in your file. Under this circumstance, the School will not be under obligation to write a detailed letter of recommendation on your behalf, and readmission will be determined only on the basis of your grades.

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

STUDENT'S WAIVER STATEMENT

I hereby waive my rights to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975, with the understanding that:

1. Letters of recommendation containing evaluations from my instructors at Bread Loaf will be forwarded to an institution, organization, or private party only upon my request. The institution, organization or private party receiving this letter of recommendation will be instructed not to permit any other party to have access to the information without my written consent.
2. This waiver will remain in effect until I notify, in writing, the Office of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, at which time letters of recommendation will be removed from my file.

Date: _____ Signature: _____

DECLARATION NOT TO WAIVE MY RIGHTS

I hereby decline to waive my right to inspect and review materials placed in my file after 1 January, 1975.

Date: _____ Signature: _____

July 21, 1987

TO: Bread Loaf Students

FROM: Paul Cubeta

For the past five years, 142 Bread Loaf teachers have received grants to study language and learning in their classrooms and schools. The Bread Loaf School of English, The Rockefeller Foundation, the Fund for the Improvement of Secondary Education, and The Lyndhurst Foundation have provided funds for this program. Bread Loaf teachers who have conducted inquiries have published widely and received local and national recognition for their work.

Although funding is no longer available to award grants as in the past, we want to encourage teachers to leave Bread Loaf with plans for classroom inquiries, and we will be happy to write to school administrators to explain how these activities figure in the work teachers do as members of the community of the Bread Loaf Program in Writing.

We are now establishing a different framework for supporting classroom inquiries. Bread Loaf teachers who attend the 1988 session (Vermont or Oxford) and who would like to write up their inquiries will be eligible for awards of up to $500 (over and above financial aid awards) to be made in July. In March we will send all teachers who request them guidelines for writing an informal report that will serve as their application for an award. In the past, we have supported case study and other qualitative research approaches.

We will continue to support, recognize, and celebrate Bread Loaf teachers whose work contributes so greatly to the Program in Writing and to the quality of education in their own classrooms and communities.

PMC/elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 31, 1987

Dear Alum:

Rick Dalton, our Associate Director of Admissions, is going to be on campus Monday afternoon, August 3, to talk about our Partnership with Middlebury - our way of encouraging Bread Loafers to suggest to their students that Middlebury might be the right college for them.

I'd be pleased if you could join us at Treman at 5:00 for some talk about Middlebury over wine and cheese.

See you then.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 24, 1987

Dear Off-Campus Bread Loafer:

As you know, we try hard to maintain a responsible off-campus housing list for your convenience. Some owners are wonderfully cooperative and fair, but we have discovered others who seem to be taking advantage of you and us. We'd like with your help to make sure that those who are treating Bread Loafers unfairly are not assisted by us.

Would you please return this evaluation of your accommodations to assist next year's Bread Loafers.

1. Please identify and describe your accommodations.

   a. Owner

   b. Description and location of house or apartment

   c. Rental fee

   d. Distance from School

2. Are you renting this place in 1988?

3. Please evaluate acco-modations.

   a. What are its advantages and drawbacks?

   b. Would you recommend that we list this place again? (Since there are so few places available, does coming to Bread Loaf outweigh the disadvantages of the place? Or would you recommend that we simply not list the place?)

4. Comments, complaints, compliments:

Many thanks,

Paul Cubeta
Director

elh

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

August 3, 1987

I would appreciate your joining me for wine and cheese on Tuesday, August 4 at 5:00 in Treman to talk about Bread Loaf at Oxford with students interested in going over next summer.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:kw

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 31, 1987

Dear Bread Loafer:

I'd very much appreciate your assessment of Bread Loaf 1987: the program, the faculty, life on the Mountain. You know that faculty are reappointed largely on the basis of my impressions, conversations with students and other precariously imprecise modes of judgment. Yet nothing is more crucial to the future of the School than the high quality of its Bread Loaf teachers. Your frank assessment of your faculty is, therefore, very much needed.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

1. Evaluation of literature and theatre faculty and courses (If you are taking a writing course, I'd appreciate your using the other evaluation sheet to comment on our Program in Writing.)

2. Assessment of this summer's experience (social, domestic, etc.)

3. Recommendations

Name _____
(Optional)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 31, 1987

Dear Bread Loafer in the Program in Writing:

Even though I've already imposed on you for your help in evaluating this summer on the Mountain, I would be immensely grateful if you could give me your assessment of the Program in Writing so that we can improve the Program in 1988.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

1. Your writing course--methods, demands, instructor

2. The value of your experience for yourself and for your school

Name_____
(optional)

Bread Loaf and the Schools Information Sheet
Please return to the Bread Loaf Office, Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Institution_____

Recent publications (include publication info, please)_____

_____

_____

_____

Recent talks or presentations (include dates, please)_____

_____

_____

_____

Forthcoming talks or publications_____

_____

_____

Events of interest to Bread Loafers in your area_____

_____

_____

_____

Notes or announcements of interest to Bread Loafers_____

_____

_____

_____

Please give complete information wherever possible, and please keep a copy of the blank form to send with later updates on your activities. Thanks so much.

PLACEMENT AND READMISSION RECORDS

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

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Paul M. Cubeta
Director

ENTERTAINMENT

THEATER AT BREADLOAF

1987

Welcome to a summer full of theater. With your help - as actors, technicians and audiences -we'll be exploring seven new productions and dozens of scenes -- we hope you'll find it provocative and entertaining.

PRESENTATIONS: Three original works by students, one by an important new American playwright, two student-directed one acts (one from the 1980's, one from the 1480's), and of course MACBETH. Here are the names and dates.

ON THE VERGE: By Eric Overmeyer. A comedy of the imagination, about the future - quite a different vision from Macbeth. Wednesday, July 1, 7:30

ACT OF LOVE, by Catherine Griffiths. The story of August Rodin, the sculptor, his mistress and wife. An original play by a Breadloaf student, in a reading. Sunday, July 5, 9:30pm

VOICES/WRITERS. A collection of writings by students in the Breadloaf Writing Program, in a staged reading. Wednesday, July 8, 7:30

PARDON, VT, by Cheryl Potter-Otto. An investigation of two families living at the brink, in Vermont. An original play by a Breadloaf student, in a staged reading. Tuesday, July 14, 7:30

'DENTITY CRISIS, by Chris Durang - a one act crazy comedy, directed by Sue Wootton, at Earthworm Barn Theater Th-Sat, July 23-25, 8:30

Two Medieval Plays, exploring the role of women, directed by Tom Crochunis Th-Sat, July 23-25 7:30

MACBETH, by Shakespeare, our major production. It will be preceeded by two open-rehearsal-discussions, july 6 and 13. July 30-Aug 2, 8:30

In addition, the Directing Workshop will present scenes throughout the summer, and final scenes in the theater the last week of classes.

AUDITIONS: Everyone connected with Breadloaf - students, staff, friends - is invited to participate in these productions. This year we need people of all ages to fill the many roles available. We need youngsters and old people, actors with experience and those new to the theater.

Auditions will be held Wednesday night, June 22, at 7:30 pm in the theater. All plays will audition at that time. These are the roles available:

MACBETH -- sixteen roles will be cast, some fairly large and some fairly small. Open major roles include witches, Lennox, Porter, Fleance, Old Man, and others. (The Acting Ensemble members will play: Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, Duncan, Malcolm, Rosse, Lady Macduff, One witch.)

'DENTITY CRISIS -- roles for three women and two men

Medieval Plays -- roles for five women

PARDON, VT. - roles for fourteen year old boy, fourteen year old girl.

Copies of scripts are available at the library.

PLEASE DON'T BE SHY -- we need a lot of actors, so please come audition. If you would like to stage manage, or work backstage, come Wednesday night and let us know as well. We need your help.

THE THEATER STAFF AND ACTING ENSEMBLE: The Acting Ensemble is made up of eight professional actors who are here to work with many of the Breadloaf classes, and to perform throughout the summer. We hope you'll feel free to come sit in on rehearsals any time, ask questions, give us your ideas. MACBETH is a great, difficult play, and as we learn about it we will be eager to share things with you.

Members of the Acting Ensemble, and professional theater staff this summer, are:

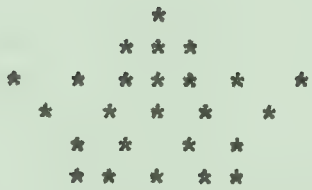
John Doolittle	Brian McEleney	Alan Mokler
Carol Elliott	Barry Press	Walter Boswell
Jonathan Fried	Cindy Rosenthal	Ellen McCartney
Jim Lobdell	Anne Scurria	

Come, play.

Alan Mokler

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents



MACBETH

by

William Shakespeare

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday

July 30, 31, August 1, 2, 1987

Little Theatre

8:30 p.m.

CAST

Macbeth	Jonathan Fried*
Lady Macbeth	Anne Scurria*
Duncan, King and Malcolm, his son	Brian McEleney*
Banquo	John Doolittle*
Macduff	Barry Press*
Ross	Jim Lobdell
Lennox	Jim Kingstone
Angus	Tom Edgar
Witch	Cindy Rosenthal*
Witch	Jerri Hurlbutt
Witch	Judy Diamondstone
Lady Macduff	Carol Elliott
Child Macduff	Stephanie Blackburn
Murderer	Mark Wright
Murderer	John Cound
Murderer, Gentlewoman	Patty Kmieciak
Porter	Chuck McDonnell
Fleance	Jason Hauser
Donalbain	Daniel Knoepflmacher
Old Man, Siward	Bob Handy
Young Siward, Lord	Abner Oakes
Doctor	George Dunn
Seyton	Jeff Bridgers
King's Doctor	Terry Woods
Servant	Raymond Williams

*These actors appear courtesy of Actors' Equity Association

THE ACTING ENSEMBLE

Last summer the Bread Loaf Acting Ensemble began an expanded program of participation in drama, literature and writing classes which proved so successful that it has been continued again this year. Actors have done guest appearances in classes to present scenes and to discuss their approaches to roles, worked with student directors, assisted writers, done readings of original plays, produced dramatic enactments of poetry, appeared in staged readings, and even taught classes. Their major obligation, of course, has been their work on this evening's production of Macbeth.

JOHN DOOLITTLE became a professional actor after a brief (but not brief enough) stint with Ollie North's gang in green. Favorite roles in his past include Oberon in A Midsummer Night's Dream, Iago in a play which should be of the same name but for some obscure reason is called Othello, the officer in charge of executions in an adaptation of Kafka's short story "In the Penal Colony," Dave McGeary in Costa-Gavras' film Missing, Biff Baker the trumpet-playing sound effects man in The 1940's Radio Hour, Alfred Hollis in an episode of Remington Steele, and Prospero in The Tempest. He is proud and excited that a real Miranda is due for him and his wife Kimberly on or about October 8.

CAROL ELLIOTT has been a member of the Acting Ensemble for the past three summers and teaches acting at Bread Loaf and at Princeton University. This past year she directed Shakespeare's Measure for Measure at Princeton and a workshop production of Federico Lorca's House of Bernarda Alba at McCarter Theatre. She is a graduate of Bread Loaf.

JONATHAN FRIED is a 1986 graduate of the Professional Training Program at U.C.S.D. in La Jolla. Since graduation, New York credits include Anne Bogart's 1951 and The Miser for Lincoln Center. Other roles in Shakespeare include Caliban, Navarre, Richmond and Feste for the Utah Shakespeare Festival. He is a graduate of Brown University.

JIM LOBDELL has previously appeared in Bread Loaf Theatre's The Cherry Orchard, The Tempest, Twelfth Night, Cloud 9, and The Winter's Tale. During the remainder of the year, he teaches high school English in Northern California, where he also acts and directs part-time. He received his M.A. from Bread Loaf in 1984. His upcoming Ph.D. work will focus on the interrelationships of theatre and teaching.

BRIAN McELENEY is a member of the Trinity Repertory Company in Providence, Rhode Island. A graduate of Trinity College and the Yale School of Drama, he teaches acting at Princeton University and is Master Acting Teacher at the Trinity Rep Conservatory. Previous Bread Loaf roles include Malvolio in Twelfth Night, Betty/Edward in Cloud 9 and Camillo in The Winter's Tale.

BARRY PRESS has been a regular (or is that irregular) member of the Bread Loaf Theatre Ensemble for the past five productions. Based in Seattle, Washington, for the last eight years, he has been a working professional actor/director/teacher in theatre, radio, video and film.

CINDY ROSENTHAL played Perdita in last season's The Winter's Tale. Her roles in regional theatre include Marianne in Tartuffe at the Buffalo Studio Arena, Dolly in You Never Can Tell at Stage West, and for New Jersey Shakespeare Festival: Anne Boleyn in Henry VIII, Margaret More in A Man for All Seasons and Anne Page in Merry Wives. She studied acting with Robert Lewis in New York where she has worked off-Broadway and in film, television and radio. Cindy received her B.A. from Tufts University and is currently working towards a Master's degree at N.Y.U., exploring the connections between literature and performance.

ANNE SCURRIA has been a member of the Trinity Repertory Company for eight years. Her roles in over 35 productions include Bette in The Marriage of Bette and Boo, Lenny in Crimes of the Heart, Edward/Victoria in Cloud 9, and most recently Bonnie in Hurlyburly, which was filmed for the Lincoln Center Library. In addition to work in TV, movies and at other regional theatres, she teaches at the University of Rhode Island.

ATTENTION: There will be three loud explosions and the use of fog effects during the performance.

Music for the production was selected by the director from works by Brian Eno, Harold Budd and Robert Fripp. Additional music was provided by Brad Garton and Dan Toomey.

THEATRE STAFF

Director	Alan Mokler
Scenic & Lighting Designer	Walter Boswell
Costume Designer	Ellen McCartney
Stage Manager	David Waters
Assistant Stage Managers	Bill Sowder
	Jason Hauser
Technical Director	Drayton Foltz
Costume Drapers	Alison Quam
	Gayle Veronica Fischer
Master Electrician	David Rosner
Sound Operator	Jonathan Welter
Production Carpenter	Dave Curley
Shop Foreman	Jonathan Welter
Theatre Technician	Peter Urkowitz
Technical Assistants,	Eileen Clark
Costuming	Fleeta Harris
Shift Crew	Emily Chamberlain
	Dave Curley
	Jeremy Gooch
	Elizabeth Marshall
	Peter Urkowitz
Costume Shop Volunteer	Bess Huddle
Props Master	Tom Edgar
Armory	Dennis Graves
Special Makeup Effects	Drayton Foltz
Theatre Coordinator	Jim Lobdell
House Managers	Tracy Winn
	Sue Wootton
	Vera Scarbrough
	Fleeta Harris
Ushers	John Canaday
Ushers	Claudia Gordon-Torpey
	Bess Huddle
	Dan Sharkovitz
	Eileen Clark
	Leslie Owens
	Bill Brown
	Geoff Proulx

SPECIAL THANKS

Champlain Leather

Paul and Beth Cubeta

Ezra Delaney

Dick Forman, Wright Theatre

The Front Desk Gang

Elaine Hall

Leo Hotte and His Crew

Paul Larocque and His Staff

Jane Lorentzen and Laurie Brown

David Powell

Stardust Memories

Johanna Steigerwald

Tim Taylor and the Madrigalists

Dana Washington

Woody, Nitter and Geoff

ACT I - 80 minutes

ACT II - 50 minutes

There will be one ten-minute intermission.

The Bread Loaf School of English

presents

A Readthrough

ACT OF LOVE

A Work in Progress

by

Catherine Griffiths

Camille Claudel	Cindy Rosenthal
Auguste Rodin	Barry Press
Rose Beuret	Anne Scurria
Paul Claudel	Brian McEleney
Madame Claudel & Little Auguste	Carol Elliott
Claude Debussy	John Doolittle
Doctor/Presenter	Jonathan Fried
Musician	David Terry

July 9, 1987

7:15 P.M.

The Bread Loaf School of English

presents

Program Notes

for

CINDERELLA/TAKEN IN ADULTERY AND ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN

Father, Jew, Angel . . . . . Diane Bardes

Step-Mother, Jesus, Angel. . . . . .Elizabeth Cleary

Step-Sister, Expositor, Jesus. . . . . .Meg Donnelly

Cinderella, Pharisee, Mary . . . . . .Martha Donovan

Step-Sister, Adulteress, Angel . . . . . Bess Huddle

Prince, Jew, Angel . . . . . Johanna Steigerwald

Stage Manager. . . . . .Pam Rennhack

Director . . . . . Tom Crochunis

CINDERELLA consists of improvisations on scenes from The Grimm Brothers' fairy tale.

Thursday, July 23, 1987

Friday, July 24, 1987

Saturday, July 25, 1987

7:30 p.m.

The Bread Loaf School of English

presents

'DENTITY CRISIS

By Christopher Durang

Directed by Sue Wootton

Cast

Jane . . . . . Lisa Wilde

Edith . . . . . Vera Scarbrough

Robert . . . . . Joshua Swift

Mr. Summers. . . . . David Powell

Woman. . . . . Nancy Seid

Crew

Stage Manager. . . . . .Catherine Griffiths

Props. . . . . Anne Winebrenner

Thursday, July 23, 1987

Friday, July 24, 1987

Saturday, July 25, 1987

8:30 p.m.

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

presents

ON THE VERGE

by Eric Overmyer

Fanny . . . . . Anne Scurria

Mary . . . . . Carol Elliott

Alexandra . . . . . Cindy Rosenthal

Grover, Alphonse, The Gorge Troll,
The Yeti, Gus, Madame Nhu, Mr. Coffee
and Nicky Paradise . . . . . Barry Press

Directed by Alan Mokler

Music by Mark Wright

Wednesday, July 1, 1987

Little Theatre

7:30 P.M.

1987

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

FILMS

June 26 - Friday	7% SOLUTION
July 3 - Friday	THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH
July 4 - Saturday	HENRY V
July 10 - Friday	BRINGING UP BABY
July 11 - Saturday	ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
July 17 - Friday	IT's A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD
July 18 - Saturday	BRAZIL
July 24 - Friday	DAY FOR NIGHT
July 25 - Saturday	RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER

STATISTICS

Bread Loaf School of English

1987

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS (106)

Adams, Faith M.
Alexander, Sheila D.
Baier, Andrea B.
Bardes, Diane
Baskin, Cornelia W.
Beaufour, Henri P.
Beyer, Don E.
Bland, Lisa P.
Bradfield, Joseph F.
Buckingham, Marti D.
Campbell, Mark
Carpentier, Anne-Lidia
Cleary-McCarthy, Elizabeth
Cole, David M.
Corsiglia, Sharon W.
Cummins, Kevin J.
Dearinger, Kevin L.
Dennis, Sylvia R.
DiPaolo, Joanna
Dustin, Joyce
Dwight, Eleanor A.
Easter, Arlene
Easton, Susan
Eisner, Caroline L.
Elish, Daniel B.
Erwin, Jonathan
Faber, Gabriele
Flanagan, Brian T.
Forsyth, John
Fraunholz, Jutta
Galletly, Carol
Ganley, Barbara E.
Ganter, Granville M.
Goldfine, Michael F.
Gordon-Torpey, Claudia
Grace, Vicki
Green, Dorthula
Green, Andrew
Guzauckas, Mary E.
Hardy, David
Harmon, Anne B.
Hart, Jacinta A.
Howell, Ann P.
Jewett, Kelleher
Johnson, Deborah H.
Kaempf, Pia
Kelly, T. Mark
Kloman, Alexis H.
Koon, George W.
Lawson, Patricia M.

Leo-Nyquist, David R.
Leonard, James W.
Lich, Lera T.
Luebbers, Mark E.
Maddoux, Ardith J.
Malkovich, Amanda J.
Maloney, Deneen
Marshall, Ann H.
Matlack, Thomas W.
McClellan, Margaret C.
McCullough, James
McGonegal, Patricia
Mochel, Audrey K.
Mohr, Christine
Mossman, Robert G.
Mullikin, Ginger S.
Myers, Hal R.
Neumann, Christopher J.
Nierhoff, Birgit
O'Dell, John C.
Oestreicher, Susan
Outerbridge, David
Overbeck, Kathryn M.
Page, Evan B.
Palmer, Stephen D.
Powlison, David E.
Reeve, Sarah J.
Rennhack, Pamela K.
Robbins, Richard H.
Rupp, Ute
Sappey, Jonathan T.
Sharkovitz, Daniel E.
Sharpless, Laura J.
Shea, Lynne C.
Smith, Sarah V.
Sneeden, Ralph G.
Somma, Richard
Steggerda, Richard
Steigerwald, Johanna B.
Stevens, Scott W.
Stevens, Amy R.
Stone, John K. P. IV
Swift, Joshua E.
Therrien, Steven M.
Thompson, James C.
Tomlinson, Helene S.
Toner, James M.
Tragesser, Carolyn C.
Tromparent, Helene
Weinstock, Edward L.
Wilde, Lisa A.
Winebrenner, Anne
Wolfe, Cora L.
Wolff, Morris H.
Worcester, Robina B.
Zamblera, Thierry

The Bread Loaf School of English

1987

SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

The Lillian Becker Scholar - Katherine Havard

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholar - Stuart Robinson

The Pauline Feicht Decker Memorial Scholar - Marielle Blais

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholars - Charles McDonnell
Alfred Lujan

The Mina Shaughnessy Memorial Scholar - Den Latham

The John M. Kirk, Jr., Memorial Scholar - Scott Hutchison

The Lawrence B. Holland Memorial Scholar - Thomas Scanlan

The Challenger Award - Benjamin Orr

The Charlie Orr Memorial Scholarship - Jeffrey Bridgers

Bread Loaf School of English

1987

WAITERS/WAITRESSES (32)

Andrea Baier

Marielle Blais

Nancy Boutilier (part-time)

Joseph Bradfield

Jeffrey Bridgers

Edward Brown

Kevin Cummins

Linda Churchill (half-time)

James Fauls

Victoria Fineman

Brian Flanagan

Carol Galletly

Granville Ganter

David Hardy

Katherine Havard

Monika Hoffmann

Scott Hutchison

William Kerwin

John Krpicak

Amanda Malkovich

Margaret McCrory

Stephen McKibben

Lewis Saunders (Assistant Head Waiter)

Thomas Scanlan (Head Waiter)

Joanna Sharf

Lynne Shea

Megan Shea

Robert Stern

Peter Sturtevant (half-time)

Joshua Swift

David Terry

David Waters

Bread Loaf School of English

1987

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states: (according to print out)

Arizona	6
Alaska	3
California	7
Colorado	4
Connecticut	21
Delaware	2
Florida	7
Georgia	2
Idaho	1
Illinois	2
Iowa	3
Indiana	3
Kansas	6
Kentucky	2
Maine	11
Maryland	4
Massachusetts	18
Michigan	3
Minnesota	2
Mississippi	1
Montana	2
Nevada	3
New Hampshire	5
New Jersey	4
New Mexico	2
New York	23
North Carolina	6
North Dakota	1
Ohio	5
Oklahoma	1
Oregon	1
Pennsylvania	12
Rhode Island	2
South Carolina	11
South Dakota	1
Tennessee	3
Texas	4
Vermont	24
Virginia	5
Washington	1
Washington DC	5
Wisconsin	7
Wyoming	1
Canada	2
Federal Republic of Germany	7
France	3
The Netherlands	1

(42 states represented and 4 foreign countries + Washington DC)

Total student enrollment	249
Men students	107
Women students	142
Former students	143
New students	106
Number of courses	35
Total number of faculty	24
Teaching one course	13
Number of course changes	54
Cancellations	77
1987 B.A. degree candidate	1
1987 M.A. degree candidates	35
M.A. from Oxford	8
1987 M.Litt. degree candidates	2
M.Litt. from Oxford	1
Prospective 1988 M.A. candidates	30
Prospective 1988 M.Litt. candidates	6
Scholarship students	149
Mary Reynolds Babcock students	19
International Paper Award students	5
General Mills award students	3
Lyndhurst award students	10
New York Times award students	4
Candidates for Midd. B.A.	1
Candidates for Midd. M.A.	181
Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.	5
Candidates for M.M.L.	0
Undergraduates	4
Continuing Education	39
Undesignated	23
Off-campus students	41
Pre-1982 B.A. or B.S. degree	146

Average age of students		33
Median age of students		30
Under 21	1	
21 - 25	33	
26 - 30	91	
31 - 35	39	
36 - 40	44	
41 - 50	38	
51 & over	4	

Private school teachers	69
Public school teachers	93
College & Jr. College teachers	14
Other:	
Undergraduates	4
Graduate students	24
Ph.D. students	8
Unemployed	25
Other occupations	18
Teachers on Indian Reservations	16

Working for 9 credits	8
Working for 6 credits	236
Working for 3 credits	5
Auditors	1

APPENDIX A

Profile Comparisons of School of English at Bread Loaf and Lincoln College, Oxford - 1987

	Bread Loaf	Oxford
Enrollment	249	80
Student average age	33	32
Student median age	30	29
States represented	42	27
Foreign Countries Represented	4	3
Student/faculty ratio	10:1	6:1

	Bread Loaf		Oxford	
Occupations	No.	%	No.	%
Private school teachers	69	28	23	29
Public school teachers	93	37	26	33
College & Jr. College	14	5	5	6
Undergraduate students	4	1	8	10
Graduate students	24	9	3	4
Ph.D. students	8	3	0	0
Unemployed	25	10	9	11
Other occupations	18	7	6	7

APPENDIX A

Profile Comparisons of School of English at Bread Loaf and Lincoln College, Oxford - 1987

	Bread Loaf	Oxford
Enrollment	249	80
Student average age	33	32
Student median age	30	29
States represented	42	27
Foreign Countries Represented	4	3
Student/faculty ratio	10:1	6:1

	Bread Loaf		Oxford	
Occupations	No.	%	No.	%
Private school teachers	69	28	23	29
Public school teachers	93	37	26	33
College & Jr. College	14	5	5	6
Undergraduate students	4	1	8	10
Graduate students	24	9	3	4
Ph.D. students	8	3	0	0
Unemployed	25	10	9	11
Other occupations	18	7	6	7

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1920 - 51
1921 - 84
1922 - 102
1923 - 112
1924 - 100
1925 - 105
1926 - 106
1927 - 130
1928 - 115
1929 - 116
1930 - 129
1931 - 111
1932 - 103
1933 - 62
1934 - 74
1935 - 163
1936 - 179
1937 - 192
1938 - 175
1939 - 173
1940 - 225
1941 - 237
1942 - 137
1943 - 63
1944 - 72
1945 - 97
1946 - 135
1947 - 173
1948 - 194
1949 - 207
1950 - 188
1951 - 165
1952 - 146
1953 - 115
1954 - 139
1955 - 121
1956 - 121
1957 - 122
1958 - 130
1959 - 161
1960 - 192
1961 - 192
1962 - 195
1963 - 206
1964 - 211
1965 - 225
1966 - 222
1967 - 224
1968 - 208
1969 - 213
1970 - 224
1971 - 219
1972 - 215
1973 - 200
1974 - 219
1975 - 197
1976 - 184
1977 - 206
1978 - 200 +(Oxford - 59)
1979 - 197 +(Oxford - 53)
1980 - 212 (+Oxford 58)
1981 - 242 (Oxford - 64)
1982 - 254 (Oxford - 64)
1983 - 243 (Oxford - 83)
1984 - 233 (Oxford - 72)
1985 - 243 (Oxford - 79)
1986 - 258 (Oxford - 83)
1987 - 249 (Oxford - 80)

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1987
FACULTY LOAD

Armstrong, Michael	13	(13)
Britton, James	13	(13)
Buell, Laurence	30	(15 + 15)
Burgess, Tony	13	(13)
Cazden, Courtney	21	(20)(+1 -125)
Donadio, Stephen	22	(12 + 9)(+1 -126)
Elder, John	14	(14)
Elliott, Carol	15	(15)
Freedman, Jonathan	24	(12 + 12)
Goswami, Dixie	17	(16)(+1 -125)
Huddle, David	31	(18 + 13)
Knoepflmacher, Uli	28	(23 + 5)
Macrorie, Ken	27	(13 + 14)
Maddox, James	36	(19 + 17)
Maddox, Lucy	18	(17)(+1 -126)
Martin, Nancy	13	(13)
Mokler, Alan	12	(9)(+1 -126 / +2 -125)
Pack, Robert	15	(14)
Patterson, Annabel	31	(20 + 10)(+1 -126)
Patterson, Lee	13	(12)(+1 -126)
Prunty, Wyatt	29	(15 +13)(+1 -126)
Sundquist, Eric	39	(20 + 17)(+2 -126)
Urkowitz, Steven	14	(14)
Vandenbroucke, Russell	35	(20 + 15)

Bread Loaf School of Englsih

1987

COURSE ENROLLMENTS

2.	Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction	(Macrorie)	14
3.	Writing About Learning	(Goswami)	15
5.	Poetry Writing	(Prunty)	13
6.	Fiction Writing	(Huddle)	13
11.	English Romanticism	(Knoepflmacher)	23
19.	Chaucer	(L. Patterson)	12
21.	Modern British Novel	(L. Maddox)	17
28.	Shakespeare in His Own Time	(A. Patterson)	20
32.	Milton	(A. Patterson)	11
34.	Nineteenth Century Novel	(Knoepflmacher)	5
37.	Studies in the European Novel	(Donadio)	12
39.	Contemporary American Short Story	(Huddle)	19
50.	Puritanism and the American Renaissance	(Buell)	15
60.	Shakespearean Texts and Dramatic Revision	(Urkowitz)	14
62.	Romantic and Modern Poetry	(Pack)	13
77.	The Literature of American Transcendentalism	(Buell)	15
93.	Masters of Modern Drama	(Vandenbroucke)	20
95.	The Modern American Novel	(Sundquist)	20
101.	Yeats and Joyce	(J. Maddox)	17
125.	Independent Summer Writing Project		4
126.	Independent Winter Writing Project		5
129.	Introduction to Acting	(Elliott)	14
139.	Directing Workshop	(Mokler)	9
154.	Contemporary Drama	(Vandenbroucke)	16
172.	Children's Stories	(M. Armstrong)	13

173.	Writing and Reading Stories in School	(Britton)	13
174.	Connections: Thought and Modes of Language	(Martin)	13
177.	Forms of Thinking and Writing	(Cazden)	21
184.	American Nature Writing	(Elder)	14
196.	Contemporary American Poetry	(Prunty)	15.
202.	Writing Teachers' Case Histories	(Macrorie)	13
203.	Writing, Discourse and Culture	(Burgess)	12
204.	Daughters and Lovers	(J. Maddox)	18
205.	James, Eliot, and the Art of Fiction	(Freedman)	12
206.	American Literature of the 1950's	(Sundquist)	17
207.	Forms of 20th-Century European Fiction	(Donadio)	9
208.	The Theory and Practice of Cultural Criticism	(Freedman)	12

Bread Loaf School of English

1987

GRADUATE CONTINUING EDUCATION (39)

Don Beyer
Bill Brown
Marti Buckingham
Mark Campbell
Anne-Lidia Carpentier
Anne Coen
Sylvia Dennis
Joyce Dustin
Arlene Easter
Jonathan Erwin
John Forsyth
Michael Goldfine
Claudia Gordon-Torpey
Vicki Grace
Andrew Green
Dorthula Green
Anne Harmon
Ann Howell
Mark Kelly
David Leo-Nyquist
Lera Lich
Ann Marshall
Thomas Matlack
James McCullough
Ginger Mullikin
Birgit Nierhoff
John O'Dell
Susan Oestreicher
David Outerbridge
Sarah Reeve
Pamela Rennhack
Daniel Sharkovitz
Richard Steggerda
Johanna Steigerwald
Steven Therrien
Helene Tomlinson
Carolyn Tragesser
Dana Washington
Morris Wolff

Bread Loaf School of English

1987

STUDENTS TAKING THREE COURSES (8)

Dawne Anderson

Deane Bogardus

Louise Burnham

Deana Earnest

Becky Godwin

Katherine Havard

Kenneth Leupold

Peter Platt

STUDENTS TAKING ONE COURSE (5)

Henri Beaufour

Mary Ellen Bertolini

Emily Chamberlain

Dana Washington

Helene Tomlinson

Bread Loaf School of English

1987

125. INDEPENDENT READING PROJECTS - SUMMER (3)

William Brown	Dixie Goswami
Judy Diamondstone	Courtney Cazden
David Waters	Alan Mokler

126. INDEPENDENT READING PROJECTS - WINTER (5)

Louise Burnham	Eric Sundquist, Steve Donadio
James Curley	Bob Pack, Wyatt Prunty
Peter Platt	Lee Patterson, Annabel Patterson
Ellen Rennard	Russell Vandenbroucke, Alan Mokler
Wendy Blue	Eric Sundquist, Lucy Maddox

Bread Loaf School of English
1987

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS (47)

Sarah Moody Allen

Marielle Anita Blais

*Wendy Hamilton Blue

Deane O. Bogardus

*Catherine Louise Challener

Alexander Bigger Coleman

Thomas Charles Crochunis

James Robert Curley

George Michael Dunn

Deana Patterson Earnest

Catherine Head Foley

Janet Sinclair Gray

Timothy Paul Harrington

Fleeta Dupree Harris

*Robert W. Hill, III

Scott Travis Hutchison

Mary Beth Johnston

Eldridge Thomas Katzenbach

William Kerwin

Edwin James Kingstone

Donna Elizabeth Kinney

Robert Carleton Kuhn

Sandra D. LeGault

Lisa Van Sickle Lentz

*Leonard Chester LeSourd

Kenneth Leupold

Alfredo Celedon Lujan

Anne Thomas McCormack

Charles Jeffrey McDonnell

*Rebecca Sue McNees

Christopher C. Noll

Abner Oakes IV

Janna King Odhner

Peter Godfrey Platt, Jr.

David Lloyd Powell

*Jennifer Reed

Melvin L. Riggs

Elizabeth Montesano Roach

Vera Whaley Scarbrough

*Daniel G. Slack

*Matthew Webster Soule

Roger Williams Vose

Gina Wallace

*Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 8, 1987

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF LETTERS (3)

1987

Carlene Wooster King

*Margot S. Sempreora

Suzanne Dawson Wootton

*Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford August 8, 1987

Bread Loaf School of English

1987

M.LITT CANDIDATES

AREAS OF CONCENTRATION

Catherine Griffiths	Drama
Pamela May	19th - 20th Century Novel
Lucy Wollin	Fiction
Patricia Woodward	Medieval, Renaissance, Romantic, Victorian and British Poetry
Suzanne Wooton	Theatre Arts and Dramatic Literature

Prospective Seniors - 1988

M.A.

Norman Bissell
Leslie Brooks
William Brown
Louise Burnham
Eileen Clark
John Cound
Stefanie Cravedi
Med Gonnelly
Angela Ferguson
Lynne Heckman
Linda Henry
Patty Kmieciak
John Krypicak
Maggie Lester
Marsha Looysen
Meredith Morgan
Lauren Muller
Denise Ostrow
Danny Paul
Dave Perry
Harry Proudfoot
John Ranahan
Nancy Seid
Ed Stansfield
Ron Somers
Robert Stern
Terry Tiernan
Kym Tiffany
Joanne Tulonen
David Waters

M.Litt.

Catherine Griffiths
Margaret Sempreora
William Sempreora
Suzanne Taylor
Denis Wadley
Lucy Wollin

Teachers
at the Bread Loaf School of English
in the Program in Writing
Summer 1987

Name	School	Location - City/State (Home)
Sheila Alexander	Howard Bishop Middle School	Gainesville, Florida
Margaret Bass (OX)	grad.-Louisiana State Univ.	Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Don Beyer	Marshfield Senior High Sch.	Marshfield, Wisconsin
Norman Bissell	Woodland Park High School	Woodland Park, Colorado
Joseph Bradfield	Sibley-Ocheyedan High Sch.	Sibley, Iowa
William Brown	Hume Fogg Academic High Sch.	Goodlettsville, Tennessee
Buckingham, Marti	Meeteetse High School	Meeteetse, Wyoming
Mark Campbell	Osage Junior High School	Osage, Iowa
Eileen Clark	Pelican City School	Pelican, Alaska
Alexander Coleman	Clemson University	Central, South Carolina
John Cound	Mission Valley High School	Topeka, Kansas
Lucinda Damon (OX)	grad.-SUNY at Buffalo	Buffalo, New York
Larry DeBlois	Maramacook Community School	Kents Hill, Maine
Joyce Dustin	Holy Cross School	Holy Cross, Alaska
Deana Ernest	grad.-Univ. Mississippi Sch. of Law	Houston, Mississippi
Arlene Easter	Laurens District 55 High Sch.	Laurens, South Carolina
Cara Elmore	Shelby Senior High School	Lawndale, North Carolina
Jonathan Erwin	Spencer-Van Etten High School	Erin, New York
Geraldine Fincannon	Holma Junior High School	Reidsville, North Carolina
John Forsyth	Cut Bank High School	Cut Bank, Montana
Barbara Frick	Presque Isle High School	Presque Isle, Maine
Juliana Gabica	Lowry High School	Winnemucca, Nevada
Susan Gaustad	Central High School	Red Wing, Minnesota
Michael Goldfine	Lock Haven High School	Havertown, Pennsylvania
Claudia Gordon-Torpey	White Pine High School	Ely, Nevada
Vicki Grace	Red Rock High School	Braman, Oklahoma
Andrew Green	Canaan High School	Canaan, Vermont
Dorthula Green	J.B. Beck Middle School	Georgetown, South Carolina
Geraldine Gutwein (OX)	Eagle Butte High School	Eagle Butte, South Dakota
Anne Harmon	Edisto High School	Orangeburg, South Carolina

Name	School	Location - City/State (Home)
Fleeta Harris	Santa Fe High School	Gainesville, Florida
Jacinta Hart	Nogales High School	Tumacacori, Arizona
Linda Henry (OX)	Little Wound School	Kyle, South Dakota
Timothy Hjelmeland (OX)	Bertha-Hewitt High Sch.	Bertha, Minnesota
Donald Hudson	New Glarus High School	Verona, Wisconsin
Scott Hutchison	(horse trainer)	Ashland, Virginia
Ann Howell	Laurens District 55 High Sch.	Laurens, South Carolina
Debra Johnson (OX)	Hinsdale High School	Brattleboro, Vermont
George Johnson	Waukesha North High School	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
John Kasel	Summit High School	Frisco, Colorado
Thomas Keelan (OX)	Ketchum/Sun Valley Comm. Sch.	Glencoe, Maryland
Mark Kelly	Madawaska High School	Fort Kent, Maine
William Kerwin	Univ. Detroit Jesuit High Sch.	Detroit, Michigan
Brenda Jo Koster	St. Francis High School	St. Francis, Kansas
John Krpicak	Youngstown State University	Youngstown, Ohio
Den Latham	Tamassee-Salem High School	Salem, South Carolina
David Leo-Nyquist	South Fork High School	Miranda, California
Charleen Letsen	North Brunswick High School	Wilmington, North Carolina
Kenneth Leupold	Deming High School	Deming, New Mexico
Lera Lich	Ingram Tom Moore High School	Kerrville, Texas
Marsha Looysen	Minot High School	Minot, North Dakota
Alfred Lujan	Pojoaque Middle School	Pojoaque, New Mexico
Ardith Maddoux	Chinle Public School	Chinle, Arizona
Thomas Matlack	San Manuel High School	San Manuel, Arizona
Pamela May	Servier County High School	Pigeon Forge, Tennessee
Dorothy McCard	Soldotna Junior High School	Soldotna, Alaska
James McCullough	Petoskey Public School	Petoskey, Michigan
Charles McDonnell	Platte Public School	Platte, South Dakota
Rebecca McNees (OX)	Rawlins High School	Rawlins, Wyoming
Meredith Morgan	Landmark College	Putney, Vermont
Ginger Mullikin	Easley Junior High School	Williamston, South Carolina
Hal Myers	Junction Cinty High School	Corvallis, Oregon
Donna Niday	Belmond High School	Belmond, Iowa
Susan Oestreicher	Middleburg High School	Jacksonville, Florida
Ben Orr	Tununak Elementary School	Tununak, Alaska

Name	School	Location - City/State (Home)
Kathryn Overbeck	Telluride Publis School	Telluride, Colorado
Leslie Owens	Pickens County School Dist.	Easley, South Carolina
Evan Page	Salmon River Central School	Moira, New York
Pamela Parker (OX)	Dayton Junior/Senior High Sch.	Cheney, Washington
Brian Potter (OX)	Malad High School	Malad City, Idaho
David Powlison	Essex Junction High School	Underhill, Vermont
Harry Proudfoot (OX)	Westport High School	Somerset, Massachusetts
Kenneth Reed (OX)	Crystal River High School	Crystal River, Florida
Sarah Reeve	Owyhee Combined School	Owyhee, Nevada
Pamela Rennhack	Siren High School	Siren, Wisconsin
Richard Robbins	Sequim High School	Sequim, Washington
Vera Scarbrough	Oakdale High School	Oakdale, Tennessee
Robert Schnelle	Plymouth Area High School	Plymouth, New Hampshire
Daniel Sharkovitz	Martha's Vineyard Regional HS	Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts
Ann Siegle	North Branch High School	North Branch, Minnesota
Cynthia Smith	Elk Lake School District	Montrose, Pennsylvania
Kimberly Stover	Columbus North High School	Columbus, Indiana
Steven Therrien	Carlton High School	Superior, Wisconsin
Terry Tiernan (OX)	Norwood-Norfolk Central Sch.	Madrid, New York
Carolyn Tragesser	Moscow Junior High School	Moscow, Idaho
Joanne Tulonen	Wilsall High School	Wilsall, Montana
Maggie Villarreal	Limestone High School	Limestone, Maine
Gina Wallace	Franklin & Edward Little HS	Topsham, Maine
Susan Wanner	Mt. Abraham Union High Sch.	Charlotte, Vermont
Raymond Williams	Franklin County High School	Rocky Mount, Virginia
Cora Wolfe	Antelope High School	Wellton, Arizona
Suzanne Wootton	Mercersburg Academy	Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

1987

PROGRAM IN WRITING STUDENTS

BY YEARS

FIRST YEAR (36)

Sheila Alexander	Gainesville, Florida
Don Beyer	Marshfield, Wisconsin
Joseph Bradfield	Sibley, Iowa
Marti Buckingham	Meeteetse, Wyoming
Mark Campbell	Osage, Iowa
Joyce Dustin	Holy Cross, Alaska
Arlene Easter	Laurens, South Carolina
Jonathan Erwin	Erin, New York
John Forsyth	Cut Bank, Montana
Michael Goldfine	Havertown, Pennsylvania
Claudia Gordon-Torpey	Ely, Nevada
Vicki Grace	Braman, Oklahoma
Andrew Green	Canaan, Vermont
Dorthula Green	Georgetown, South Carolina
Anne Harmon	Orangeburg, South Carolina
Jacinta Hart	Tumacacori, Arizona
Ann Howell	Laurens, South Carolina
Mark Kelly	Fort Kent, Maine
David Leo-Nyquist	Miranda, California
Lera Lich	Kerrville, Texas
Ardith Maddoux	Chinle, Arizona
Thomas Matlack	San Manuel, Arizona
James McCullough	Petoskey, Michigan
Ginger Mullikin	Williamston, South Carolina
Hal Myers	Corvallis, Oregon
Susan Oestreicher	Jacksonville, Florida
Kathryn Overbeck	Telluride, Colorado
Evan Page	Moira, New York
David Powlison	Underhill, Vermont

Sarah Reeve	Owyhee, Nevada
Pamela Rennhack	Siren, Wisconsin
Richard Robbins	Sequim, Washington
Daniel Sharkovitz	Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts
Steven Therrien	Superior, Wisconsin
Carolyn Tragesser	Moscow, Idaho
Cora Wolfe	Wellton, Arizona

SECOND YEAR (23)

Cara Elmore	Lawndale, North Carolina
Geraldine Fincannon	Reidsville, North Carolina
Barbara Frick	Presque Isle, Maine
Juliana Gabica	Winnemucca, Nevada
Susan Gaustad	Red Wing, Minnesota
Debra Johnson (Oxford)	Brattleboro, Vermont
George Johnson	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
John Kasel	Frisco, Colorado
Thomas Keelan (Oxford)	Glencoe, Maryland
Den Latham	Salem, South Carolina
Charleen Letsen	Wilmington, North Carolina
Pamela May	Pigeon Forge, Tennessee
Dorothy McCard	Soldotna, Alaska
Donna Niday	Belmond, Iowa
Ben Orr	Tununak, Alaska
Pamela Parker (Oxford)	Cheney, Washington
Brian Potter (Oxford)	Malad City, Idaho
Robert Schnelle	Plymouth, New Hampshire
Ann Siegle	North Branch, Minnesota
Cynthia Smith	Montrose, Pennsylvania
Kimberly Stover	Columbus, Indiana
Magdalena Villarreal	Limestone, Maine
Susan Wanner	Charlotte, Vermont

THIRD YEAR (17)

Margaret Bass (Oxford)	Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Eileen Clark	Pelican, Alaska
Lucinda Damon (Oxford)	Buffalo, New York
Larry DeBlois	Kents Hill, Maine
Deana Earnest	Houston, Mississippi
Geri Gutwein (Oxford)	Eagle Butte, South Dakota
Timothy Hjelmeland (Oxford)	Bertha, Minnesota
Don Hudson	Verona, Wisconsin
Scott Hutchison	Ashland, Virginia
Brenda Jo Koster	St. Francis, Kansas
Kenneth Leupold	Deming, New Mexico
Marsha Looysen	Minot, North Dakota
Leslie Owens	Easley, South Carolina
Harry Proudfoot (Oxford)	Somerset, Massachusetts
Kenneth Reed (Oxford)	Crystal River, Florida
Terry Tiernan (Oxford)	Madrid, New York
Raymond Williams	Rocky Mount, Virginia

FOURTH YEAR (11)

Norman Bissell	Woodland Park, Colorado
William Brown	Goodlettsville, Tennessee
Alexander Coleman	Central, South Carolina
John Cound	Topeka, Kansas
Linda Henry (Oxford)	Kyle, South Dakota
John Krpicak	Youngstown, Ohio
Alfred Lujan	Pojoaque, New Mexico
Rebecca McNees (Oxford)	Rawlins, Wyoming
Meredith Morgan	Putney, Vermont
Joanne Tulonen	Wilsall, Montana
Gina Wallace	Topsham, Maine

FIFTH YEAR (4)

Fleeta Harris	Gainesville, Florida
William Kerwin	Detroit, Michigan
Charles McDonnell	Platte, South Dakota
Vera Scarbrough	Oakdale, Tennessee

NINTH YEAR (1)

Suzanne Wootton	Mercersburg, Pennsylvania

First year students	36
Second year students	23
Third year students	17
Fourth year students	11
Fifth year students	4
Ninth year student	1
	92

1987 Program in Writing Students

Mary Reynolds Babcock Foundation

Sarah Albano	Highland Beach, Florida
Jeffrey Bridgers	Aberdeen, North Carolina
Leslie Brooks	Greenwood, South Carolina
Alexander Coleman	Clemson, South Carolina
Deana Earnest	Houston, Mississippi
Sheila Alexander	Gainesville, Florida
Cara Elmore	Lawndale, North Carolina
James Fauls	Stuart, Florida
Anne Harmon	Orangeburg, South Carolina
Fleeta Harris	Gainesville, Florida
Ann Howell	Laurens, South Carolina
Scott Hutchison	Ashland, Virginia
Den Latham	Salem, South Carolina
Charleen Letsen	Wilmington, North Carolina
Ginger Mullikin	Williamston, South Carolina
Susan Oestreicher	Jacksonville, Florida
Lewis Saunders	Rome, Georgia
Morris Wolff	Miami, Florida
Patricia Woodward	Coral Gables, Florida

1987 Program in Writing Students

General Mills

James McCullough	Petoskey, Michigan
Pamela Rennhack	Siren, Wisconsin
Steven Therrien	Carlton, Minnesota

1987 Program in Writing Students

International Paper Company Foundation

Dorthula Green	Georgetown, South Carolina
Mark Kelly	Madawaska, Maine
Hal Myers	Junction City, Oregon
Richard Robbins	Sequim, Washington
Carolyn Tregesser	Moscow, Idaho

1987 Scholarship Students

Lyndhurst Foundation

Edward Brown	Alexandria, Virginia
William Brown	Goodlettsville, Tennessee
Stephen Duffy	Gainesville, Florida
Leonard LeSourd	Chattanooga, Tennessee
Pamela May	Pigeon FOrge, Tennessee
Beverly McColley	Virginia Beach, Virginia
Darla Meeks	Louisville, Kentucky
David Powell	Rome, Georgia
Kenneth Reed	Crystal River, Florida
Vera Scarbrough	Oakdale, Tennessee

1987 Program in Writing Students

New York *Times* Foundation

Joyce Dustin	Holy Cross, Alaska
Vicki Grace	Braman, Oklahoma
David Leo-Nyquist	Miranda, California
Sarah Reeve	Owyhee, Nevada

EXAMS

EXAM SCHEDULE - 1987

8:30 classes -- Thursday, August 6 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

77.	The Literature of American Transcendentalism	Buell	Room 6
95.	The Modern American Novel	Sundquist	Room A
205.	James, Eliot, and the Art of Fiction	Freedman	Room 2
184.	American Nature Writing	Elder	Room 1
34.	Nineteenth Century Novel	Knoepflmacher	3

9:30 classes -- Thursday, August 6 from 2 - 5 p.m.

19.	Chaucer	L. Patterson	Room 3
28.	Shakespeare in His Own Time	A. Patterson	Room A
101.	Yeats and Joyce	J. Maddox	Room 6

10:30 classes -- Friday, August 7 from 9 a.m. - 12 p.m.

11.	English Romanticism	Knoepflmacher	Room 2
50.	Puritanism & American Renaissance	Buell	Room 4
60.	Shakespeare Texts & Dramatic Revision	Urkowitz	Room A
206.	American Literature of the 1950s	Sundquist	Room 6
208.	The Theory & Practice of Cultural Criticism	Freedman	Room 3

11:30 classes -- Friday, August 7 from 2 - 5 p.m.

21.	Modern British Novel	L. Maddox	Room 2
37.	Studies in the European Novel	Donadio	Room 3
196.	Contemporary American Poetry	Prunty	Room 6
204.	Daughters and Lovers	J. Maddox	Room 1

129. Introduction to Acting - WEDNESDAY, August 5 from 2-5 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. to end

Bread Loaf School of English
1987

NO EXAMS GIVEN

2.	Writing and Editing Prose Non-Fiction	Macrorie
3.	Writing About Learning	Goswami/Wigginton
5.	Poetry Writing	Prunty
6.	Fiction Writing	Huddle
32.	Milton	A. Patterson
39.	Contemporary American Short Story	Huddle
62.	Romantic and Modern Poetry	Pack
93.	Masters of Modern Drama	Vandenbroucke
139.	Directing Workshop	Mokler
154.	Contemporary Drama	Vandenbroucke
172.	Children's Stories	Armstrong
173.	Writing & Reading Stories in School	Britton
174.	Connections: Thought & Modes of Language	Martin
177.	Forms of Thinking and Writing	Cazden
202.	Writing Teacher's Case Histories	Macrorie
203.	Writing, Discourse and Culture	Burgess
207.	Forms of 20th-Century Eurpoean Fiction	Donadio

COMMENCEMENT

Farewell from Bread Loaf to Oxford, 1987

As we prepare to leave the mountain for the last time, we begin to understand how deep are the friendships we've made here. We parted sadly in previous summers, but we held onto the knowledge that only ten months away we would meet again. Now we don't have that comforting reassurance: many of us will never return. We will not be able to say good-bye in person one last time. This letter is the best we can do, but it won't suffice. Even in past years, knowing we would see each other soon, parting was uncomfortable because we couldn't find the words to say how much the people we'd grown to love have meant to us, how much we'd miss them for the coming months. Now the task is impossible.

We'll hold tighter in the future to our address lists, and perhaps for the first time we'll make the effort to stay in touch, to continue holding the wonder of our years on the mountain and at Oxford. But for now, let's share some memories, of laughter at the Chipman and Deep Hall; of runs in Christ Church Meadow, and breath-taking dips in Johnson Pond; of heartfelt discussions of Shakespeare by the Thames and Thoreau by Texas Falls; but most importantly, let us never forget the magic of each other, as we learned to open ourselves, to drama, to literature and to the passionate experience of life in a magic world of summers outside of time and place.

To you, our companions at Oxford, we send our love.

Farewell from Bread Loaf to Oxford, 1987

As we prepare to leave the mountain for the last time, we begin to understand how deep are the friendships we've made here. We parted sadly in previous summers, but we held onto the knowledge that only ten months away we would meet again. Now we don't have that comforting reassurance: many of us will never return. We will not be able to say good-bye in person one last time. This letter is the best we can do, but it won't suffice. Even in past years, knowing we would see each other soon, parting was uncomfortable because we couldn't find the words to say how much the people we'd grown to love have meant to us, how much we'd miss them for the coming months. Now the task is impossible.

We'll hold tighter in the future to our address lists, and perhaps for the first time we'll make the effort to stay in touch, to continue holding the wonder of our years on the mountain and at Oxford. But for now, let's share some memories, of laughter at the Chipman and Deep Hall; of runs in Christ Church Meadow, and breath-taking dips in Johnson Pond; of heartfelt discussions of Shakespeare by the Thames and Thoreau by Texas Falls; but most importantly, let us never forget the magic of each other, as we learned to open ourselves, to drama, to literature and to the passionate experience of life in a magic world of summers outside of time and place.

To you, our companions at Oxford, we send our love.

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July 15, 1987

Message to the Oxford Senior Class

From the Bread Loaf Senior Class

We cannot speak for you, but most of us on The Mountain find that five years have passed quickly. The idea that our diplomas are only two papers and a couple of exams away is a bit overwhelming and outrageously satisfying. I am sure that the excitement is all around you too.

As we gather to consider the thoughts we want to share with you, we find that many of us have had the opportunity to attend Oxford. Reminiscing is inevitable. Thoughts of running or punting down the Thames, catching the bus to Stratford on Avon, rushing down to Deep Hall before dinner, spending our mornings and afternoons in the Bodleian or in Lincoln library, sharing our evenings on pub crawls with Pip, or enjoying the hospitality of Joy Makin -- these were extraordinary times to be certain, but our task is to bring Bread Loaf to you.

We celebrate our senior year on The Mountain with anticipation of "Dentity Crisis" and "Macbeth." Did Paul mean for this to be a year of self discovery? Are we meant to admit to our neuroses? Are we to fear the moving woods and children of no woman born? What did Paul have in mind? Did he know that Chuck McDonnel would be the porter?

At this time the only movement in the woods is that of the mosquitoes. As usual we have to take refuge from the swarming little devils with stolen moments at Lake Dunmore or Texas Falls. The library has been frequented by all; the Apple Cellar (being the coolest place on campus and the only spot with a full time dehumidifier) has drawn everyone to its door. David Huddle has offered inspired readings of his fiction: Walt Litz will be

joining us for the academic awards banquet. The theatre workshops are producing an extraordinary number of evening distractions. Of course, there is the desire for that late night drink and conversation with a friend. Sanctuary this year has been provided by the Waybury Inn because the Chipman owners refused to believe that we shipped all the trouble to Oxford this summer. The Waybury has been a great alternative. Volley ball continues. The Ripton softball team was humbled with a 30 to 10 pounding by the Bread Loaf Masters. Paul attended the suppressed desires Party as himself - what a dare devil. Others unleashed their imaginations and an evening of somewhat controlled debauchery ensued. The waiters have kept their tempers and have entertained frequently. The sound of "busy typewriters" has become the high tech tapping of Apple keyboards and buzzing printers. Serious conversations, turning pages, journeys to the barn, and cold dips in the Pond continue to haunt the days and nights of the mountain. And meals ...Breakfast...lunch...dinner...continue with Pavlovian regularity: the bell brings Bread Loafers 'round to the inn... pancakes on Wednesday mornings ...long lines at the salad bar. Blue parlor readings continue to add spice to Sunday nights. John Canaday still wows Bread Loafers with his use or misuse of the language in the Crumb. Most of these are experiences that will trigger your memories of Vermont.

New features of the mountain campus are faculty readings each Monday night, blue and white striped awnings on the east side of the theater, improved water closets, and coed living quarters (Tamarack!). Y'east has dropped its apostrophe and has become just plain Yeast (in the Bread Loaf vernacular). The weatherman tossed in something new with a week of 90-degree temperature and humidity to match. The theatre ensemble has been busier than usual. Through the genius of Alan Mokler, the actors

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With this we close our senior year. We send our best wishes to you, compadres, with hope that the intersection of our lives at Bread Loaf and Oxford will continue to link us in the future.

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The Program

1. Introduction of the Commencement Speaker.

2. The Commencement Address.

3. Introduction of the person who will hood the graduates.

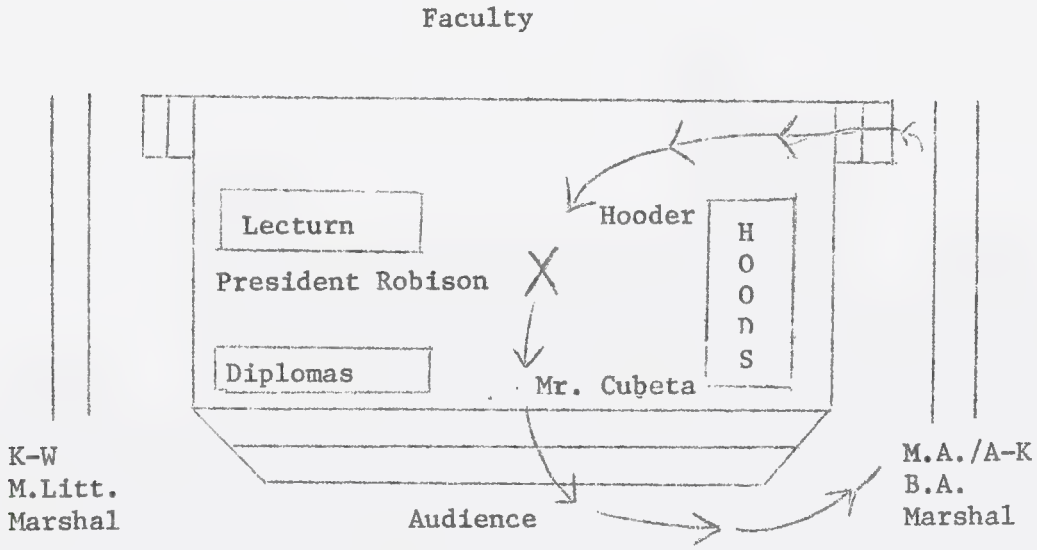
4. Presentation of the B.A. candidate to President Robison. The candidate for the B.A. degree rises at the request of Mr. Cubeta. The candidate caps.

5. President Robison bestows the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon the candidate, who is then seated at a nod from Mr. Cubeta. The candidate uncaps for the rest of the ceremony.

6. Presentation of the M.A. candidates to President Robison. The candidates for the M.A. degree rise at the request of Mr. Cubeta. The candidates cap.

7. President Robison bestows the degree of Master of Arts upon the candidates, who are then seated at a nod from Mr. Cubeta. The candidates uncap for the rest of the ceremony.

8. As Mr. Cubeta calls the name of each graduate, he stands and goes to the side back stairs onto the thrust stage to face President Robison, who presents him his diploma and congratulates him. During this time, he is hooded. (It is important to stand still until the hood is properly in place.) Next he turns toward the person who has hooded him and then to Mr. Cubeta for their congratulations. He leaves the thrust stage by the down-center stairs, and returns to his seat. (In every case read she for women in this paragraph.)



(X: Student stands at X while he is presented with his diploma and is hooded.)

9. The procedure is then repeated for the conferral of the M.Litt. degree.

10. Mr. Cubeta and Hooder return to their seats.

11. The President's remarks.

12. After President Robison has returned to his seat, Tim Taylor will come forward to the thrust stage and invite the Madrigalists to join him.

13. Concluding remarks by the Director.

14. With the playing of the recessional, all members of the academic procession rise and cap. President Robison and Mr. Cubeta lead the faculty and graduates out of the Little Theatre onto the West Lawn, where the ceremonies conclude with congratulations.

BREAD LOAF COMMENCEMENT - 1987

1. At 6:15 the graduates meet in the Blue Parlor, where they are joined by the faculty and are escorted into the dining room.

2. Immediately after the banquet, the President robes in the Secretary's Office; faculty in Treman or the Theatre Office if it is raining; graduates in the Blue Parlor. (Graduates: tassels on the left side.)

3. The procession forms on the porch outside the Blue Parlor: Doug Woodsum will assist in establishing the line of march. Faculty form behind President Robison and Mr. Cubeta. Graduates form in alphabetical order behind the marshals, with B.A. candidate in front, the M.A. candidates following in pairs, and the M.Litt. candidate bringing up the rear.

Marshal	Marshal
Thompson	Kinney
Allen	through
through	Wallace
Kingstone	M.Litt.- Wootton

4. As the graduates approach the seats, the marshals will stand by each row of chairs until it is filled, except for one seat at the end for the marshal. Both faculty and students remain standing until everyone has reached his seat. At Mr. Cubeta's signal, everyone uncaps and is seated.

5. After the ceremony, graduates should return their regalia unboxed to the Bookstore and indicate to Tim Taylor that they have done so. Faculty should return their regalia to Treman.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English

SIXTY-EIGHTH SUMMER

Commencement Ceremony

THE LITTLE THEATRE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1987

8:15 P.M.

Processional

Introduction of the Commencement Speaker

PAUL M. CUBETA

Director, Bread Loaf School of English

Commencement Address

JAMES H. MADDOX

Professor of English

George Washington University

Conferring of the Degrees of
Bachelor of Arts,
Master of Arts,
and
Master of Letters

OLIN ROBISON

President, Middlebury College

The Bread Loaf Madrigalists

Recessional

1987

Candidate for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts

JAMES CLARK PHILLIP THOMPSON

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

SARAH MOODY ALLEN
MARIELLE ANITA BLAIS
*WENDY HAMILTON BLUE
DEANE O. BOGARDUS
*CATHERINE LOUISE CHALLENER
ALEXANDER BIGGER COLEMAN
THOMAS CHARLES CROCHUNIS
JAMES ROBERT CURLEY
GEORGE MICHAEL DUNN
DEANA PATTERSON EARNEST
CATHERINE HEAD FOLEY
JANET SINCLAIR GRAY
TIMOTHY PAUL HARRINGTON
FLEETA DUPREE HARRIS
*ROBERT W. HILL, III
SCOTT TRAVIS HUTCHISON
MARY BETH JOHNSTON
ELDRIDGE THOMAS KATZENBACH
WILLIAM KERWIN
EDWIN JAMES KINGSTONE
DONNA ELIZABETH KINNEY
ROBERT CARLTON KUHN
SANDRA D. LeGAULT
LISA VAN SICKLE LENTZ
*LEONARD CHESTER LeSOURD
KENNETH LEUPOLD
ALFREDO CELEDON LUJAN
ANNE THOMAS McCORMACK
CHARLES JEFFREY McDONNELL
*REBECCA SUE McNEES
CHRISTOPHER C. NOLL
ABNER OAKES IV
JANNA KING ODHNER
PETER GODFREY PLATT, JR.
DAVID LLOYD POWELL
*JENNIFER REED
MELVIN L. RIGGS
ELIZABETH MONTESANO ROACH
VERA WHALEY SCARBROUGH
*DANIEL G. SLACK
*MATTHEW WEBSTER SOULE
ROGER WILLIAMS VOSE
GINA WALLACE

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Letters

CARLENE WOOSTER KING *in absentia*
*MARGOT S. SEMPREORA
SUZANNE DAWSON WOOTTON

**Graduated from the Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College, Oxford, August 8, 1987*

Commencement Address

Bread Loaf School of English, 1987

James Maddox

President Robison, Paul Cubeta, Members of the Class of 1987, Guests and Other Friends:

I want first to thank the Class of 1987 for this opportunity tonight. Before I go on to the inevitable jokes about the drudgery of writing this speech, let me say that I know of no honor more gratifying than that of addressing you at your commencement. And now that I've thanked you, let me say that I'm not joking at all about the drudgery of writing this speech; believe me, it's been hell. This is the second time I've addressed a graduating class at Bread Loaf, and the experience of preparing a speech this time has in many ways been an unsettling one. As any commencement speaker can tell you, being chosen actually <u>is</u> a shockingly pleasant and flattering surprise; only later does it strike you that the rest of your leisure time during the summer has just gone down the tubes. That, though, I was prepared for. The new problem, I found, is that, once you've stood here one year and talked about how pleasant that surprise was, you probably can't stand here the second time and babble on about it without sounding, oh, a bit mentally weak. So, having thanked you, and, honestly, feeling very grateful to you, I will proceed.

There is one speakerly convention which I <u>can</u> linger over; it is a perennial dilemma that never goes away; and that is the speakerly convention of confessing to the audience the difficulty

of finding a subject-matter suitable for an occasion such as this, partaking as it does of joy and solemnity at the same time. Don't get your hopes up; I did find a subject; but it took a frighteningly long time. In fact, quite late this summer I was sitting reading one of Yeats's most famous poems, and I discovered there an uncanny reflection of my dilemma: "I sought a theme and sought for it in vain," Yeats writes at the beginning of "The Circus Animals' Desertion," "I sought it daily for six weeks or so." "Ah, Willie, I know just how you feel," I reflected to myself, as I noticed with interest that Yeats, like a Bread Loaf habitue, requires about six weeks to bring something off.

My subject finally began to form itself for me when, fairly late in July, a mild discomfort I had been feeling all summer rose fully into self-consciousness. I have been coming to Bread Loaf now for nine years, and it has not failed to dawn upon me that this is a place of tradition. Indeed, only two sorts of things happen here at Bread Loaf--those that are traditional and those that aren't. When something new happens at Bread Loaf, you must wait until the next summer to know how to categorize it; if it happens again, it's become a tradition; if it doesn't happen again, it's become a scandal. Well. This summer, it turns out, there was a large influx of new faculty at Bread Loaf, and a number of people who had taught here over the years before I first arrived were taking the summer off. I looked around

me and began to gather the uneasy sense that I was becoming a tradition at Bread Loaf. I began having queasy experiences. I found myself being perceived, all kicking and screaming as I was, as a sachem of the tribe, an old salt, an old man of the mountain. I have had the hallucinatory sense this summer that Jonathan Freedman was going to seat himself at my feet and ask me, his granddad, to tell him about the terrible Bread Loaf blizzard of '98, or that Eric Sundquist, fresh from a reading of Faulkner, was going to demand that I take him tracking through the wilderness to kill his first deer and then mark his forehead with blood. I have felt an unaccountable longing to write my memoirs and entitle them Whisperings from an Old Pine II. I have had the uneasy feeling that the senior class might wish to bronze me and present me to the school as the class gift.

But then, in late July, when I was really beginning to sweat and to realize just how Willie Yeats must have felt, it occurred to me that my damnation was also my salvation, and that I in fact did have a few things to say arising from my having been around here a few years. And so, if you'll forgive a certain pomposity in the stance I've chosen to take--a more pompous stance, even, than the one I usually take--I would like to reflect on the great, the in fact extraordinary, changes that have come over Bread Loaf in the last nine years.

The real, historical reason for remembering the summer of my arrival, 1979, was the simultaneous arrival at Bread Loaf of

Dixie Goswami and, consequently, the commencement of the Bread Loaf Program in Writing. That summer was therefore momentous in opening up a new way of teaching and learning at the Bread Loaf School of English. I think it is fair to say that the unspoken fear, the malaise, that accompanied the inauguration of the program in writing was that it would suffer the fate that writing programs have traditionally suffered in our colleges and universities--the fate, that is, of being assigned a second-rate status, alongside the long-lived and celebrated literature program. That fear, if it ever did actually exist, can now be looked back upon and described with wry irony. The writing program at once attracted a faculty not only nationally but internationally celebrated and a new kind of student body to match; one of my memories of the third or fourth summer was a student telling me that, in the wilds of Alaska she had heard the call of Vermont and had trekked here, all the way across the continent, entirely because of the great name of James Britten.

But the almost instantaneous prestige of the faculty in writing is no longer even interesting; it is old news. What has been more impressive and heartening to me is the growing discovery at Bread Loaf--somewhat in advance of the more widespread discovery across the country--that the teaching of writing and the teaching of literature are--would you believe it?--not entirely separate disciplines. Throughout the country, and here at Bread Loaf, the history of the rapprochement of these two

academic pursuits over the past decade has been the history of an initial uneasy sidling up, with lots of doubtful sideglances, followed by signs of alert, mutual interest: it has been a history, in short, of courtship--pride and prejudice followed by interest and affection. Many reasons can be given to explain this courtship; the reason that is clearest to me, having watched the process of courtship at Bread Loaf, is a shared interest, in our profession over the last decade, indeed over the last generation, in what I would call the democratizing of reading and writing.

That process of democratizing has been one aspect of the extraordinary explosion in literary theory over the last generation. Anyone at all interested in that theoretical explosion must have been especially struck by the determination to free texts from the tyranny of unitary meanings and from the spurious stability of hypostatized authorial intentions. Some theorists, in particular the French, have been most interested in the act of liberation itself, freeing the text from <u>all</u> authority, while other theorists--feminist critics, for example, or critics of minority, colonial, and Third World literatures--have had more specific political goals of freeing hitherto unacknowledged voices in our received texts or of redefining the canon in order precisely to make those previously unacknowledged voices heard. This interest in theory and in a drastic recasting of our ways of reading has been evident here on the mountain, although it was quiet and unobtrusive as it began to make its presence felt;

Diane Sadoff's course last summer in feminist theory and this summer's courses taught by Annabel Patterson in the new historicism and by Jonathan Freedman in various forms of cultural criticism are simply some of the most brilliant examples of this new interest.

And, exactly during the time when theorists have been insisting upon the plurality of voices in the literary work, theorists of writing, such as those who have followed Jimmy Britten, have been insisting upon the commonality of the writing process--insisting, that is, upon the recognition that we are all engaged in acts of discourse, and that it is a foolish fetishism to call certain forms of writing sacred texts and others simply devalued or false forms of discourse. The teaching of writing has taken on itself the mission of enabling students to write, enabling them to enter the large world of discourse, speaking in their own voices. It is no accident, in this light, that the Bread Loaf writing program has been directed with particular interest and determination toward voices that have been only faintly heard, if heard at all--particularly rural teachers. The common awareness, on the part of virtually all teachers here, of what one theorist, Mikhail Bakhtin, has called polyglossia--a multiplicity of ways of speech in any culture--has involved both the literature and the writing faculty to a surprising extent in a common enterprise, the enterprise of understanding, decoding, and placing ourselves, as students and as teachers, within that

large world of multiple discourses. Courtney Cazden's presentation this summer on the myth of the autonomous, stable text was but one especially clear instance of our discovery of common concerns.

The second great change that I have witnessed at Bread Loaf began last year: the full integration of the Acting Ensemble into the life of Bread Loaf--its integration not only into the manifold dramatic productions that now take place here each summer and into the teaching of acting and directing, but also into the literature and writing classrooms. A major effect of the change has been, once again, to liberate previously unheard voices, and, once again, a direct consequence has been to remind people like me, teachers of literature, of the occupational hazard of our profession, which is that of freezing and making sacred our interpretations of texts and the accompanying tendency we have to substitute our interpretation <u>for</u> the text. The Acting Ensemble has introduced into the classrooms here at Bread Loaf the astonishing opportunity of seeing a scene taking on different forms and therefore, drastically or subtly, different interpretations; that effort has seemed especially appropriate this summer when Stephen Urkowitz has been reminding us that we can't even be sure of the authentic status of the Shakespeare text we hold in our hands.

It is also somehow a part of the theme I am treating this evening that the Acting Ensemble should have presented this

summer what is arguably the most well-known (and therefore, it would seem, the most thoroughly interpreted and well-understood) classic text in American schools, Macbeth. I heard more than one member of the acting ensemble comment on the difficulties of presenting this play before a Bread Loaf audience made up mainly of teachers, an audience in which maybe 75% of the crowd would be lip-synching along with "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor . . . " or "Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow . . . ." The great opportunity for a director and a troupe in such circumstances would be to present a reading or a vision that was a powerful questioning of received readings of the play, and, needless to say, Alan Mokler being Alan Mokler, and the troupe being the troupe, they did just that. No one, probably, who saw the play will ever again be able to read the scenes between Banquo and Fleance without remembering the brilliant choices of actors and director showing us paternal and filial affections that, in parlous times, can make themselves manifest only through sword- and knife-play. Some of the new revelations I received about that father-son moment I can at least begin to articulate--as I cannot articulate yet the effects of the compelling image I received of Macbeth revealed behind a fallen wall of the set and now seen at almost the last moment in the play, sitting slumped in his chair, offstage, as it were, in the wings, sleepless, weary, the play over, with Macduff coming to call him back on for the completion of his part: for me and for others I've talked with, it was a weirdly

intense vision, the actual feel of which, I'm well aware, these interpretive remarks of mine don't begin to account for.

Of course, in truth, all good productions, we hope, have at least one such moment, a moment that arrests our minds in the presence of something breathtaking and unexpected. An Alan Mokler poduction will of necessity have those moments. I know, not only because I've now seen nine of his plays but also because five years ago I sat here at the Bread Loaf commencement and heard him deliver his own address, an address whose burden was not entirely different from the one I'm in the process now of bringing to a conclusion. And--to refer again to my opening remarks about my queasiness this summer--since I have the impression that most of you weren't even born in those days when Alan spoke, I'll tell you what he said. It was the summer he had directed The Tempest, and he gave what has to be one of the most memorable speeches delivered from this podium. He stood here as a kind of Prospero at the end of the Bread Loaf summer, speaking to an audience made up in great part of teachers of literature, and he warned them--as he warned those of us sitting behind him--against an idolatry of books, an idolatry which substitutes, for the many things the book can be, an authoritative and authoritarian reading which is really the image of ourselves we have come to admire. When that happens to you, he said, it is time for you to sink that book, or at least your version of that book, like Prospero's book and staff, some fathoms deep. That is not a bad

message, not a bad counter-truth to the devotion to study that we take away from here with us.

Well, that's the theme I found, a theme about our common enterprise, a theme that celebrates Bread Loaf and our six weeks up here--not a bad theme, what the hell, a pretty good theme since that's what commencement addresses ought to do: celebrate. But commencement addresses should also be monitory as well as celebratory, and so I admonish you to democratize my speech, as I admonish you to democratize whatever discourse is put before you: hoot at my pomposities, criticize my woeful oversimplifications, even recognize my speech as the sweepings of a rag and bone shop. And tomorrow, take your Bread Loaf education with you, open-eyed and laughing, but especially cherish that part of it that gives you a hale and astringent critical spirit as you leave this good green place.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

September 17, 1987

Dear President Robison:

I am pleased to submit the Annual Report of the Director of the Bread Loaf School of English for the sixty-eighth summer (June 23 - August 9, 1987) at the Bread Loaf School of English in Vermont and the tenth summer (June 29 - August 9, 1987) at Lincoln College, Oxford, and the first for Bread Loaf in the nation's schools during an academic year.

There are now three Bread Loafs as the consequence of a grant averaging $300,000 a year (1 January 1986 - 30 June 1991) that the School of English has received from Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity. Bread Loaf is now making commitments to the writing proficiency of youngsters in grades 1 - 12, probably unlike that undertaken by any other college or university. This past year the School established writing programs in twenty-four schools in fourteen states. Over the past year, while serving for the first time as a full-time Director of the Bread Loaf School of English, I visited twelve of these schools and taught writing in elementary, junior high and high school classes in McGrath and Pelican, Alaska; Nashville, Tennessee; Boothbay Harbor, Maine; Kyle, South Dakota; Cook, Minnesota; New City, New York; and Gilbert, South Carolina - to give just some idea of the range and breadth of my involvement in this project. Bread Loaf's new publication, Bread Loaf and the Schools provides only a sampling of the kind of experimental activity - many using telecommunication networks - not previously undertaken in teaching children how to write. Over fifty teachers and well over five thousand students were involved in projects which engaged not just classrooms but whole schools and even, in the case of Bethel, Maine, an entire community. 1986-87 was the start-up year for the Project, which will double in scope next year and probably again in 1988-89. It suggests that the time when the Director may also teach nearly full-time at Middlebury may be no longer be a feasible arrangement.

This past year my involvement in "Bread Loaf in the Schools" would not have been possible without the dedication and devotion of John Elder, who served as Dean of the Bread Loaf School of English so that I could establish my base of operation in Washington D.C. As a result, the activities which produced summer sessions in Vermont and at Oxford went ahead flawlessly. The Mountain campus enrolled 249 and 80 students went to Oxford. The School again maintained its capacity enrollment. As Middlebury College's largest graduate program, the School was able to enroll only 12 undergraduates. The School graduated one of its largest classes - 47 candidates. Because more students than ever are returning as Master's candidates, the number of new students that can be admitted continues to run lower than the historic norm: 106 in Vermont and 17 at Oxford last summer. Competition for acceptance, therefore, remains keen with only one out of about three qualified students admitted. The student body was drawn from 42 states and four foreign countries: 60 students came

from the South and 55 students from west of the Mississippi to provide an ethnic and geographic mix not found in other graduate schools. Our students' homes literally span the continent from Presque Isle, Maine, to Tununak, Alaska, on the Bering Sea to Tumacacori, Arizona, on the Mexican border. The School also admitted seven graduate students from the Johannes Gutenberg-Universitat in Mainz and three from the University of Paris, Nanterre.

Even though I was unable to devote as much time to fundraising for Bread Loaf as I would like, we were fortunate in receiving grants from the following public and private foundations: Babcock, General Mills, International Paper, Lyndhurst, New York Times, Barker, and Hunt for $65,400. The School has been invited by the National Endowment for the Humanities to consider submitting one or two draft proposals for the 1988-89 year.

The following is a tabulation of gifts and grants received by the School, most of which are in response to my infamous Tin Cup letter to more than two thousand alumni and attendees.

	This Year Donors	As of 6/30/87	Last Year Donors	As of 6/30/86
Annual Giving	189	$ 8,967	174	$ 11,300
Expendable Grants				
Babcock, Barker, General Mills, Hunt, International Paper, Lyndhurst, New York Times	7	65,400	6	87,000
Endowments				
Robert Frost Chair of Literature	12	523	16	565
Charles J. Orr Memorial Scholarship	134	10,307	14	19,450
George Anderson Book Fund	44	2,072	74	2,985
Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture	18	583	18	755
Reginald & Juanita Cook Scholarship	36	1,270	33	1,828
Wylie & Lucy Sypher Scholarship	44	1,927	53	2,139
Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholarship	64	4,005	89	10,321
Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship	3	600	5	525
John M. Kirk, Jr., Chair of Medieval Literature	3	4,114	87	41,019

Anthony Penale Fund	1	100	10	1,840
Pauline Feicht Decker Memorial Scholarship	--	--	1	100
Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity	1	30,000	1	70,000
Raymond Waldron Scholarship	1	1,000	--	--
Margaret Grant Fielders Endowed Scholarship	1	2,000	--	--
	362	$ 58,501	451	$151,527
TOTALS	558	$132,868	579	$259,727

As of June 30, 1987, the book value of the Endowment of the Bread Loaf School of English is as follows:

	Principal
Frost Chair	$ 13,369
Griffiths Chair	75,961
Kirk Chair	152,148
Anderson Book Fund	37,170
Drew Lectureship	10,743
Kirk Scholarship	69,049
Cook Scholarship	71,625
Sypher Scholarship	38,813
Holland Scholarship	67,213
Downey Scholarship	8,347
Waldron Scholarship	11,807
Shaughnessy Scholarship	5,197
Decker Scholarship	15,658
The Penale Fund	29,322
Orr Scholarship	30,055
Mr. Bingham's Trust	100,955
Margaret Grant Fielders Scholarship	2,014
	$739,446

Middlebury can, I believe, be proud of the support it receives from its constituency each year. Thirty percent of all of our alumni/alumnae and 17% of attendees on our mailing list of 2,838 made a contribution last year along with 14% of Bread Loaf friends. These 551 donors again create, I believe, a national record for any graduate school offering a Master's degree. Harvard reports that 30% of all of its graduate degree holders make gifts. Yale reports 20% for the same constituency. No graduate school that I know of reports on the number of M.A. degree holders in English, let alone its drop-outs who still support their institutions.

Finding new sources of funding for Bread Loaf becomes an increasingly difficult challenge, one which I feel I cannot meet without increased institutional support. The Program in Writing, the most attractive source of funding, is now old hat as it begins its second decade. Although the funds from the

Bingham Trust are judged to be only "start-up money," they are not so viewed in the foundation world. "With all that money, why do you need support from us?" Yet the irony remains that none of the Bingham grant can be used for financial aid except that produced by the $250,000 endowment which is a part of the project funding. But without expendable financial aid, Bread Loaf cannot attract the wide variety of secondary school teachers from rural America, many of whom are now returning home with significant funding for major innovative writing projects.

The Program in Writing will continue to place a substantial burden on our financial aid resources. Thirty-six new teachers this year received $1,710 in tuition scholarships. This summer Bread Loaf met from outside sources $65,400 or 46% of the $143,210 expended on financial aid in Vermont, excluding available scholarship endowment income. One hundred forty-nine students or 60% of the enrollment received average grants of $961 on fees of $2,560. This amounted to 76% of need. Forty-two of 80 students or 53% were awarded $41,300, or 36% of total need to study at Oxford. Financial aid must be provided so that Bread Loafers can study at Oxford, particularly those who enter the degree program through the Program in Writing so that Oxford never becomes a summer only for students teaching at elite private schools which subsidize their tuition. The College can be proud of the fact that this summer, for example, more minorities (Blacks and Native Americans) studied both in Vermont and Oxford than ever before. I think the College sometimes may not take enough credit for the commitment it makes to minorities in this country if it fails to calculate those attending Bread Loaf. This summer, for example, 16 teachers of significant populations of Native Americans studied at Bread Loaf.

Probably nothing contributed more to Bread Loaf's success in earning the respect of Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity, as well as other foundations, than the fact that over the past five years the School made grants of about $50,000 for classroom-based inquiries to about one hundred students. This venture for Bread Loaf attracted national attention because it was a unique undertaking for a small private liberal arts college like Middlebury to make commitments that reach into primary and secondary classrooms. But this project has now been swept up into the larger undertaking of our Bingham projects, and I have decided to terminate it this year. Instead the School next summer will make about ten awards of up to $500 to Bread Loaf students who have successfully completed a classroom-based inquiry during the previous year and are likely to become candidates for major Bingham grants.

Last year's experiment in establishing a full program in theater at Bread Loaf in an effort to integrate all of its courses in writing, literature, and theater has now become a tradition. As anyone who knows the mystique of Bread Loaf recognizes, anything done for a second summer is a tradition; otherwise it remained just an experiment. But the Program in Theatre is now such a tradition that faculty wonder how it was possible to teach without having an Acting Ensemble of eight Equity actors in residence for the whole summer to become an integral part of the School's curriculum. Since the role of the Acting Ensemble has been written up by Susan Walker on pages 26 and 28 of Bread Loaf and the Schools, I will not reiterate its achievement in this report, except to say that if anything, the Ensemble worked even more successfully this summer because six of the eight were returning to Bread Loaf to hold appointment, not just as members of an Equity company, but as teaching staff. In addition to

conducting workshops, participating in a quarter of Bread Loaf's courses, directing student and avant guarde plays and undertaking staged readings, the Ensemble made its major commitment in the staging of Shakespeare's Macbeth. This must surely have been one of its greatest challenges because virtually the entire audience had taught the play in secondary school. In fact, members of the Ensemble reported that acting in Macbeth at Bread Loaf was one of the most unnerving experiences in their careers because they noticed the audience lip-synching lines with them. The production was sold out - actually given away - for five nights and could easily have run for several more.

In the five summers since Bread Loaf opened its Apple Cellar with seven computers, in the Davison Library, it has grown from a room for word processing to a learning center for teachers. While the primary use of the room is still for writing, the School has also expanded the ways in which computers can be helpfhelpful for teachers: for networking within classes, for telecommunications, for electronic data-base searching, and publication. Eighty-six percent of those who reponded to our questionnaire planned to use a computer at Bread Loaf last summer. Fifty-nine students of two hundred on campus brought their own computers. Three years ago four did. Nearly one-half of our students learned to use the Apple IIe at Bread Loaf. It is no wonder then that our computer staff logged 5,500 visits to the Apple Cellar from 135 students - more than one-half the enrollment. (As soon as the College completes its current building program, it should consider another major extension of the Davison Library to accommodate our expanded computer needs. I recommend the budgeting of a million dollars for this modest undertaking, if budgeting is necessary.) Computers are used not only for demonstration but for classwork in courses in writing and literature. It is also used as a model for students to learn how to use BreadNet, our telecommunication network. Seventy-six Bread Loaf students intend to join our network this next year. Because our computers are sent across the country each year and returned to Bread Loaf each summer, many of them have logged tens of thousands of miles on their odometers, not exactly the usual procedure for the use of the Apple computers. I fear that this more than normal wear and tear may force us into significant replacement of equipment within the next couple of years. The Apple Education Affairs program director has made a gift of two Apple IIe's from her discretionary fund this year, but we may well have to replace twenty of the twenty-five IIe's before 1990. As Middlebury College has, I believe, discovered, there is no turning back from a commitment to computation so the College's long-range planners are put on warning.

The two weeks in mid-summer which I spend at Lincoln College are more than just an exhilarating visit. This year I was privileged to be part of the tenth anniversary of our Program at Lincoln, which you generously encouraged me to undertake. This year's program with a capacity enrollment of 80 students was under the directorship of Lawrence Danson, Professor of English at Princeton University, and a frequent member of the faculty of the Bread Loaf School of English since 1976. Because Oxford now offers courses in writing, literature and theatre, it replicates, but in the Oxford tradition of seminars and tutorials, the intellectual experience of Bread Loaf in Vermont - except for the fact that the Davison Library is no match for the Bodleian, three minutes from Lincoln. Seventy-two graduate students and eight undergraduates participated in 15in 15 courses, attended the largest variety of Shakespearean and Renaissance drama seen in England in twenty years - Macbeth, Twelfth Night, Julius

Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Titus Andronicus, Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, The Merchant of Venice, and The Jew of Malta. Visiting lecturers included the noted poet Charles Tomlinson; Michael Wood, Professor of Literature at Exeter University, who will be returning to teach at Bread Loaf next summer; and Stephen Gill, Fellow and Tutor at Lincoln, who will also, after completing his biography of Wordsworth, return to teaching in the summer program. The School mourns the death of Richard Ellmann, the world authority on Yeats and Joyce, who was probably Bread Loaf's most distinguished alumnus. He had lectured at the Writers' Conference, the School of English, and for eight of its ten summers at the Lincoln College program. Beth and I also attended the funeral in Westminster Abbey of Burke Trend. Lord Trend was instrumental in negotiations which led to establishing the School at Lincoln and was honored for his commitment to Bread Loaf and Middlebury by receiving an honorary degree from the College. Like Lord Trend, Dr. Vivian Green, his successor as the thirty-fourth Rector at Lincoln, presided at Bread Loaf's graduation in the Lincoln College Chapel - an occasion unique even for Oxford since no American college or university has held graduation ceremonies at Oxford to the best of Dr. Green's knowledge, and he is the Historian of Oxford University.

Energized by what must be one of Bread Loaf's most extraordinary years of venturing, I return to Middlebury to teach five courses, direct its two Bread Loaf programs, and administer grants under some eight Bingham projects in sixteen states involving more than sixty teachers and engaging conservatively ten thousand students. It should be enough to keep me out of trouble, unless I've already gotten into far more than I can manage. But, as you noted when I advised you of the Bingham grant, "Cubeta, you may be outrageous, but you are never dull." I take that as high tribute from one whom I have come to admire because he long ago developed a gift for understatement that still eludes me. I am grateful to you for the opportunity which few members of the Middlebury faculty have been privileged to encounter.

Respectfully submitted,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

cc: Bruce Peterson
Dave Ginevan
Bud Leeds
John McCardell
Susan Veguez

APPENDIX A

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Balance Sheet for 1987 Programs
and
Academic Year 1987-88

INCOME		EXPENSES	
Student tuitions (VT)*	$425,790	Salaries (VT)	$267,087
Student Comprehensive Fee (OX)	202,000	Salaries (OX)	41,700
Gifts to Endowment to 6/30/87	58,501	Financial Aid (VT)*	143,210
Gifts to Annual Giving to 6/30/87	8,967	Financial Aid (OX)	41,300
Expendable Grants to 6/30/87	65,400	Program (VT)**	94,575
Income on Endowment on 6/30/87	25,411	Program (OX)**	144,200
	$786,069		$732,071

Excess of income over expenditures of $53,998

*Board and room excluded from income/expenditures

**1987-88 fiscal year approved budget

TIN CUP LETTER

THE BREAD LOAFER

The Bread Loafer

The Bulletin of the Alumnae/Alumni Association of the Bread Loaf School of English

Vol. 6, No. 1 **Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont** **Fall 1986**

Summer 1986 will be remembered as the Summer of Theatre at Bread Loaf. Our Program in Theatre for the first time offered us the opportunity to integrate courses in writing, literature, and theatre. Alan Mokler, Coordinator of the Program in Theatre at Bread Loaf, is the genius behind this new dimension of our curriculum, which has caused no diminution in course offerings in literature. As Alan wrote me in proposing the new program: "I think this will develop into one of the most unusual and special theatre experiences in the country. Just think, artists can work on great material, present a lot of different things to an audience which is learning along with them, explore new ideas, present works in various stages of development--all without worrying whether we sell tickets...it is an incredibly special fate."

An Acting Ensemble, consisting of six Equity actors and a playwright, was in residence for the whole summer and became an integral part of the School's curriculum. The Ensemble over the six weeks took part in 100 theatrical activities. In dramatic literature courses like Shakespeare, and Contemporary and Modern Drama, members acted scenes to show how intimation or gesture, for example, could transform the interpretation of a theatrical moment. The Ensemble became active participants in class discussion of the dramatic works. Actors also participated in courses like Journals and Journal Writing to demonstrate how voice helps determine meaning. Since no member of the faculty had ever had this opportunity before, the Ensemble created somewhat radical reassessments about how one teaches a dramatic work when one is not limited merely to the page. In addition, the actors conducted workshops, participated in the acting and playwriting courses, and produced avant-garde plays like Gertrude Stein's Miss Furr and Miss Skein, Christopher Durang's Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All, Marie Irene Fornes' Mud, and Edward Bond's Bingo. Members of the company assisted a student

director in the production of Strindberg's Miss Julie. The major commitment of the Ensemble, however, was the staging of a splendid production of Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale. Although theatre has been an integral part of Bread Loaf since 1923, this summer marked the beginning of a major new educational venture at Bread Loaf unique among literature curricula at both the graduate and undergraduate levels.

The most extraordinary event in Bread Loaf's life this past year was the receipt of an unsolicited grant of $1,550,000 from Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity to support writing proficiency in grades K - 8. Over the five year period of the grant (January 1, 1986 - December 31, 1990), the Trust will build an endowment of $350,000 for the Program in Writing. The remaining amount, less Bread Loaf administrative costs, is to be spent on classroom projects, which I design and which receive preliminary approval from the two Trustees of the Trust. The uncomfortable irony of this dazzling generosity is that the Trustees do not want any funds to be spent on the Mountain as scholarship support since they are not interested in the training of teachers. Guess where that puts the responsibility - but one I shall readily share with all

who have been at Bread Loaf. Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity has so far approved of four major projects, each of which is to run for three years and which total $775,000: 1) Bread Loaf in the Schools, 2) Writing to Learn in the Elementary School, 3) BreadNet in the Schools, and 4) South Carolina Rural Writing Network.

The Bread Loaf in the Schools Project has made grants to 11 Bread Loaf teachers over the next three years of $1,000 to $5,000 a year. They include writing projects in Maine, New York, Minnesota, Tennessee and Alaska.

I'd like to share with you just a few examples of some of the innovative strategies that Bread Loafers have devised for their projects. Bill Brown in Nashville, Tennessee, has his students designing schemes to accompany the literature they are reading. Using videotapes as well as photography to illustrate their writing, they will focus on what Tennessee has to lose environmentally and how it will effect the quality of their lives. They will also explore what it is like to live in a city in transition. These projects will lead to literary publications and multimedia performances. Bill Durbin, who teaches in Cook, Minnesota, near the edge of the Boundary Waters Wilderness, will invite a playwright to spend several weeks in residence working with his kids on a play which a summer theatre group will perform. Will Graham, who teaches at Gould Academy in Bethel, Maine, is working with his wife, Marguerite, a parent volunteer in their daughter's first grade class. Will's students will visit Marguerite's to help with student writing, and Marguerite has organized parent volunteers to work with students and to help them publish in their local paper. Larry DeBlois, in Kents Hill, Maine, is spending time with four elementary schools developing a writing curriculum where one previously did not exist. By the end of the year, these students will choose their favorite piece of writing for publication and will give a public reading. Cynthia Myers has established writing workshops in each of the sixth to eighth grade classrooms in Mynderse Academy in Stanley, New York, so that writing can be ongoing and teaching more individualized.

Cindy's eighth graders serve on her advisory board to help project plans, to get the word out into the community and to organize the program in sixth and seventh grade classrooms. Deane O'Dell, from McGrath, Alaska, has her students exploring local history, to document the rapid changes occurring in their community in the past fifty years. She has established a student board to manage the grant. Students have already approved a project of thinking and learning through comparing the disciplines of art and writing. They will look at contemporary Alaskan art and literature and will produce a piece of original writing and artwork. In another project they will pair with an elder in the community to write a series of then-and-now stories to be accompanied by illustrations and photographs which will be put on permanent display in the McGrath Museum. Chris Reese is developing a publications workshop in Bath, Maine, to give students a chance to gain experience in publishing, from developing ideas to writing and photography. The project, "Getting Into Print," was designed to broaden the audiences open to the young writers, who will be linked to our computer network. Chris also plans to form a Bath area network joining young writers in each building with writers in other schools. Vera Scarbrough's students are collecting stories about first families, early traditions of the mountain folks, customs, biographies, and folk tales in Oakdale, Tennessee. Parents are working with their kids on interviews, and Vera hopes that the project will lead to a publication "The Community and History of Oakdale." Eileen Clark teaches in Pelican, Alaska, a community literally built on sticks on the edge of Chichagof Island, one place where an entire community can easily join in a Bread Loaf project. First, second and third grade students are working on oral interviews in the community and on writing exchanges among students with the hope that they can produce a publication on the history and people of their island. Geri Gutwein, who grew up on the Cheyenne River Reservation in Eagle Butte, South Dakota, where she now teaches, has her ninth grade class working with third graders in acquiring basic skills of reading and writing through such activities as letter exchanges. Her ninth graders will read to third graders who will then write on those stories. Her ninth graders will attend tribal meetings and write up their observations. Her local newspaper will be a source of publication, and students will also write newsletters to their parents. Ben Orr, who teaches in Tununak, Alaska, on the Bering Sea, is involved in a bilingual-bicultural primary program in writing for grades one through three, where children learn both in their home language, Yu'pik, and in their second language, English. Yu'pik elders, the guardians of the traditional knowledge and values of the tribe, are invited into Ben's classroom each week to bridge the gap between institution and home life. He hopes this encounter between school environment and traditional culture will be a fruitful beginning for student writing. His guiding theme is the search for identity in a rapidly changing world. The class and participating elders will publish a monthly newsletter for the community. The choice of language will depend on the language of the original text. This kind of writing and publication goes beyond anything which most school budgets can support, but we hope to establish a model here for other American Indian reservations which confront similar cultural and educational problems.

Writing to Learn in the Elementary School is fortunate to have Nancie Atwell, a Bread Loafer who previously taught at Boothbay Elementary School in Maine, as Project Director. She has organized three Maine schools - in Boothbay, Portland and Kingfield - where she can work with elementary school teachers on different types of writing activities in their science and social studies classes. All 21 teachers are writing alongside their students, who keep logs in three or four subjects. Several times each day, they write to react to, summarize, speculate about, visualize, and play with ideas. Nancie is helping her teachers talk with their students about their writing in ways that allow responsibility for the writing to remain with the child.

Bill Wright, who graduated from Bread Loaf in 1982, has just joined the program as Project Director for BreadNet in the Schools. We have five Bread Loaf master teachers who are expert users of Apple IIe's working with their students on the use of computers for writing. Linda Henry and her husband, Bill Noll, who teach at Little Wound School on the Pine Ridge Reservation in Kyle, South Dakota, have their students forming a writers' collaborative linked by our writing network. Their students are encouraged to be their own experts: as writers, as word processors, as observers of their own writing process who write to express themselves, not to be evaluated. In a world that couldn't be more unlike Linda and Bill's, Ken Holvig in New City, New York, established a telecommunications link with a fourth grade classroom in New City and has developed a district-wide bulletin board housed in his office called ClarkNet. His fourth grade editorial staff will publish a district-wide literary magazine and will engage in a letter exchange program with Ken's Writing to be Published high school class. Jeff Schwartz, who with his wife Betsy Bowen is in charge of our Apple Cellar at Bread Loaf, is working with fifth grade teachers and their students at Sewickley Academy in Pittsburgh. They will write electronically with Jeff's senior school students. Last year Jeff's students were editors of "Voices Across the Wires," to which our kids on the network contributed articles, stories, and poems via BreadNet for the first electronically produced student magazine in the country. Joanne Tulonen's students, who live in a remote ranching community in Wilsall, Montana, are communicating via BreadNet with kindergarten, first and second graders from the Atrium School in Watertown, Massachusetts, taught by Tracy Winn, also a Bread Loafer. They are already exchanging autobiographies and personal narratives. Try having a student explain a whale-watching trip to kids who have never seen the ocean.

The South Carolina Rural Writing Network is housed at Clemson University and is directed by Ike Coleman, who used to teach in Hague, Virginia, and who will graduate from Bread Loaf next summer. We have four project sites: in Clemson, Georgetown, Gilbert and Salem. (My Rand McNally atlas gets worked overtime just trying to spot all these Bread Loaf communities.) Den Latham's students in Salem are turning the Cherokee Legend of Jocasse, which bears a romantic analog to Romeo and Juliet, into a drama which will be performed for the community.

These are exciting, not gimmicky projects. They are a determined effort to find imaginative, even risky new ventures to help kids and their teachers in communities which often seem to be abandoned. It is a natural extension of Bread Loaf's commitment to writing in the schools which has grown over the last ten years to the point where the School has now provided substantial financial aid to teachers from 400 rural communities to attend one or more summers in Vermont and at Oxford. Bread Loaf is now seen as having one of the most successful writing projects in the nation. I hope that this opportunity provided by Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity and the commitment that I have been permitted to make to it will not only enhance Bread Loaf's reputation, but will also make at least a discernible difference through a variety of publications that should emerge under Bread Loaf's imprint over the next five years.

This year I am in Washington, DC as full-time Bread Loaf Director so that I can visit as many of these sites as possible and continue to devise new projects. Giving away a million dollars is-

n't all that easy, but I sure am glad to have the opportunity to discover that for myself. In my absence from Middlebury, John Elder has generously agreed to serve as Dean for the current academic year. He is responsible for the day-to-day operation of the School and all of its necessary responsibilities such as admitting students, enrolling them in courses, preparing our publications, and writing letters of recommendation, but I keep in close touch with the Bread Loaf office and have already earned the undying gratitude of AT&T. Dixie Goswami, our Coordinator of the Program in Writing, is also on leave this year from her responsibilities at Clemson to insure that this great venture gets securely underway.

Although this is the first time that Bread Loaf has ever tried to make a year-round impact on the classrooms of Bread Loaf teachers, I can assure you that our summer home base remains as secure as ever. Despite our rainy weekends and weekdays, too, we had a great summer with a capacity enrollment. The student body was drawn from 43 states and five foreign countries; 54 students came from the South and 52 from west of the Mississippi to provide an ethnic and geographic mix unlike that which would be found in any other graduate school. Our students' homes literally span the continent from Presque Isle, Maine, on the New Brunswick/Canadian border to Tununak, Alaska, on the Bering Sea. Because of a grant from the Johannes Gutenburg Universitat, the School admitted eight graduate students from Mainz, with four students joining us on our exchange program with the University of Paris - Nanterre. Paul Mariani, who taught at Bread Loaf in the summers of 1982, 1983, and 1984, presented a memorable Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture on "Berryman at Bread Loaf in 1962 and the Formation of the Long Poem 'The Dream Songs.'" It was a particularly compelling moment because it provided students with a rather extraordinary perspective on Bread Loaf as they heard how in the memorable summer of 1962, Berryman wrote some of his most famous Dream Songs while thoroughly disrupting the whole community. Those of you who were there that summer know well whereof I speak. Pamela Hadas, Robert Pack, David Huddle, and Ira Sadoff shared their writing with us on two evenings, and students read from their works in the Blue Parlor every Sunday night. We had lectures on writing by Donald Graves, Eliot Wigginton, Lee Odell, Michael Cooke and John Dixon. At Commencement, John Elder gave a superb perspective on how Bread Loaf's Programs in Literature, Writing and Theatre have shaped the educational design of the School in ways, perhaps, unique in graduate education.

In the three summers since Bread Loaf opened its Apple Cellar with seven computers, it has become the fastest growing addiction on the Mountain. The number of computers has doubled, and the number on campus outside the Cellar seems to have multiplied at least five times. Accord-

ing to a survey, there were 62 computers at Bread Loaf, almost double the number last year, and up from four the year before. Eighty-four percent of the students used computers this summer, and almost one-third of those surveyed learned how to use a computer at Bread Loaf. No one we know who has used an Apple IIe at Bread Loaf has gone back willingly to a typewriter. No longer does one hear the clacking of typewriters at night as one walks past the Inn; instead rooms give off an eerie blue electronic glow. (If only it zapped black flies.) Three summers ago there were 749 visits to the Apple Cellar and this summer 4,346. Although the computer room is used primarily for word processing, it has become a valuable resource center for teachers to learn about the most current application of computers to writing. In addition to teaching students how to use the Apples (and assisting with innovative class use of the machines), the Bread Loaf staff held special sessions to demonstrate and discuss instructional software, on-line data-base searches and telecommunications.

Three years ago with a grant from the Apple Education Foundation, the School of English established what has now become the first rural writing network of secondary schools in the nation. We call it BreadNet. Thirteen of our computers, which are on loan to students in Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Vermont and Washington, D.C., were returned to create the Center this summer. Last year 18 Bread Loafers in 13 states joined BreadNet. Activities included teacher exchanges on research topics, technical questions, general support, student exchanges, and the first issue of a national student computer anthology compiled by students from across the country. Twenty-three new BreadNetters were trained this summer and have joined the network, which now extends from Alaska to Maine and from Minnesota to Texas.

Our ninth summer at Lincoln College, Oxford, under the directorship of Robert Hanning, Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University, was a happy one indeed. The School opened with an enrollment of 84, and it would be hard to see how the Program could have gone better. Students didn't spend all their time attending plays at Stratford or the Barbican - A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Two Noble Kinsmen, Romeo and Juliet, The Winter's Tale, Every Man in His Humour, Troilus and Cressida and Merry Wives - although I would wonder why not. Maybe, because when box lunches are followed by box dinners, they're a little hard to take. With courses like Writing, Learning and Culture, Chaucer, Sidney and Spenser, Shakespeare's History Plays, Shakespeare: On the Page and on the Stage, Seventeenth Century Poetry, The Rediscovery of the Middle Ages, The Romantic Fall, Jane Austen and the Brontes, The Development of the Novel from Hardy to Woolf, British Poetry from Hardy to Larkin, The Classics in English Renaissance Poetry, Modernism in the Novel, and Contemporary Fiction, the summer was an assured success by the time the bulletin had been published. As Bob Hanning put it, perhaps a boat ride down the Thames on Thursday of the last week gave the best concentrated example of the spirit of the summer: "Almost all the students, several dons and scouts and a couple of visitors came along, Chef (who

also came) provided a superb cold dinner, and we danced through the locks nearly to Abingdon and back." Not exactly the world of the Chipman Inn and Johnson Pond. Commencement for 15 graduates was held in Lincoln's seventeenth-century chapel, where Michael Wood, as would be expected, gave a brilliant talk, which I and 37 other Bread Loaf graduates had to miss because they were commencing at the same time in the Bread Loaf Theatre.

None of these ventures could be sustained if the School could not securely count on outside support. No gifts are more important to Bread Loaf present and future than those received from Bread Loafers. Nearly one-third of all of our alumnae and alumni and nearly 20% of Bread Loaf students who have ever come to the Mountain and are still on our mailing list made a contribution last year. Our record is the envy of Ivy League graduate schools.

I am pleased to announce the establishment of the Margaret Grant Fielders Endowed Scholarship, which will be endowed by the lady who holds three Bread Loaf degrees, although the School offers only two (Margaret just took two M.Litts.). Margaret has been a valued member of most of our summers since 1958. In establishing the endowment, Margaret wrote me: "The scholarship should be awarded to a student, male or female, young or old, who comes to Bread Loaf for the love of learning and the joy of reading and writing. This student should possess a life-long commitment to the ideals of liberal arts, and loyalty to the unique and pervasive spirit of the Bread Loaf School of English."

Grants and gifts to the Bread Loaf Annual Scholarship Fund and Endowment continue to break records and are truly a source of pride:

This year (7/1/85 - 6/30/86)

	Donors	Amount
Annual Giving	174	$ 11,300
Expendable Grants	5	87,000
General Mills, International Paper, Lyndhurst, New York Times, Rockefeller Foundations		
Endowments		
Robert Frost Chair of Literature	16	565
Charles J. Orr Memorial Scholarship	14	19,450
George K. Anderson Book Fund	74	2,985
Elizabeth Drew Memorial Lecture	18	755
Reginald & Juanita Cook Scholarship	33	1,828
Wylie & Lucy Sypher Scholarship	53	2,139
Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholarship	89	10,321
Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholarship	5	525
John M. Kirk, Jr., Chair of Medieval Literature	87	41,019
Anthony Penale Fund	10	1,840
Mr. Bingham's Trust for Charity	1	80,000
	579	$259,727

Anthony Penale, who has endowed the fund in his name with gifts of $26,000, has requested that the income honor the memory of Christa McAuliffe and her gallant crew members with the establishment of the Challenger Award at Bread Loaf. The Award will be made annually to a rural teacher who epitomizes Christa McAuliffe's commitment, excellence and dedication. The first Challenger Award was presented to Brad Blanchette, of Hinesburg, Vermont, the 1986 Vermont Teacher of the Year.

Friends and family of Charlie Orr have established an endowed scholarship in memory of a young man who was killed in a tragic accident two years ago. As its gift to the memory of a classmate, the Class of 1986 gave over $500 for the constructing of the Charlie Orr Memorial Garden in a corner of the West Lawn. In addition, it organized the Charlie Orr Cross-country Race, one that he had originated two summers ago. Thirty-five runners were sponsored for $250, which was given to the Orr Memorial Scholarship.

I am saddened to report the death of several cherished Bread Loafers this year. Herman George, our brilliant and witty costumer who designed for such productions as Coriolanus, Twelfth Night, Heartbreak House, and The Devil's Disciple, died of cancer in May. We have also lost Margaret McMillin '71, Robert Parker '68, Principal of The Emma Willard School, Stephen Pender '72, Bruce Maxwell '83 and David Thornbury, who was Bookstore Manager in 1985.

On a happier note, Bob Pack is making a splendid recovery from recent quadruple bypass heart surgery. I know he'd love hearing from his students. Hint?

Plans for our sixty-eighth summer in Vermont and our tenth at Oxford are well underway. The Oxford faculty and program are in place, and none too soon since I suspect that Oxford may be close to full enrollment by Christmas. It can't just be because of that boat ride.

Paul C. Beta

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

THE CRUMB

THE YEAST

THANKSGIVING

Twilight. Late afternoon. The muffled gray sky covers the distant clumps of naked elms. Stubble of cornfields, wheatfields, stretches on and on. Dakota. A fine mist settles on the windows of the car. The cold monotone of the landscape lulls me into boredom.

Swiftly, the car slips like a giant skate on the slate-gray highway. It whirls around and around, like a ride at the county fair. I grab for the door handle; my feet push down hard for a brake that isn't there. Doug, the driver, who sits in front of me, turns and turns again the wheel, like the whirling wheels at the fair--twice to the left, twice to the right. The ride slows, and I see ahead, in our lane, a boxy, white car, gaudy red brake lights desperately flashing, going too fast on the icy November road, whirling in an even crazier ride, turning in ever larger circles, crossing the forbidden yellow line.

In the opposite lane, a dirty black and white semi-truck approaches. It creeps on the slick, icy highway. The driver blows his horn hard, its warning muffled in the night.

Doug steers the car to the soft safety of the gravel shoulder. Ahead, the pattern has been set: the truck cannot stop. The driver rollercoasters down, down, the slight incline of the road, jerks a sharp right. The little white car crumples into the truck, careening, directionless into the field to our right.

The little white car is bent; the driver's door is bent sharply. Heavy gray smoke filters from the hood. A woman, the only person in the car, begins to struggle, pushing on the door. Out of the smoke come brilliant red flames, the only bright color in this Thanksgiving landscape.

Doug jumps out, ordering me to stay in the car. Grabbing a crowbar and a fire extinguisher, the truck driver races across the highway to the little white car. They both pull and pull on the car doors. They use the crowbar, prying the doors. No good. Gripping the bar, Doug hurtles it at the windshield. The glass won't break. The flames reach higher; the smoke darkens and fills the car; the woman slumps.

The men struggle to open the car. They dance around it, peering into the smoky windows, searching here, there, for an answer, for a way out of this nightmarish ride. The men hesitate. They make one last effort, scorching their hands on the heat of the door handles. They pull back, but nothing. The car is like a box, seamless, with no way in and no way out. There is an explosion; the car fills with flames. Doug and the truck driver stand back, faces down. The ride is over.

Sue Gaustad

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YEAST

Some names of authors and characters are changed in order to guard against injury.

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Bread Loaf School of English
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

HEAR ME ROAR

Thanksgiving, 1982. I stepped off the train in Providence into my dad's wonderful warm hug.

"How's my girl?" he asked.

"I'm a woman, not a girl," I answered. I had meant to say it lightly, but it didn't come out that way. In the first three months of my senior year in college, I had become a feminist. No one should call me a girl again, not even my dad.

In a quick comeback, my father pointed out that his woman is my mother. So we settled on "How's my daughter?" "Baby" was out of the question.

While I still consider myself a feminist, I've mellowed considerably. That vacation I was intolerable.

My family celebrates Thanksgiving two days late so that my married brothers can spend Thursday with their in-laws. On Saturday, the whole family gathers, along with lots of aunts, uncles, cousins, and stray friends. That year, the traditional work-up-an-appetite game of touch football had been changed to volleyball due to an excess of injuries the year before. We were in the field house of the school where my father is headmaster, playing our inimitable version of volleyball (no rules). The rotation brought three women to the front line.

"Hey," my dad called from his side of the court. "It's the Smith girls at the net!" The three looked at each other: my sister-in-law Karen, my cousin Susan, and my brother's friend Kate. All three were in their late twenties and all had, indeed, gone to Smith.

"Smith women !" I thundered from the back row.

My father, who really is a sensitive man, got embarrassed. "Sorry," he said.

I knew he was mad. Later, my mother pulled me aside from my job as potato masher.

"Daddy would never have said that in public," she explained. "It was a family occasion, so he thought it was okay to say 'girls.'"

"The language we use reveals our system of beliefs," I lectured. "'Girls' betrays a lack of respect."

My mother had been busy in the kitchen during the volleyball game, and I wondered who had told her about the scene. I would not apologize, though; I knew that I was right.

That night, at the ritual work-off-the-calories bowling expedition, my father underlined "women" whenever he said it, and he said it often. I had touched a nerve.

"Will the woman who didn't push the reset button please do so? Would any women here like a soda? Or am I being chauvinistic to offer?"

Dad had broadened the terms of the argument.

"You should offer to buy the men sodas, too," I suggested.

"I think I'll just go buy myself a soda." Dad stomped off to the Coke machine. This went on all night. We were fighting an undeclared war.

Since then, my dad says "women" most of the time--at least he does when I'm around. And I've stopped caring so much. I even laugh when my brother kids me about it.

"Louise, how many Yale girls does it take to screw in a lightbulb?"

"How many?" I answer, shaking my head.

"One," he teased, "and it's women, and it isn't funny."

I managed to convert them, though, and I think I achieved similar success with some of my college friends. Last month I ran into one of my hall-mates in Grand Central Station.

"Guess what," he beamed. "My sister had a baby! I'm an uncle now."

"Congratulations! Is it a boy or a girl?"

Steven smiled. "It's a woman."

Louise Burnham

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RIVALRY

All I remember about those hot summer nights at my grandmother's were the baseball games. We'd sit in the TV room and watch the Red Sox and the Yankees on black and white. My grandmother would cheer endlessly for the Sox and her hero, Yaz, and I would root for the Yankees and my hero, Munson. My grandfather sat between us on the sagging brown sofa, a tall, thin, soft-spoken man, completely uninterested in the game. He kept the snacks coming with frequent trips to the fridge for chicken, apple pie, ice cream, soda, and donuts. When we wanted candy bars, we sent him off to the store. Almond Joy for my grandmother, Sky Bar for me.

When the games were close, we would sweat more than the players. The fan in the corner never worked. My grandmother always had a towel on her shoulder to wipe her face. As our excitement grew, our voices rose and my grandfather was forced to keep us at bay. If Yaz was in a slump, he was "the worst player on the team." "Trade him to Milwaukee," my grandmother would shout at the set. But when he came through in the clutch, he became "the greatest player in the world." "Did you see that, did you see that?" she'd holler at us. My grandfather just stared at her in disbelief. He thought watching baseball on TV was as exciting as sleeping. He'd rather be watching "The Wild, Wild West" or "Gunsmoke"--"something with a little action in it," as he said.

Nevertheless, he hung in there over the years, partly out of consideration for me, but mainly because my grandmother would kill him if he dared to turn the station. He even became a fan, a forced fan, and started rooting for the Yankees with me, just to spite my grandmother. He would never shout, or anything dumb like that, but every now and then, when the Yanks would get a run, the faintest hint of a smile touched his lips. My grandmother hated that. She would tell him to shut up or go to bed, even though he hadn't said a word. This gave her victories double significance. She was capable of gloating for hours on end. But when the Sox lost, she was miserable to be around; "a hedge hog of a woman," my grandfather would say.

We knew nothing at all on those hot summer nights, except that Munson had just gunned down Reggie Smith at second, or Fritz Peterson had just struck out Yaz, or Petrocelli had made a diving catch to rob Tom Tresh of a base hit. That, and the fact that one of us would go to bed happy, another too upset to speak, and the man in the middle would doze off unfailingly before the end of the seventh.

Andy Green

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CLEANSING

The phone rang early one morning while we were eating breakfast.

"Hello. Well, I don't believe it. When did it happen? How did it happen? Who found her? Do they know who did it?"

We children sat on the edge of our seats waiting for the answers. Nervously, Momma said, "You won't believe it, but

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Esther Hudson was found dead this mornin' face down in her bathtub with the water still runnin'. Somebody said she had scratches and bruises and cuts all over her body like a bobcat had got hold of her. Someone found a knife on the kitchen floor with blood on it! I never thought I'd see the day!"

Every night I lay in bed and watched my bedroom window in fear. I just knew that murderer was going to get me next. Daddy came home one afternoon with a lot of answers that put my mind at ease--a little.

"I can't believe they let that damn Harvey Jones off. That damn white trash. He killed her. Hell, he'll tell you right now he killed her. If it hadn't been for that low-life-of-a-brother of his givin' him an alibi, he'd be where he belongs right now! And another thing. I can't believe all those Baptist and Methodist church women runnin' 'round to Esther's house the day they found her dead and cleanin' and cookin'. Hell, they didn't even have the woman's body in the ambulance before they washed and put away the bloody knife. I mean those women cleaned that woman's house from top to bottom. They wiped away any fingerprint there was to be found. Everybody talked about her like she was a dog. Then after she's dead and gone, they can't do enough for her."

A month later I sat at the kitchen table the night before my baptism, watching God clean the earth with a summer shower. I wondered if being baptized meant the same as when He cleaned the earth. Was He going to erase from His book that He was keepin' on me all the things I had done wrong? Would He do the same for that murderer if he got baptized too?

Ginger Mullikin

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SUMMER NIGHT

The earliest anxiety attacks I can remember were prompted by a fear of eternity--fear of eternal time, fear of eternal space, fear of the Old Testament God that ruled them. I can remember my bookcase bed in my new bedroom with the blue and yellow flowered wallpaper--I must have been about eight. I remember lying there in thin, cotton baby doll pajamas with the sheet kicked back and the window open to the heavy summer night. I can remember hearing, through the organdy curtains on my left, the sounds of crickets and tree frogs, and, through the closed door on my right, the muffled gunfire and commercial jingles of the TV set, and I can remember burying my face in the pillow, and I can remember wave after wave of terror washing over me.

And I can remember being so desperately afraid of what I didn't know and couldn't imagine that the solid reality of my parents' anger seemed a welcome relief. I would get out of bed and open the door to the den and tell them I couldn't sleep. They would be mad--Daddy cold and Mamma abrupt--but she'd give me a couple of aspirin and a glass of water, and that would be enough to beat the anxiety back into its cage. And then I'd be able to go to sleep.

I never told them I was afraid or what I was afraid of. I wonder why I didn't. I wonder if it would have helped.

Leslie Brooks

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SANCTUARY

Fishing Bridge #24
Yellowstone Natl. Park
Wyoming 82190

June 6, 1976

Dear Mom and Dad,

Whew! I sure am glad that Freshman year is over. We finished finals last Thursday and celebrated afterwards. I'm not too sure about my grades except I know I did okay in Comp. and terrible in Chem. Too many of those pre-engineering brainiacs in Chem.

I finally straightened out my checking account before I left. Last week I was at the store and I looked at the cashier's "DO NOT ACCEPT CHECKS FROM THESE PEOPLE" list and my name was at the top. I put my stuff back and went to the bank. The student checking account lady confiscated my checkbook and told me she needed $30.00 right away to cover bounced check service charges. I sent $20.00 when I left Bozeman and will send the rest soon. Two checks seem to be missing, but I'm sure they got voided at the place where we celebrated the end of finals. It sure is a good feeling to be done with that bank.

Thanks a lot for the offer on that bus ticket back to Indy, but my roommate dropped me off at the Yellowstone Park Company personnel office and they hired me on the spot. All I needed was an ID saying I was 18. The work isn't much fun, but at least I won't be having checkbook problems or worrying you folks.

Some of the employees here are a little scary. My roommate's name is John Rich, and I said that's a common enough name and he got mad because he made it up last month for his fake ID. A breakfast cook had the grill full of pancakes when the rangers came in with handcuffs and took him away. Pittsburgh's probation department has a deal with the company and they've sent a bunch of interesting folks. Don't worry though, most of the people are cool and I can take care of myself.

There's some sort of strep throat disease running around and my roommate has it now, but I think it missed me. That would be the last thing I'd want to

worry about since I don't have the student health insurance anymore.

The rangers closed the campground next door because grizzly bears kept coming down and eating people's food. Last week a mother and two yearling cubs ate a poodle, a chihuahua, and a toy collie. We're not allowed to have food in our cabins so there's no problem there.

The fishing is really hot. We get cutthroats out of the river, sneak 'em back to the cabin, and fry 'em up on our woodstoves. They're great!

Our first volunteer fire department drill was sorta hairy. The chief drove us over to Lake Hotel in the fire truck (a "53" Dodge) and we picked up some stuff for a big party. I didn't think it was too cool throwing cases of beer in the back of the fire truck, but all the tourists were so busy having a lousy time they didn't notice. We tried to put out an imaginary fire in this old cabin, but the chief stalled the truck and then the nozzle man let go of the hose. We learned one thing: a hose like that puts a lot of excitement in a fire drill.

Well, that's about it. I hope you folks have a nice summer and don't worry about me.

Love,

Tom

P.S. I'm going rock climbing with the chief, but don't worry, I'll be careful!

Thomas Matlack

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PERFECT ENGLISH

Dark blue blazer with silver buttons; grey flannel pants and oxford blue shirt open at the collar, button down; new white buck shoes (scuffed dirty charcoal grey to fit in). I enter my father's bedroom on my first Thanksgiving home from college. He is sitting alone in his dark red robe and blue cotton pajamas reading a book, his rimless glasses above the close-cropped moustache, his eyes focused on the page.

He looks up. He is searching my face.

"Hello son, where have you been?"

"Just out."

"Who with?"

"Phil and Steve, and some other friends from school."

"Was there any drinking?"

"No. No drinking."

I want to stay away so he won't smell my breath. Maybe a handshake will do. The book in his hand is covered with brown paper, cut by hand from an old grocery bag. All his books are covered that way. He reads a lot of books, as many as he can find.

* * *

Three days before my father set sail for America on the "S.S. Cincinnati" in 1912 he was forced to give up a scholarship so that his family of ten brothers and sisters could stay together. The school in Germany was started in 1882 by Herman Jacobsen, who gave a lot of money with one instruction: half Christian and half Jewish students at all times. That was fifty years before Hitler.

The school was strict: cold showers at six in the morning, inspection of hands, nails and rooms before breakfast. Work, classes, sports and sleep were well regimented. He loved school and refused to leave. He hid under his bed on the day his mother came to retrieve him. "I am very proud of you, Leo, and the work you have done here," she said, "but our family must stay together. We have no family for you to stay with here." There were no plans for school for the children in America. They went to work instead.

"I have three sons at Amherst," he would tell his customers at the big department stores. They didn't have a clue what Amherst was but they knew it must be important from the way he said it. They trusted him and relied on his judgment. He would tell the dress buyers, "This is what you need for Easter. Wives of coal miners from Scranton and Tamaqua won't touch a lilac or pink in this style; stick with the navy and the black. It'll walk out of here."

At Amherst College the members of his son's fraternity house had a special mug for him, purple and white enamel with "Leo" written on the back. The mug had the Amherst emblem, class of 1919. That would have been his class. When he visited his sons, he would sometimes tell the young college girls that it was his class.

* * *

I put my hand forward to say good night. He takes my hand and brings me down to him so that my face is close. "I didn't send my sons to college to learn how not to kiss me good night." That's all he said. Perfect English.

I learned something that night, in my first classroom, from my first teacher.

Morris H. Wolff

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THE TRUTH WHEN IT HURTS

Marlise came to us in the middle of the year, walking into our writing workshop when it was already going strong. She noticed everyone doing pieces about their lives: her new friends Leanne and Caroline, the other kids and me all putting a lot of ourselves into our narratives. Marlise jumped right in with one of her own, telling us about her first day in our fifth grade:

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"I was scared because I said to myself I will be late. Leanne said when she came she was scared too because she did not know any of the girls. Leanne said if I need anything I could ask her and she would help me."

From another of Marlise's early narratives--"I got a letter from the sister I do not know"--I began to see her family situation as unusual. Marlise went on with that strange story, revealing each event with skill:

"I folded the letter back up and put it in the envelope and put it in a secret place in my closet...Two days before she came I looked over the letter. I was hoping Saturday would come fast."

Marlise met her stranger-sister and they liked each other. As time went by, though, Marlise's stories turned toward a very ugly situation in other parts of the family. One day Caroline and I shared a conference table with Marlise. She read:

"My mom looks like a queen she has long black hair. She sometimes likes to drink a lot. She went out one night. She had too much to drink. She was mad at something. She took it out on someone else...I had to get up to get a drink. That's when she hit me...She hit me again ...I ran down to my room...I packed some things. She was in her room. I opened the door and went out. I have a friend. She is 70 years old...She said any time I need to sleep over to come over. I call my dad and he said let your mom be she will skate out of it sooner or later and I said ok. I let her have one more time and it worked out for a little while then I move in with my dad and things are better and I like it this way."

Marlise read her piece a second time while Caroline and I made notes, following workshop procedure. When Marlise finished reading, Caroline propped herself up on her elbows, chin in hand, and said, "If that kind of stuff happened to me I'd never write about it."

I wouldn't either. Not in fifth grade, maybe not now. Not with my peers for an audience. What I actually said then was, "I think it helps to write your feelings down about your real life."

What else can I say to a Marlise writing messages like that? If I discourage her from writing of her guts and her pain for class, is she going to use this tool on her own? If I encourage her to write and share this stuff, am I making a vulnerable girl even more vulnerable?

Ann Doehner

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MS. D.'S "BLACK VEIL"

When I showed up to class with masking tape over my mouth, my students looked at me with quizzical expressions. Several students laughed.

"Hey, look at D." Amused.

"Why is your mouth taped shut?" Curious.

"Very funny." Sarcastic.

"I think I like this." Devilish.

"Let's tell jokes and make her laugh." Subversive.

Comments like these continued until the students started to wonder when the game was going to end. One student did tell a joke, to occupy the time and to relieve the tension, and I must admit that I had to laugh and the masking tape started to crinkle around the edges of my mouth. I readjusted the tape firmly against my mouth. And then I was quiet again. A few affable rebels suggested that the class take a holiday. Interestingly, no one chose to leave the room, not even as a prank.

Gradually, discomfort--even annoyance --replaced amusement. Their struggle to figure out what to do next was visible. Eventually one sharp student said, "I get it; you are wearing tape on your mouth just like Reverend Hooper wore his black veil. That's it; isn't it?" I just sat there quietly, secretly impressed. Others were relieved: "Yeah, that's it. Ms. D. is pretending to be Hooper."

"Okay, now what?" they asked, looking to me for guidance. I ignored their pleading eyes.

"Well, let's just talk about the story," someone suggested.

And they did. They discussed the assigned story, Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil," among themselves. They asked each other questions; they answered each other's questions; they looked into each other's eyes. Even those who had previously been silent found a voice that day. Instead of filtering their comments and suggestions through me, instead of looking to me for the Truth, they looked to themselves for answers. When the bell rang, I had not said a word the entire period. I waved good-bye to my students as they left the room still debating among themselves and eagerly grabbing friends in the hallway to tell them about their experience: "You won't believe what we did in class today..."

When I showed up to class the next day, my students greeted me with impish smiles and announced that I needn't come to class anymore; they could carry on quite fine without me. I was glad they were kidding because I wasn't ready yet to be entirely obsolete.

Martha Donovan

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DIET HAMLET

The wonderfully bright but obnoxious Suzy Quantimeyer emerges from the boys' bathroom at the end of the hall. Sensing that I've witnessed her transgression, she turns left, away from me (I breathe easier), but then she attempts a pirouette and heads my way. Pretending not to

see her, I turn to enter my own room. It's locked. I fumble with the clasps on my briefcase, grab my key and insert it in the lock.

"Wanna know something, Mr. Sharkovitz?" Suzy asks while the contents of my briefcase splash to the floor.

"What's that, Miss Quantimeyer?" I say, forcing the kindness out. I figure she's trying to butter me up for the request I know will be coming any day now.

"I really liked your lecture on Hamlet ."

"Thank you, Suzy. What did you like about it?"

"Well, I liked it a lot. All that stuff about why Hamlet delayed in taking his revenge against his uncle. I thought it was really insightful."

"Well, thanks, but you know, as I said in class, those were not my ideas. I was explaining what some critics have said over the years."

"Oh, I realize that. I just hadn't thought about all those reasons. By the way, Mr. Sharkovitz, my parents are taking me for a cruise around the world next year on our new yacht. I'll need your address so I can take World Lit. through the mail."

"That's not an easy class, Suzy. I--"

"I really don't think I should miss such an opportunity to see other lands and learn from other cultures. Do you?"

"I think we--"

"My parents were supposed to call you. I wonder why they haven't called. You do stay till 3:45, don't you? Maybe I should tell them to never mind, we discussed it?"

I almost finish stuffing my papers back into my briefcase when Suzy points to the floor.

"Isn't that your stapler?"

"Yes. Yes, it is."

"Well, what do you think about me taking English next year as a correspondence course?"

"I think we should talk this over with your parents and guidance counselor."

"But they already know and I don't want to waste your time and they think it's a great idea."

"Let me think about it."

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow. Are we having seminar or lecture? I just really loved the lecture Wednesday."

"Lecture for the first half, then discussion." But I don't think about the lecture right away. I start worrying about myself. I feel a bit frayed. I almost wanted to strangle Suzy. Relax. It's not you. She was impolite, arrogant. A knocking at the door of my room. It's Suzy.

"Oh, I almost forgot. You know that lecture on Hamlet you gave?"

"Yes. I happen to remember it."

"Well, I was just looking over my notes and realized you forgot to give us the name of the guy who wrote about Hamlet's Oedipal complex."

"His name was Jones, Ernest Jones."

"Okay. That's what I needed. That's the only one my parents didn't know about."

"It's nice to see your parents are interested in your school work. So many today just don't seem to care."

"Oh, ya, well they both studied Hamlet in high school and college and their teachers always asked the same old question about the play. They told me they hope we talk about something new."

"We certainly will. I've got to correct some papers now."

"I gotta go anyway. Think about the other thing though."

"I will," I say as all 170 pounds of 5'-2" Suzy Quantimeyer walks out of the room. Oh, I surely will think about it.

During the night I dream about Suzy Quantimeyer, Princess of Denmark, and awaken when she tries to pour poison in my ear.

"You all right, hon?" my wife asks.

"Yes, dear, just getting some juice." I head downstairs to write a lecture for tomorrow's class. When it's finished, I sit back, happy beyond measure. Suzy will hate this. Good. But am I being too mean? I'll sleep on it. Maybe in the morning.

In the morning, sitting in my shorts and eating a muffin, I re-read those parts of my lecture designed with Miss Quantimeyer in mind:

"I've mentioned, class, several reasons for Hamlet's delay in exacting his revenge. But there's one more I'd like to talk about today. Most of the reasons presented so far have concerned themselves with the condition of Hamlet's mind. And certainly this procedure has merit. After all, Hamlet was perhaps the most intellectual of all Shakespeare's tragic figures. The problem is, many of the theories don't consider Hamlet's outward appearance. I propose (Should I look at Suzy here?) that Hamlet was slow to act because he was fat.

"In fact, the first time Hamlet is alone he says, 'O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew'! The repetition of the word 'too' clearly suggests a nascent preoccupation with his own obesity. (Do I look at Suzy now? Wait. Wait.) Later, distraught over his own weight problem, he says to Horatio--whom he hasn't seen in months--'We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.' Here Hamlet is rationalizing his plumpness, suggesting that he's only fat because there's a lot of drinking going on. His excuses continue when he sees Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He says to them: 'I have of late lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises.' (She's sure to know by now I'm talking to her.)

"Hamlet also exhibits an unconscious preoccupation with food. He seems to see the world in terms of food. To Horatio he says: 'The funeral baked-meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables'; to Guildenstern: 'I could be

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bounded in a nutshell.' In other conversations: 'you cannot feed capons so,' 'let the candied tongue lick,' 'even for an eggshell.' Food is constantly on his mind.

"The change in Hamlet's appearance is also noticed by the King: 'Hamlet's transformation: so call it, sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man resembles that it was.' Even the Queen talks about her 'too much changed son.' Hamlet himself asks: 'What is a man, if his chief good and market of his time be but to sleep and feed?' or 'to grunt and sweat under a weary life'? (Am I being too mean? Remember 'isn't that your stapler?' and 'my parents hope we can talk about something new.' No. I'm not being mean enough.)

"Moreover, Hamlet talks of the 'fatness of these pursy times.' When the king questions Hamlet as to the whereabouts of Polonius he replies that Polonius is 'not where he eats, but where 'a is eaten' and that we 'fat ourselves for maggots.' He repeatedly describes his world in terms of food and eating. He says to Laertes: 'Woo't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile? I'll do't.' Finally, (I look directly at Suzy) recall the Queen's own words regarding Hamlet: 'He's fat.'"

My wife says something about my being in a good mood this morning, asks if I want more coffee, then grabs my stomach with cold hands and asks: "What's this? You putting on a little weight?"

I shudder, shower, dress, tear up the lecture, then mosey off still smiling to my school.

Daniel Sharkovitz

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ISOLATION

I am thinking of Eliot Wigginton talking in the Barn about teacher isolation and the frustration of passing along a class to a teacher that doesn't care--at least not in the way I care. His words storm inside me and connect to the picture of Paula Hanner, the fourth grade teacher, standing in my classroom door.

She doesn't see me; I am on the floor in the corner conferencing with Alani. She is holding a manila file I recognize. It contains my kids' writing for publication in the weekly newspaper. Paula is the editor. "Well," she says to my class, "you're almost fourth graders. Do you have any questions?" Beth asks if they will have writing every day like in third grade. "Oh no, we have English," says Paula grandly. "And on Thursdays, we have Creative Writing." The hell you do, I think.

Her eyes find me in the corner. "Oh there you are," she glides over. "What are you doing on the floor? Alani," she gestures. "go get Miss Kloman a chair." I push against the wall to stand up.

"No," I touch Alani's shoulder, "I'm fine, Paula. Can I help you?" She turns from me without answering.

Myles, his fat poetry folder pressed against his chest, asks, "Mrs. Hanner, will we have poetry next year?"

"I'll teach you all about poetry and rhyming," she says and moves to stand in front of one of our bulletin boards. The kids had read William Carlos Williams poems and, copying his style, had written their own pieces. "I notice here," says Paula, scrutinizing the board, "that these are not traditional forms. And look here, this one doesn't have any capital letters!" I follow her finger pointing to Myles's piece. He has been on an e. e. cummings roll for three weeks now.

"Paula," I say, "we're in the middle--"

"I just came to tell you, Miss Kloman," said Paula, holding out the manila file, "that you will need to rewrite some of these interviews your class wrote. There is one that jumps around. I question the suitability of publishing it." It is Jason's. He spent two and a half weeks painstakingly transcribing two minutes of responses onto paper. He was so proud to finally have a finished piece to publish.

"Paula," I say, "I don't rewrite their work. The kids and I both consider those papers to be finished pieces."

She moves close to me, "Oh Alex, I don't mean to suggest that they rewrite them. You just touch them up, for the parents' sake." She winks and turns to leave. "By the way, because of the schedule change, you have recess duty today." I look out the window. It is drizzling.

I go to John, my department head, that afternoon. I am hot, tense, and angry. "I won't let my kids go to her next fall," I say, "I won't."

"Now Al, what's the problem?" He nods and consoles and talks about the future. "In two more years, she'll be gone," he says.

"But that doesn't help these kids next year," I say. "They've worked so hard! What's the purpose of my teaching them to think if she won't allow them?" I am shouting.

And John, like Wigginton, says that one good year can make a difference in a student's life. And I agree, but I still don't want to let them go.

Alexis Kloman

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IN SIERRA LEONE

The Peace Corps called the teachers in a training group BA generalists. Relating this term to the general feeling of ignorance which overwhelmed me on graduation day just weeks before, I felt I belonged. In 1966 hundreds of new graduates like us were being trained for a summer

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and then sent off to Colombia, Nepal, Togo, or, in my case, Sierra Leone, to teach, dig wells, make fish farms, or just find jobs that needed doing. Sons and daughters of middle America, we were keen to work out our own versions of Manifest Destiny and the white man's burden. We had the faith. The world could be changed and we could be the instruments of change. Our model was Martin Luther King, Jr. who led marches that hot summer in Chicago where we trained for Sierra Leone. Through the streets of Cicero we marched arm and arm, black and white, King at the forefront, and were spit on, jeered at, and labeled nigger lovers. It was wonderful. Not even finished with training and already the world was taking notice.

In the heat of the inner-city summer we smithed our teaching skills. I prepared to engage the eager black faces of Sierra Leone by teaching poetry to some of Chicago's tenth grade repeaters, black and Chicano, who viewed me as one of the minor irritations of summer, a kind of honky heatrash. They didn't want to be there. I wasn't very happy either. But Africa would be different.

Fortified by our enthusiasm, our idealism, our integrity, we stepped out of the plane at Freetown, Sierra Leone, and were overwhelmed by the hothouse atmosphere of tropical Africa. We took it, though, the first of many African surprises, like the plucky, Chicago-tempered volunteers we were. Dewey and Piaget in hand, we made our way into the interior of The Dark Continent.

I became the history department at the Government Teacher Training College in Magburaka. With twelve weeks of teaching experience myself, I was expected to train teachers, most of whom were older than I. Did they realize how ignorant, green, and frightened I was those first weeks? If so they didn't let on, all those friendly and kindly Mustaphas, Mohammeds, Abdullahs, Marys, and Josephines who were so happy that I had come from America to teach them.

For two years I taught them. I lectured on topics I knew little about, stayed a chapter ahead in the books, tried to comment intelligently on papers, and answered many questions about the outside world few of them would ever see.

Did I really teach them anything? Most passed the exams which enabled them to become certified teachers in bush schools for a small wage. But they did this on their own with the same determination which had won them places in school in a country where few ever attained secondary education.

By the standards I brought to Sierra Leone, those years of teaching were not successful. The world did not seem to change. An antiquated, colonial-style system of education continued to creak along in the same old way. My students had few prospects for a better life. Political corruption and violence were the order of the day in Sierra Leone. Martin Luther King, Jr. was dead.

"The best thing about Sierra Leone," said Kent, my housemate, "is leaving it."

I understood what he meant. I felt put-upon, used, abused, and run down. Mostly run down. Yet for all that I came away from Sierra Leone with a belief in the promise of education to enrich people's lives in ways not easily quantified or even identified. I had been taught the value of education by people who cherished it greatly, not just accepted it as their due or endured it as a trial.

So two years in Sierra Leone didn't change the world. They changed me. Some big changes start small.

Don Beyer

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JEFF

"Did," I said.

Sitting across from me at the picnic table on our back porch, Jeff pressed the extra soft pencil so hard on the pad that later I could read the impressions four sheets down. "D--I--," he wrote, and balked.

"What's the problem, Jeff?"

"I can't find it!"

"Can't find what?"

"The word--." He was agitated; I was bewildered.

"What do you mean? You can't find the word 'did'? Where is it that you can't find it?"

"It's like there's this box in my head full of words," Jeff explained. "Like a little kid's toybox, you know what I mean? It's all a big jumble. I have to poke around to try and find the word I want--and even when I find it, half the time it's broken."

Jeff was nineteen years old, a recent high school graduate, so bright and so hardworking that he had been passed along from grade to grade with warm praise for his obvious effort and no help for his obvious handicap. He was already a senior when I first knew him, a hockey star and an imposing campus figure. We had come to trust each other one winter morning when I found myself stranded by my car in the parking lot, unable to negotiate the icy walk to the front door. I'd begged his assistance as he made his sure-footed way to the building. "Some people can spell; some people can balance," I'd said to him on the way to the door. From that time on he had accepted my efforts to help him in English class.

I might have repeated the pattern of pass and praise except for Edgar Allan Poe. Jeff's classmates, all vocational ed students, were not perturbed by their failure to understand "The Fall of the House of Usher," but Jeff suddenly went crazy; he cursed, writhed in his seat,

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and tugged handfuls of his beautiful strawberry blond hair, crying, "I can't read the words!"

His classmates, who normally rose up like a flock of birds at the least disturbance, sat patiently through the outburst, heads averted. They all liked and respected Jeff. I must have looked aghast, because the boy sitting nearest me said quietly, "It's okay, Mrs. Wanner. Sometimes he just does this."

When Jeff's recommendation form from Vermont Technical College appeared on my desk a few days later, I tried to set the apparatus in motion to get him some remedial help over the summer, but there was none forthcoming. He was too good--he had never qualified for special ed, even though his tests showed characteristic patterns of learning disability. In the end I tutored him myself, borrowing materials illegally from the resource room.

"I can't do this," Jeff said that first day when he described to me the box of broken words. "I can't spell."

"Sure you can," I told him. "It makes sense; all you have to do is learn some rules."

Three weeks later, he said, "You know what? I can do this." His pad was filled with accurate spellings of the simplest kind: consonant-vowel-consonant, vowel-consonant-silent e. He was intoxicated with a rush of unaccustomed assurance, and that was all it took. I taught him so little: a few rules, some self-confidence, how to practice. He gulped down words at my picnic table like a beggar at a banquet.

Last spring, four years after his conditional acceptance, I read in the paper that Jeff graduated with honors from Vermont Technical College.

Susan Wanner

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DAIRY DREAM

I often dream of milkshakes. Big, thick ones. A milkshake, to be worthy of the name, must be thick--thick enough that the straw will stand up in it. Puny milkshakes insult both the genre and the palate; I expect milkshakes to be thick. Among my fondest remembrances of summers past at Bread Loaf were the big thick milkshakes that revived me when Henry James seemed least tangible and yellow meals had lost their novelty. I loved those milkshakes so much that I had one almost every day. Milkshakes weren't my only reason for returning to Bread Loaf this summer, but they were never far from my mind as I re-applied.

Imagine, if you can, the feelings of anticipation which gripped me as I arrived at The Inn, slipped the grip of the Green Ribbon Greeters, and hurried to the Barn for my first Bread Loaf milkshake of 1987.

"Hi! I'd like a chocolate milkshake, please," I greeted the new face behind the counter. "One of your thick ones."

"A double?" he asked, introducing unfamiliar terminology.

"Sure, why not! That sounds good, just so long as it's thick," I responded enthusiastically.

He proceeded to scoop some ice cream into the lovely stainless mixing cup, added chocolate syrup, then poured milk into the cup as it began its familiar whirring on the blending machine. My first sensation of unease came as he began to pour the shake into a little paper cup.

"Don't you have any of those big styrofoam cups?" I queried.

"There were some here, but I don't see them now," he responded.

Hmmm--that's odd, I thought, as he handed me the diminutive shake, which I looked at with growing horror--it was nothing but frothy brown milk! I was so taken aback that all I could do was mumble plaintively, "That's not very thick."

He took my dollar fifty without expression.

Sulking across the room, I wondered whether to lecture this untutored soda jerk on the art of milkshake making, then decided not to risk offending such an important personage on the first day of school. But when I overheard him explaining to his confederate how to make a shake, my dream of renewed Bread Loaf cornucopia began to fade.

Yesterday, after two weeks of discussing hermeneutics and the sociology of discourse, I felt ready to give the Barn's snack bar another chance. Having missed lunch while deconstructing ambiguities in Shakespeare's texts, I needed something solid to sink my teeth into. And perhaps the milkshake misunderstanding had been merely contextual, as if we were putting different glosses on the word "shake."

The second soda jerk was behind the counter, so I decided to take no chances: "I'd like a thick chocolate shake," I announced emphatically.

"You mean a double?" he asked.

"Double, triple, I don't care, just whatever it takes to make it thick. I don't mind paying extra to make sure it's thick."

As I nervously watched, he scooped several times into the ice cream carton, then added chocolate syrup and milk before giving it that familiar whirring. While waiting, I asked again about the large styrofoam cups.

He replied that the cups had indeed been around briefly, but "they" (an apparent reference to some unidentified authority figures) had banished the cups as likely to "cause trouble." He didn't elaborate on this cryptic revelation, which seemed to resonate with subtle overtones of neo-marxist ideology. His back to me, he poured the shake into a

little paper cup. Inserting a straw, he handed me the shake and said, "That'll be a dollar fifty."

I looked at the shake, and shook it, but the straw lying listlessly against the rim told the whole story. At wit's end, I resolved to speak to Paul Cubeta about this threat to Bread Loaf's reputation for excellence. Maybe he, if anyone, can make meaning of the unnamed theys who conspire to confound my grandest dreams.

Roger Smith

YEAST

Some names of authors and characters are changed in order to guard against injury.

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Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont 05753

NO COMMENT

One of my teachers keeps asking us to write about experiences related to teaching. My fellow students seem to do this with alacrity, but I can never think of anything to say. The other day the suggested topic was "memorable moments of learning in my classroom." I couldn't, for the life of me, think of a single one. Certainly not when anyone jumped up and shouted EUREKA! or EPIPHANY! or even GOT IT! Nor has any one of my students ever thanked me for teaching him anything memorable, although a few have occasionally said they enjoyed my class. Especially when we had class in the dining hall, or the day I brought my cat. I hope they weren't just being polite.

Billy Hornsby did thank me last year for introducing him to Kerouac's On The Road, but his parents didn't thank me when he dropped out of school and hitchhiked to California. Parents are like that. They often have very fixed ideas about what their children should learn. Like the parents who threatened to sue the school and get me fired for teaching The Scarlet Letter because it was about adultery. As if it were a "how to" book. They probably punished their daughter if she got any A's.

I'll never forget Larry Schmerz's parents. They almost taught me never to write anything complimentary on a student's paper. Or anything at all. They were convinced that Larry was a genius, and that he was going to get into Princeton on the strength of his writing. Apparently he won some sort of prize at his grammar school. Probably for enthusiasm, because Larry was the most naively enthusiastic student I've ever known. Poor Larry. He would work so hard, so cheerfully, that it made me want to cry. Every time he wrote an essay, he would get his ideas so bolluxed up, Sherlock Holmes could hardly have unraveled them. And if Larry didn't do well the first time (which was usually the case), he would cheerfully rewrite the paper, making it worse. Like the time he wrote about "Hamlet's sleep speech and his problem being that he never got enough sleep because he was always staying up looking for the ghost." And whenever I wrote something complimentary on one of Larry's papers, like "nice try," his parents would ask me why, if I liked the paper, did I only give it a "C"? "Don't you realize that you're keeping him out of Princeton?" they would ask menacingly. They seemed oblivious to objective criteria, like standardized test scores, or even Larry's papers themselves. Maybe they read only my comments. Parents are like that.

Larry eventually learned to write a competent essay, and got a "B" in my course. He also got into some very good colleges, about which he was quite cheerful. He even thanked me for making him memorize that soliloquy. But he didn't get into Princeton, so his mother wrote a long, rambling, vehemently incoherent (and not terribly complimentary) letter to my headmaster. Fortunately, he's a former English teacher himself, so he gave it a "C" and sent it back without comment.

Roger Smith

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DEATHLOG

As he stood with the others staring down at the small body of Mohammed, it occurred to him that he wasn't feeling enough. It was Josephine's son lying there on the hot stones and Josephine had spent most of the last hour screaming and flailing the water in grief so open and intense it frightened him. He knew Keith's attempt at resuscitation was futile. He knew that it was more for Keith than Mohammed. He knew too much.

. . .

"Di train fo Bo 'e no wan gree fo go. Di train fo Bo 'e no wan gree fo go. Di train fo Bo 'e tiah, 'cause 'e no get fiah. Di train fo Bo 'e no wan gree fo go."

In the morning cool, the Krio adaptation of "She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountain" had resounded joyously from Keith's red van as it rattled over the washboard road on the way to the Rokel River. The fourteen singing passengers, sandwiched between bundles of food and drink, felt like bonga fish heaped in baskets at the market. Other crowded cars followed to the picnic place at the river bend.

When Mohammed drowned, it must have been close to 100 degrees. He just disappeared. No one saw. Josephine's expression went from anger to concern to fear to horror. Something went out of her beautiful face that day which never returned.

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Mohammed's body was found after several hours. Men from a nearby village cut and peeled a section of log which approximated the weight and boyancy of a dead boy. They released the log in the slower water upstream and watched its progress as it slipped into the fast, deep currents of the river bend. The log, white like bleached bone, disappeared, bobbed to the surface, sank again, and reappeared yards downstream. It led them to the hidden place.

. . .

He finds it hard to remember the details that were Mohammed, but the whiteness of that log, a blinking light in the cold and dark of the river, will never go away.

Don Beyer

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REMEMBRANCE

I am afraid. Walking up the snowy steps, I reach out to grab my mother's hand tightly. This stone sentry rests on the high banks of the Mississippi, and I wonder which room is my father's among rows and rows of unblinking shaded windows. A steel gray door opens, pushing newly fallen snow to the side. We step in, my mother politely scraping snow from her boots. I squint at the fluorescent lighting, bright and sterile, in the hallway. I don't like this place.

My mother, a country woman in shapeless brown coat and red woolen scarf, looks out of place here. She shyly searches for the right hallway. Another hallway and then another steel door with a wire-meshed window. I run to catch up to my mother, my new dress-up shoes clicking hollowly on the inlaid tile.

"Mom," I insist, grabbing her coat sleeve. "Mom, this isn't the hospital," I announce, sure in my child's wisdom that a place like this could not help my father.

My mother's flushed cheeks, her bright eyes tell me otherwise.

"Yes, it is, Sue. People like Dad, who've had polio, come here to get well. Now, wait here. I'll be back soon with your dad. You'll hear us coming."

I gaze at the waiting room's institutional furniture. Drapes drawn. T.V. off. Silence. I dance around the table laden with outdated magazines, riffling through them with no intention to read. Choosing a chair, I plop down on the seat, easing myself up and back. Silence. I hum a little of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" and feel better, hearing my voice.

I think about the six weeks since I've seen Dad. Mom says he just about died. She says he's over the polio, but weaker. She says he can write again, and even walk again, using a cane in each hand. I'm proud of my dad. But I'm worried, too. Worried that he won't be the same and that I won't remember.

I push off the chair, my heels coming down hard on the floor. Tiptoeing to the window, I pull the heavy folds of the curtain back. Snow is falling again. Lights go on. Standing there, arms propped on the windowsill, I hum a little more, trying hard to remember everything about my father.

From down the hallway I hear voices intermingled with weighty silences. I hear tapping, persistent. As I turn from the curtain, I recognize my father's voice. Its deep familiarity enfolds me like a heavy quilt. I rush to the hallway; my shoes click faster and faster, making a small chorus with the tappings of my father's canes. Then silence. My heart pounds. Shyness overtakes me. I try so hard to hang onto something remembered, a song to hum, but the notes are stuck inside. Ahead, I see two mahogany canes quiver, once-calloused hands, now white and smooth, gripping the handles. A red shirt hangs from shrunken shoulders. I'm frightened. I don't know. I'm not sure. This man looks up from steadying his feet. I dare to look, and I see the face, smiling. My dad's face--loving me, remembering me.

Sue Gaustad

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CLEO

My parents gave me a goose when I was twelve. She was a Toulouse goose, white with darker patches on her neck and wings. I named her Cleo. For the first month she lived in a box in my room. She peeped frantically every time I was out of her sight, so I took to carrying her around in the crook of my arm. If I set her down she chased after me, bow-legged, wings outstretched, and tried to climb up my legs. She ate cracked corn, worms, and grass, and had a passion for dandelion leaves. When Cleo grew too big for my room, we moved her outside. Because of the raccoons who might attack a sleeping goose, she had to go into a cage at night. She hated it.

Putting her in the pen turned into an ordeal. I tried alternating times so she wouldn't suspect, but she always knew. I chased her from tree to tree, sometimes catching her by a wing, sometimes by a great, orange foot. We tried clipping her wings, which by now were five feet across. The chase just turned to a foot race. I finally learned to sit and wait, a pile of dandelion leaves in my lap. Her passion usually overcame her slyness, but not always. Sometimes she settled ten feet away, her dark eyes never leaving me. On those nights I'd give up. "Is the goose put away for the night?" my parents would ask.

"Yes," I would answer, knowing Cleo was on the porch and not in her pen. It was safe on the porch, I reasoned, just like her being in the pen. My brother told on

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me once, and I got a lecture about responsibilities and raccoons.

Cleo followed me everywhere. If I wanted to go alone, I had to sneak around the house through the hedges. She was smart, though. I'd be on the way to town, a half mile from the house, and hear her feet plattering down the road after me. I could usually send her back with a little yelling, but she'd make a soft, "Httt, httt," sound and I would feel awful.

Kids were always cutting through our yard to get to the field behind the house. Cleo lay in wait behind the whiskey barrel planted with petunias. She let them get just over the fence, then, neck outstretched and wings flapping, she flew after the intruders. She did the same thing to cars coming in the driveway. Friends sat and waited until one of us called her off. Once she bit a dog who had his head in our garbage can. The owners presented to my parents (and they, in turn, presented to me) the vet bill with a note attached saying our residential neighborhood was not zoned for farm animals.

One morning Mom yelled for me to come quick. I ran to the kitchen window. Mom pointed to the road and said, "Get that goose before you have another bill to pay." A jogger was sprinting down the road, elbows pumping and lips curled back--Cleo on his tail.

"He must have done something to her," I protested.

"Go!" Mom ordered. Cleo turned back as soon as I called her.

The only time she went anywhere alone was on hot summer days. Cleo would flop across the street to the private beach club (we did not belong) and tramp towels in a straight line to the water. Like an old lady, she'd float a bit, then walk home. Nobody complained.

When I sat in the hammock reading, Cleo sat on my stomach pecking at bugs and stretching her neck over the top of my book every so often to see if I was still there. She'd want to get down after a while and I would see her head just over the top of flowers as she paraded the perennial beds for bugs. She was always getting into places she wasn't allowed. Like my mother's garden. "Alex!" my father called up the stairs one afternoon, "Your mother says the goose has eaten all the squash blossoms. She says to tell you that you will be paying for all the squash we eat this summer." I was already paying for the snowpeas. I went out and yelled at Cleo and she scooted off under the porch. Then I felt guilty for hurting her feelings and she came out and rubbed her neck against my face.

The Halloween I was thirteen, my brother and I were on our way home from trick or treating. It was dark and freezing cold. I remember turning down our street and saying to my brother, "Look, it snowed!" His eyes followed my arm.

"Hey, but it's only on the Granner's lawn." We got closer and tried to figure out what the white stuff was. "That's not snow," he laughed, "somebody must have done it with shaving cream." Suddenly I ran. Mr. Granner stood on the lawn with a rake in his hand. Feathers were everywhere, swirling around as I moved to the mound by the fence. Cleo's neck was jagged and she had only a few feathers left.

"She was hit by a car," Mr. Granner said. He paused. "And then our dog got her and did this," he said, and waved his hand across the lawn. The dog was lying on the steps. "What was she doing out at night?"

My brother stared at me. "You didn't put her in the pen."

Alexis Kloman

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STEREOS

Every girl in the dorm had turned up her stereo so loud you could hear the music all the way to the smoking pit across the driveway. In Maryland there are blue laws that keep most businesses closed on Sundays. I liked that, since it meant at least a day's reprieve from driving kids to the mall. Besides, I have always held Sundays sacred, at least in terms of quiet. Since I was the resident on duty, my apartment door was open. I ventured into the hall and asked Maggie and Alex, whose stereo seemed loudest, please to turn down the volume. They did. A fraction. I shut my door, figuring if anyone really needed me or my popcorn popper, she could knock.

I sat on the bed in my studio apartment and opened my grade book across my knees. My back absorbed the shock of the bass from the adjoining room. Every brain cell jolted. My desk was cluttered with the ninth graders' Romeo and Juliet tests. I decided to try the floor. Waves of sound drummed on my head from the room above. I stood up, grabbed my lacrosse stick, and pounded on the ceiling. No relief. I shuffled some papers, then went again into the hall.

The dorm seemed deserted. Maggie and Alex had left their door open but were not in their room. I crept in, scanned the panel of controls for the volume switch, and slid it down. I knocked at Ann and Lisa's room and asked them to turn down their music also. Back in my apartment behind a closed door, I sat in the middle of the floor away from the walls and listened for quiet. None. Meg and Nancy, whose room faced mine, had arrived from the pit and turned up Bruce Springsteen. Normally I like Bruce Springsteen. This time I got up slowly. The blood was pounding in my ears louder than Bruce. Maggie and Alex were back, their door open.

"Can't you guys have a little consideration? I have three batches of papers to grade by tomorrow. Don't you have any work to do? I thought I could count on you to be more considerate."

Alex tucked her chin to her chest and pulled up her lower lip to stifle a smirk. Maggie looked up at me from the floor.

"We're only teenagers, Kim."

"And that's supposed to excuse everything? I thought you wanted to be treated like adults."

I slammed the door, went back to my apartment, slammed its door.

Baltimore was a trap. I had no place to call home but a converted dorm room the school dared to call an apartment. Hands shaking, I grabbed my wallet and car keys and pounded deliberately up the stairs to Julie's apartment. "I've had it. I'm going to Amy's in Severna Park. I don't know when I'm coming back. You'll have to be on duty tonight."

Amy, a history teacher, was also grading papers. I hadn't warned her I was coming, but she didn't live in a dorm full of teenage girls.

In the car on the way home, I knew the girls hadn't done anything wrong. There were no blue laws about the use of stereos on Sunday afternoons. Quiet hours didn't begin until seven. They were just blowing off steam before settling down to homework. But I resented Maggie's remark about teenagers. Who the hell did they think they were anyway?

I got back to school by six but didn't go to dinner. The dorm was quiet. All the doors on the hall were shut. Someone was typing a paper in the Commons Room. I sat on my bed, overwhelmed by the tense silence. I apologized to Maggie and Alex that evening after dinner. I didn't like having to admit that I had been out of line, but they were teenagers, and I was the adult. They promised they'd keep their stereos under control. They didn't, but I kept my temper.

Kim Pope

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INTERVIEWS

College-bound kids have lots of preconceived ideas about interviews, so they often leave my office disappointed. They march in with a lot of rehearsed speeches. But I do not want to know why they're ranked second instead of first in their class; I'd rather not hear their entire Eurail itineraries, and I am most bored by long-winded accounts of the lost election for senior class president.

I once interviewed a boy from New Jersey who had already written the script of our interview and was frustrated by my insistence on improvisation. On the way up from the waiting room to my office, we'd started a discussion about funding for AIDS research. Ten minutes later, he began to squirm. Finally, he blurted out, "This is all very interesting, but don't you think we should start the interview now?"

I told him it was okay by me, so he began his rehearsed speech (complete with hand gestures he'd practiced in front of a mirror) about how although he'd been raised Jewish, he had become an atheist and later an agnostic. All by the age of sixteen. I wondered if his conversions followed the syllabus of his philosophy course, but I thought it would be rude to ask. At least he didn't start in on Ayn Rand.

I've interviewed students who were so nervous they couldn't remember what their extra-curricular activities were. A boy once told me that he was reading The Iliad for his Latin class. I never know how to handle those situations.

"Who's your favorite author?"

"Hemingway."

"Which of his books do you like best?"

"The Great Gatsby."

One girl told me her favorite book was Linda Goodman's Love Signs. The scary part was that she knew right away that I was a Leo.

At the end of an interview with a boy from Ohio, I asked if he had any questions.

"Yes," he said. "Aren't you going to ask me the interview question?"

"What question is that?"

"You know, the one that all college interviewers ask."

"Fill me in," I said. "What question am I supposed to be asking?"

"If you could be any vegetable, what would you be?"

I looked at the boy incredulously. "Did you prepare an answer to that question?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well then, if you could be any vegetable, what would you be?"

"Broccoli," he said proudly.

"Why broccoli?" I had to ask.

"Because if I were broccoli, I'd always be branching out in new directions."

It is the prospect of such encounters that keeps me walking down the stairs to the waiting room to call out another name.

Louise Burnham

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VIOLET

We didn't want a slave, but she came with the house. Her name was Violet, yet she was gleaming blue-black from pure millennia under the African sun. She wasn't really a slave, either. We were instructed to pay her twenty-one cents a day and all the corn meal she could eat in return for doing all the housework and minding the baby from dawn to dusk.

We couldn't pay her American wages. The American astronomer who preceded my

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husband at Boyden Observatory had done that for the not-slave who preceded Violet, and much to the annoyance of the observatory personnel she had retired at his departure, having earned several lifetimes' worth of wages. Instead we paid her American dinners. For every serving of food we purchased for ourselves, we purchased one for her. She always took the food away with her at the end of the day, and we learned later that she shared the wealth with her large extended family. The 50-pound bag of mealies in the corner of the kitchen remained untouched the whole eight months we were there.

We didn't want her, but it was quickly obvious that we couldn't get along without her. In South Africa, all household conveniences come only in black. No vacuum cleaners--Violet polished the beautiful wooden floors on her hands and knees with a fragrant rag. No dishwashing machine--Violet washed the plates and pots in an old tippy eroded basin with a skin-dissolving mixture of gritty Omoo detergent and scalding water direct from the gas-flame heater. No disposable diapers, no washer or drier--she scrubbed the baby's gauze nappies in the same fierce brew against a rough, water-bleached old board in the bathtub and hung them over the wire fence to dry. She did these things on her own. We had no language in common except a few words of Afrikaans, a language which for political reasons both of us despised. Occasionally Violet made a suggestion: "Was die doeke?" she would ask, holding forth a dirty diaper to make her meaning clear, and I would agree: "Ja, was die doeke." I couldn't tell her what to do. Every morning the soft, distinctive sound of her bare feet on the dusty path to the back door made me feel physically sick.

The baby adored her. She taught him to roll an orange around on the floor and chase after it--an excellent game for a child just old enough to crawl, with elements of tag, catch, and even hide-and-seek, when the orange chanced to roll behind a chair. They laughed together, the white baby in his little overalls and the black girl in her neat beret and loose ankle-length dress. When the orange was nicely pulverized inside, Violet poked a hole through the skin and showed him how to squeeze the juice into his mouth. She sang to him, the rhythms and melodies strange and lovely to our ears. Now we hear singing like it on the TV news when South Africa isn't under a total communications blackout. The baby's pre-language vocabulary picked up phonemes that we couldn't imitate when we tried.

Violet's father was Pete, the observatory's chief gardener. He was a bent, gentle ole man who had acres of impeccable lawns, gardens, and orchards and a crew of twenty workers under his supervision. He was fluent in three languages --Bantu, English, and Afrikaans--and competent in German, the language of the observatory director. "Young Baas," he called my husband.

"Don't call me boss. I'm not your boss. Call me Jim."

But Pete couldn't do that, nor would he let Jim call him "Mister." The only name he had in the white world was Pete.

What little we knew of Violet's life we learned from Pete. She liked working for us, he said, especially because she liked the baby--she had one of her own the same age. Her mother, Pete's wife, cared for Violet's baby during the day. And Violet's husband? He was working the gold mines in Johannesburg. One day Pete thanked us for the bottles. Jim and I were fond of the fruity South African wine and treated ourselves to a bottle every week. The first time we threw an empty bottle away, Violet fished it out of the trash and asked us with gestures if she might have it; after that she had taken them all. Our pleasure, we told Pete, and, er, why did she want them? A little surprised at our ignorance, he explained that bottles were very precious on the reservation, where there was one faucet to serve the households of all the observatory workers.

We went to see the reservation. We were not allowed inside. There wasn't much to see: about thirty mud shacks with tin roofs that sent up wavering lines of heat, the large rusty faucet circled about with rich mud, neat stacks of dried dung and sticks for fuel, several chickens, several naked babies playing in the dust. We wondered which of them was Violet's.

Susan Wanner

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TAKING THE PLEDGE

The principal pulled open the door to my first period classroom, coughed to get my attention, and curled his finger in a motion that called me outside. I stepped into the corridor. Ray stood in the center of the hallway, feet wide apart, rocking back and forth like a small child waiting to be let outside.

"No matter what you are doing--I don't care how busy you are--whenever you hear the pledge of allegiance come over the loudspeaker, you are to stop what you are doing and lead the class in recitation. Do you understand?"

"What the hell are you talking about, Ray? What pledge and what loudspeaker? The damn thing's been broken since the first day of school."

"I don't want any excuses. I've had enough complaints about you already. If you don't do the pledge when everyone else does, you'll be gone by the end of the week. That's it, I won't argue. Discussion closed."

The dressing down didn't bother me. Ray was always screaming at somebody; I

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I thought it was just my turn. But as the morning classes went on, I began to work up a good anger. By lunch I was hot. I knocked on his office door.

"You got a minute, Ray?"

"Not really. What do you want?"

"I want to know about this morning. What was all that stuff about the pledge?"

Ray leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. He looked like Sidney Greenstreet. "Well, Mr. Bogardus, when you were at the Kiwanis New Teacher dinner last week, one of the members of the community was watching you as the group was singing 'America the Beautiful'. I was told you weren't singing."

I barely remembered the obligatory dinner to which all new teachers in the district were invited. All I could recall was a bunch of men in three piece suits, drinking, eating, telling dirty jokes, and doing the pledge of allegiance. I couldn't remember singing or not singing.

"I've got a rotten singing voice. But what does that have to do with this morning?"

"After I received the complaint, I asked Jack Ray, the guidance counselor, to keep an eye on you. He told me that while the pledge was being recited this morning, you were at your desk talking to students."

"That's probably true," I replied. "The speaker in my room has never worked. How am I supposed to know that I should be reciting the pledge when I can't hear it?"

"You could have opened your door and recited with the class across the hall. And that's the end of the discussion. Tomorrow morning, you better have your hand across your heart at 8:05 sharp, or you're gone."

At 8:05 the next morning, I announced that we would begin class with the pledge of allegiance. As the kids stood up, I took a sidelong glance at my classroom door. Leaning against the locker on the opposite side of the corridor stood the principal. I put my hand to my heart and began the recitation; the kids joined in.

I did that every morning. The principal appeared a couple more times to watch. After two weeks, Ray quit watching and I quit doing the pledge. The kids didn't seem to mind, so I haven't done it since.

Deane Bogardus

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JA TOYA

Ja Toya was a magnet for my attention. For forty hours I observed her behavior with her regular classroom teacher. In an effort to establish Standard English as the language of his classroom, her affable, ineffectual teacher would speechify about Standard versus non-Standard English whenever the mood hit him. One day one of the boys said, "I ain't got no paper." The teacher asked him the difference between Standard and non-Standard English. Ja Toya piped up: "Standard English the wrong way to talk; non-Standard be the right way." She flashed a toothy smile which struck me as malevolence incarnate. I had to laugh, because she had neatly set the teacher's scheme on its ear; but her response showed me that her impulses toward school were purely anarchic. She turned her ruthless intelligence toward disrupting the class at every turn: what teacher wants, Ja Toya won't give. I identified with her poor teacher, laboring in the face of her monumental resistance. Soon it would be my turn.

On the day I was to teach my two-hour creative writing lesson, Ja Toya arrived late as usual in her customary garb: walkman with headphones under a pair of grubby white ear muffs. In the six weeks I observed the class, Ja Toya never removed those headphones or those earmuffs, and I never got the courage to ask her why. Sensing I would get blasted with a gust of her rage if I asked her about it, I decided to swallow my curiosity and reserve confrontations for important matters. At least she turned the walkman off, no doubt a major concession to classroom etiquette.

During my memory writing workshop, Ja Toya's unique voice came through in her essay. She focused on three ideas. The first was how imprisoned she feels when her teacher sits behind her (which he happened to be doing at the time). The second was inspired by Bobbi, the soft, lumbering girl with a speech impediment who was the habitual recipient of Ja Toya's hostility. Though this section of her essay began with a derogatory reference to Bobbi, the bow in Bobbi's hair reminded Ja Toya of Christmas, and the rest of that paragraph was a rhapsody on Christmas. But soon Ja Toya fell out of the spirit of the assignment, stopped writing and began tormenting not only Bobbi, but the boy in front of her. I walked over to monitor her work.

"Ja Toya, are you stuck?" I asked. Silence. Ja Toya flicked at the bow in Bobbi's hair with a stab of her pencil. "What you've done so far is really good. Is there anything else in the room that makes you remember something you could write about?"

"Bobbi gonna get her butt kick, she keep messin' wi' me."

"Ja Toya, I don't mind if you don't have anything else to write about, but William hasn't written anything at all and Jerri is trying to write and it bothers me that you won't let them write."

Ja Toya half closed her heavy-lidden eyes, grinned, picked up her pencil, an began to write as I looked on:

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"A teacher in my English class think she own me. But she don't she just want to. She a cone head to that's a cartoon on Saturday."

I praised Ja Toya for writing. Inwardly I was seething, not so much because she called me a conehead, which I actually thought was funny, but because her writing showed me that destructive impulse again. In the second assignment, instead of choosing to focus on the memories of Christmas, Ja Toya chose to tell the story of how she and her sister were going to beat up Jerri after school, and how Jerri was going to "feel pain serious pain." When she wasn't writing during this twenty minute period, which was often, she was baiting Jerri like a trained bear. My reaction was to ignore Ja Toya and focus on other students in the class. But the questions still haunted me: "Why does she even bother coming to school if she hates it so much? Why does she have to destroy every plan that I come up with? Why should I have to teach kids who are so hostile to learning?"

Amanda Malkovich

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SCREAM

I do not know how to scream. Even when a well-timed expletive would save my self-respect, the words just don't form.

Two men walk toward me. It's late and dark and I'm alone on an empty sidewalk. I straighten my shoulders. The two men are laughing and as they pass, one reaches a hand out to find my thighs.

As the hand withdraws and the two men keep walking, I seethe, silently. I imagine screaming, "Fuck you!" but the voice in my head sounds high, weak, shrill. They would mock me--or worse, turn around.

I remember paralysis in a Paris subway car packed to capacity. The man behind me pressed up against me and evidently enjoyed the proximity. I could not move. Caught between the man and the subway pole, surrounded by bodies jammed against one another, I stood silently wondering if I screamed, should I scream in French?

Composure. Don't react. I am conditioned to internalize the violation. And I do.

Louise Burnham

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ON MY KNEES

Poor kinky-haired Craig. Now I know how he felt. For nine long months I tortured him--not deliberately; English teachers unwittingly create special kinds of horrors for their students and actually continue to smile. Craig Anderson, on the other hand, didn't even pretend to smile, and now I know why. I mean, how much can you say about the herbs in The Scarlet Letter? And who cares about what the letter A stands for on a symbolic level? And who can understand the structural symmetry of the three scaffold scenes? Not Craig Anderson and not twenty-seven of the rest of my students. But some of them played the game better than Craig could. Craig couldn't relate to a woman whom nobody liked just because she had a baby when she wasn't married. Craig was worried about who lighted his hair on fire at the weekend's party at the pits and why he couldn't seem to find a girlfriend. He would worry about a woman having a baby after he found a girl and started a serious relationship--not before. Besides, his car didn't run and he couldn't play basketball well enough to get on the team. Nathaniel Hawthorne and his psychological musings were somehow irrelevant.

But that didn't matter to me. Hey, nothing was going to stand in the way of my bringing the time-revered canons of literature to twenty-eight backwoods Winnemuccans who needed to analyze The Scarlet Letter. And so we trudged ahead through sneers, sighs, and yawns. And we had fun, too! Don't you dare tell me we didn't.

The grand finale was the dreaded essay test. I looked forward to test days with gleeful anticipation. I delighted in the silent class, pens and pencils diligently scratching against the paper, hands running themselves through tousled hair, vacant stares at the ceiling, furrowed brows. I got this feeling that the race was run; I had pounded across the finish line, sweating and panting, and now the awards were to be given out, and I was going to be right there in front to get my award. No?

No. Here's what I came to understand was really happening. This is what I asked:

"Answer each of the five questions in a half-page paragraph. Make sure that you use examples from the book to support your answer. Make sure that the paragraph is cohesive. And don't forget to do all of these processes in fifty minutes."

This is what Craig Anderson heard:

"Answer these absolutely stupid questions that I don't give a shit about and that no one except an English teacher would waste any time with. Try to tell the old bat what she wants to hear, even though I can't begin to do that--hell, she's taught this book forever, and there's nothing I can say that she hasn't already heard, and heard better than I can say it. Gabica'll be grading this about five weekends from now when she can tear herself away from those stupid dogs of hers, and she'll be in a foul mood. Mine will be the one that she saves for last because she hates me, she hates what I write, and she'll be so tired that she'll take it out on my five lousy answers."

I finally realized the meaning of Kevin's frown when I came to Bread Loaf and was given my first paper assignment. It all became very clear to me—the animal intimidation, the abject fear, the utter hopelessness—who really did give a shit, I found myself asking. Well, I did, and so did Kevin, but we couldn't care too much because the cards were stacked against us and we knew we weren't going to win. We had to count on the teachers' benevolent instincts or whatever Christian grace they relied upon in order to grade papers.

Kevin's essay answers were never long enough for me, and I grew frustrated with his lack of improvement. His critical insights were superficial at best; he never had much to say. Today his grin/sneer flashed in front of my eyes as I was talking with my professor, my throat dry and my tongue twisting in paroxysms of anxiety, too paralyzed to say anything intelligent. I searched his face for a clue that would say he liked me, he liked what I thought even if I couldn't say much. I understand, Kevin! Hey, I'm changing my ways, I promise! Give me another chance—please? How about if I grovel?

Julie Gabica

DARIUS

He swaggered into my room, slapped down his books, and stared at me. I stuck a grade on the last of my essays and looked up.

"What's up?" I asked.

"I'd like to talk to you." He leaned against one of the wooden desks and crossed his arms.

"You're Darius, right?" I put down my pen and looked at him. He jammed his hands in the pockets of his chinos and nodded his head. "What's on your mind?"

"I want to talk about the way things are done around here." He watched my face for a reaction.

"How's that?" I leaned back in my chair and returned his stare.

"There's a pecking order in this school," he said matter-of-factly. "Some kids get B's, some C's, and..." he paused and snickered, "some get F's." He stopped to wipe some imaginary filth off his polo shirt. "I get A's. That's the way it is." He crossed his white Reeboks, picked up my attendance book and started riffling through it.

"I see. Is this stated somewhere in the student handbook? I guess I missed it." I plucked the book out of his hands and dropped it back on my desk.

"No," he said casually, eyeing the grades on the essays. "You're new around here, and I wanted to straighten things out."

"Well, I appreciate the information." I gathered up the essays and put them in my folder. "If I need some pointers on how to grade the kids in your class, I'll take a look at your handy list."

"Aren't those the essays we wrote in class today?" He strained his neck to catch a final glimpse and gave me a suspicious look. "How did Sonja get a B?"

"I'm not in the habit of discussing students' grades with other students. I'll be passing these back tomorrow. And frankly, Darius, everyone's on equal footing in my class. I don't buy the automatic A theory. If you're an A student, great. You must be proud of your work. As for the other kids, you let me worry about them." I forced a smile and stuck the folder in my backpack.

Darius's blue eyes flashed a challenge as he picked up his disheveled notebooks and headed for the door.

"Thanks for coming in to see me," I called as I watched his blonde head round the corner and disappear. I immediately pulled my folder out and searched through the pile of graded essays. I pulled out the paper that had Darius Brooks written neatly in the upper right-hand corner and flipped to the last page. My hastily penciled B looked big and brash next to Darius's small, precise handwriting.

"Great start," I thought, as I snapped the folder shut and watched it fall to the desk.

Kate Overbeck

FALLEN ANGEL

"Good evening, ladies. This woman thinks I am acting obnoxious. I appeal to you to be the judges: do I look like an obnoxious man?" Susan and I looked up from our conversation at the bar to see a middle-aged man in histrionic pose. He continued, "Let me quote from <u>Hamlet</u> and then I promise I won't play Yorick for the rest of—"

His female companion interrupted him. "Wasn't I your high school English teacher?" she asked me.

"No, but I am a teacher myself."

"Yeah? Where?"

"At Pelham Prep."

The woman laughed. "Oh boy—Bob's daughter goes to Pelham. Do you know his daughter? Ellen McDouglass?"

"Yes! In fact I have her for English," I answered.

"Are you serious? How is El doing?" Bo asked. "I haven't seen her since November. So shit, you teach El—so how's El doing?"

"Well, she's a <u>bright</u> girl," I said diplomatically, not wanting to get into discussion with Ellen's drunken father about the problems I was having with her

"You're damn right she is; she's got the best goddamn fucking genes on the South Shore. But, you see, Ellen got caught in the cross-fire of a mommy and daddy who loved each other very much but

who also hated each other. Ellen's mother and I are divorced now--it was a bitter divorce but that's because we loved each other so much. You see, love and hate are inextricably linked and hate can be as passionate as love and when my wife and I divorced, we divorced with a hatred that was love."

Why do drunken men feel compelled to reveal their deepest sorrows to me? I am tired of being their Nick Carraway, I thought.

Bob's friend started to confide her story as well. "I'm divorced too, but I'm still good friends with my husband. It really was a much easier divorce--"

"That's because your husband is the biggest flaming asshole that ever existed, Kate. Anybody who'd run this town would have to be an asshole. Really, he's quite incompetent. That's why he's running this town," Bob interjected. Then he turned to me, "So anyway, how's my El doing? You know, I adore that kid. So, how is she doing?"

Perhaps it was a mistake, but I decided to tell him the truth. "Well, she does seem to be experiencing some sort of inner conflict--"

"As I said, she got caught in the crossfire of--"

The inebriated man to our right interrupted this time. "Oh, shit! Jesus Christ, shut up! What do you know about crossfire? I know 'cus I've been in the middle of it."

"I do not dispute you, sir," Bob retorted. "You do, indeed, look like you have been in the middle--"

"I'm talking about 'Nam and Korea. I'm talking about young boys flinging themselves onto a grenade to protect the rest of us. I'm the best fucking Marine there ever was."

"I know, my man. I was there, too; Korea, that is--"

"Shit, I'm talking about <u>me</u>, " the veteran said.

"I know. That's right. And I'm talking about me. I was there in Korea and this country is the best goddamn fucking country in the world. None better. I support you in that. And God bless all the marines who even today are doing their job to make this the best fucking place to live." He waved his glass in a wide gesture.

They argued until the bartender yelled out that it was time to close. I looked around and realized that while Susan and I had become the reluctant audience of a strange performance, everyone else in the bar had left. The veteran lay slumped over his wooden battlefield in a sticky pool of beer.

Susan and I got up to leave. Bob grabbed our arms, told us to stay, and started arguing with the female bartender. "Our glasses are empty, bartender. They need to be filled up."

"Sorry, it's against the law. It's time to close up."

"Hey, bartender," he said, taunting her. "Do you know why blonde-haired, tanned, preppy bartenders have flat chests?"

She ignored him and he repeated the question. Still no response. "It's because the alligator bites their boobs off," he boomed.

Disgusted, we tried to leave again, but Bob stopped me. "Don't go yet. I want to know how El is doing. You know, I love that kid. But damn it, there's no reason that kid should be getting D's. I want you to light a firecracker up her ass. You know?"

I didn't want to know. He continued. I heard things in snatches as I tried to resist his pleas: "Mother...beautiful... head of...president of...pretty...intelligent....Dad ain't so bad either...dead sister...caught between crossfire...divorce...dead child...." I had no answers for him when he asked, "But will you tell her I love her? Tell her you met her father and that he adores her. Will you do that?"

Outside the bar, they both insisted that we come back to Bob's place for a nightcap. Though I felt very awkward about going, I didn't know how to refuse politely. That is probably why people confide in me.

During the car ride to Bob's apartment, we introduced each other more fully. "Which O'Connor?" Bob demanded.

"The O'Connors from County Cork, Ireland!"

My answer satisfied him. "The McDouglasses are from there, too. You know, Ellen has good genes. That's Ellen <u>McDouglass</u> of Tobin Bridge. Her great-grandfather was dean of Harvard Business School. It's all Harvard, Princeton, Yale. You know? You know that, don't you? Damn it, Ellen is not your ordinary kid. She's unique. She's like her father."

During the rest of the car ride, Kate pointed out where all her friends lived and Bob tooted the horn. Toot, toot: "Good night, Sharon." Toot, toot: "Good night, Mary." Toot, toot: "That one is for God." I felt I was living <u>The Great Gatsby</u>. which I had just taught to Ellen's sophomore English class.

When we entered Bob's apartment, Kate said, "Isn't it adorable. He made the curtains himself." Didn't Daisy say that in the novel?

"So what can I get you to drink: Scotch, whiskey, wine--?" A glass dropped and shattered. Bob got himself and Kate a drink and then came into the living room. "You know, Ellen's mother is beautiful. But she needs a hysterectomy, and I want to be the one to give it to her--and without Novocain."

I couldn't keep quiet any longer. "That's an awful thing to say."

He just laughed and changed the subject to sailing. Since my brother-in-law is a boat designer, I asked Bob if he knew of him.

"Who is his father?" he asked.

"Oh, that's irrelevant," I said boldly.

Angry, he mocked me, "God, what an awful thing to say. Of course it's relevant. A father is always relevant. Hey, tell me about El--how is she doing?"

Kate added, "She's a sensitive girl. I feel I know her fairly well; she was my housekeeper this summer. I paid her six dollars an hour. I probably paid her too much."

I tried mentally to calculate my hourly wage while Bob continued, "You see, Ellen is like her father. She's a stubborn Irishwoman. But she's got to come to me; I won't go to her. And she knows that. You see, she can manipulate her mother; her mother is completely malleable in Ellen's hands. But she knows I'm firm as a rock; I won't budge and she knows it. And she knows I love her, too." He paused. "Hey, does Ellen fight back?"

"Well," I hesitated. "She's a fifteen, all right--definitely a fighter."

"Yes, but does she fight back?"

"Sometimes I think she fights back too much."

"Fuck you," he said--and smiled. "But that's good." And then he asked, abruptly, "Do you want to hear a thirty second version of a divorce?" Before I could say no, he began: "Well, you see. You take a lovely family with three nice girls, a three-hundred-thousand-dollar house and a father who is an Olympic sailor and in two and a half minutes the whole dream shatters. You see, Ellen's mother had taken her older sister, Leslie, to go shopping, and left me with Ellen and two-year-old Colleen. I was supposed to be watching both of them. Ellen was at the other end of the house and I was paying too much attention to my beautiful boat in the yard--admiring it. And Colleen fell in the pool and drowned. But they took the dead child and brought her back to life--just like they did with that kid in Chicago. She was dead for thirty minutes and they brought her back to life. And I was supposed to be watching but I was paying too much attention to my boat. So Colleen is a vegetable. She is twelve years old and she wears diapers. I just got back from her evaluation. Her mother is in Barbados but I went to Colleen's evaluation. She's a vegetable. But she's happy and she has a beautiful smile and I adore her. She's dead but happy. But Ellen is the middle child and her body was ripped wide open by the barbed wire of her parents' divorce. But she chose her mother; she hates her mother but she chose to live with her mother instead of with me. She made her choice and she rejected her father. And she has to live with that choice. I won't budge. She has to come to me. I'm not going to her. Things are so easy with Leslie, but Ellen--she's like me. She's tough. She won't budge. And neither will I."

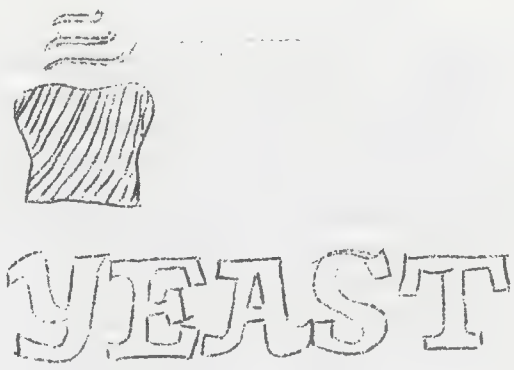
"That's more than thirty seconds," Kate said.

"Hey, come here," Bob said, addressing me. "I want to show you something." He led me into a bedroom. "I want you to know that Ellen's father is a strong man. This is Leslie's bedroom. She decorated it herself and look what she chose as important: my gold medal. She put my gold medal on the wall." Then he smashed his hand hard against the wall. "I'm tough and Ellen knows it. You be tough with her too. She needs toughness. Damn it; she's bright and D's aren't acceptable. This is her last year at Pelham. It's difficult for you, isn't it? You don't understand tradition. Hey, tell Ellen you met her dad in a bar and he's the biggest, fucking arrogant prick you ever met. Will you? And tell her that I love her--that I adore her. Emphasize the adore."

"You have to tell her that; I can't do that for you."

"But I won't go to her. I have an iron will and Ellen knows it. Ellen knows I love her but she's got to prove herself to me. D's are just not acceptable from a McDouglass. This is her last year at Pelham and then she's out." He paused, lifted his glass, a fallen angel seeking solace in warm, tear-fed fluids. "Hey, just light a firecracker up her ass. And tell her I love her."

Sarah Andrews O'Connor



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WRITER'S CRAMP

I sat by a window on the second floor of Davison, looking purposefully but not meaningfully into Elizabeth Bishop:The Complete Poems. I was trying to write. From below, I heard a soft voice of the Old South:

"Ah wrote en wrote last night. Ah thought it was gooood. Jus' look at all this! Ah read it this mornin' and it was all shiiit."

The conversation moved beyond my hearing. The cultivated voice had stirred within me a strong feeling of kinship. I, too, knew the pain of reevaluation which came with the cold hard light of the summer morning and was seized by an impulse to throw my Yankee arms around this Southern belle to offer comfort. The mood passed.

Casting about for something to excuse my lack of concentration, I went to the bathroom. Where the Reader's Digest ought to have been on a small table near the toilet lay a copy of War And Peace. Hello, I thought, is that unusual? Then I became worried. Could this be a test or one of those literary surveys for someone's thesis? Would I be the butt of some devastating pun in tomorrow's CRUMB? I dropped the volume on the table with a noisy thud before exiting. The main room was empty, so I didn't have to say "Oh that Tolstoy!" or anything literary like that.

Elizabeth Bishop was still being difficult. I began a postcard to Al, a professional writer, who was interested in Bread Loaf and my progress. The idea of the postcard was appealing. Short, and requiring no footnotes, it would not be sent back with a grade. But I couldn't do it. The words wouldn't fit. I considered and discarded: fun, hard work, stimulation, joy, passion, angst, misery, terror, "Sturm und Drang," fear, and loathing. It was postcard block. Another week at Bread Loaf and I wouldn't be able to recite the alphabet.

That evening, I tried to explain all this to my wife. She really does understand me and listens closely when I talk about my feelings--the anxiety about papers, the fear of failure, the constant pressure. But understanding is not sympathy. Her reaction is to nod and put on a tight little smile as if to say, "Okay. Now get on with it, Bucko." So I get on with it.

Don Beyer

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WAKE UP SLOWLY

In the dawn-grey room I kneel by your head.

"Mo," I call softly.

I look at your dark hair, sticking up in clumps, your face invisible. You embrace the pillow fiercely. I reach over and lay my hand on your shoulder. The flannel of your nightgown cushions my fingers. Your shoulder feels soft, as though it has no bone.

"Mo."

You breathe in deeply and turn your head away, still asleep. I notice that your blanket and sheet are pressed against the wall, twisted into rope. You lie on your stomach, your legs bent to the side, straining your hips. One foot hooks around the other, drawing whatever warmth it can for both legs by locking them together. I know you are cold. I know also that you will not move to spread the covers over you.

"Mo. It's time to get up."

Suddenly, as if my words touch a nerve, you wrench yourself upwards with one powerful jerk, saying, "Oh!" You do it so quickly, with such intensity that in retracting my hand, I hit my chin. No smooth transition. No lazy drifting over the barrier. Just wham. You smash into the awake world. It is as if you'd forgotten to do something urgent, so, in a panic, you rip yourself out of sleep, push up from the bed, jolting every part of your body and brain. I expect you to wake that way--you do it the same way every morning--but it always frightens me. I imagine a tear in your heart getting bigger with each yank. I watch you stare blankly ahead, your arms supporting you, your body rigid.

I want to stop it from happening. I want to enter your brain ahead of time to warn you to go slowly. I want to pull you down, press you into the bed and hold you there until you swear to me that you will never, never, never wake up that way again.

Joanna Sharf

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PLAIN TALK

Evan Thorst is a sagebrush-flavored Renaissance man in Levis, Tony Lama boots, and a big Resistol cowboy hat. Lately, he's been an industrial arts teacher and coach, but his past livelihoods include sheep herder, actor, carpenter, technical stage manager, university instructor, professional rodeo rider, livestock wrangler, and rancher.

"Evan," I asked, soon after I had met him, "which of those things did you like the best?"

"Rodeoin', for sure," he drawls with a southern Utah dialect, "nuthin' beats bull ridin' for the manufacture of adrenalin."

"Why did you quit?"

"Sum-bitch bull named Tequila Sunrise broke my back. Doctor said to give up things like horses, bulls, and bar stools . . . anything I might fall off of. What really ticked me about the whole deal was that two of those spinal disks fused, and I lost the half-inch I always had on my baby brother." Remembering that wild ride when a half-ton Brahma bull put a hoof in his lower vertebrae, he smiles. That's Evan. No bitterness. Just the memory of a moment when he should have rolled the other way.

We're visiting him and his wife, Shirley, at their home in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains near Oracle, Arizona. We play croquet to sharpen our short game golf skills. Evan aims over his fine long nose. Clack! He strikes me out from twenty feet. Even in our small talk around the croquet course, Evan fascinates me with his sincerity and rich, homegrown eloquence. We talk about mountains, pitching wedges, birds, books, beach combing, skiing, scotch, national parks, barbeques, U-joints, and Shirley's fondness for semi-wild kittens with bobbed tails.

"Ya know, Tom," Evan says, "I'm gonna put in a real croquet course up here. Like a putting green. I'll rent me a dozer, level off that bank, and sod it in. Have to put in a sprinkler, but that's easy enough." He's serious. "First professional croquet course in Pinal County. Hell, first real croquet course in all of goddamn Arizona, don't you reckon?"

Evan tells me about his students.

"If that little Ray Jonston breaks one more tool in my woodshop, I'm gonna grease him up and flush the little pecker-head!"

And then he shares his code of ethics.

"Now, Tom, you do know I cheat at golf."

"How do you do that? Change the scorecard?"

"Oh, hell no. That's really cheatin' and will keep you up at night with a hurtin' conscience. When you get a bad lie, you got to use your imagination."

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"Well, get in close to your ball, shut your eyes, kickd that hucker into the clear, then just pretend real hard that's where it landed. It takes a vivid imagination, but it works great."

Evan still retains a dramatic flair from his acting days. He raises his mallet and points to a tree-busted scar high on Mount Lemmon to the south:

"That's where I broke my back the second time. Lost another half-inch. Plane crash," he added gently. He stands poised, eyes far off and twinkling, the full smile, remembering something more fearful than most of us would want to recall.

"Sure, Evan."

"It's no bull-shit. Jackie Thurston took me up so I could count cattle when I was runnin' the 3-Bar-C. It's so steep and brushy I wore out three horses and two pairs of chaps before I tried the aerial method. Worked great too, until one time I notice Jackie ain't clearin' the ridge. That's when I noticed the propeller wasn't turnin', either. Broke a differential coupling. She laid that hucker between two big oak trees and both wings come off so neat she used them on her next plane. Only bad thing was the Forest Service called me in my hospital room and told me to get the damn plane off their land. I told the simple sons-a-bitches to do it themselves and put it on my VISA card."

After croquet we eat. There are huge rancher hunks of beef, beans, bread and dessert. Off to the side is a small, lonely tossed salad.

"Goddamn, Shirley, where'd this salad come from?"

"Hush up, Evan." his wife scolds. "I thought Tom and Nancy would like some with their dinner."

"Don't you like salads, Evan?" I ask.

"Oh hell no. I don't eat anything green. If man was made to eat green things, he'd have four stomachs like a Holstein."

When dinner is over, we follow Evan outside. The night's entertainment is about to begin. Evan gleefully hands out long-handled surgical hemostats and clamps. He turns on the big, hand-held black light he bought last year. Shining the black light into nooks, crevices, and crannies, we can plainly see the neon glow of scorpions. The harmless ones are huge, big as your thumb. The dangerous ones are small, slender; they fight against the tweezers' pinch with claws and deadly-venomed tails. We drop them into a big-mouthed jar to be sent off to a scientific supply house. We get tired, bending over and reaching up, dueling with the tenacious little critters.

Evan loves it all: the chase, the capture, the danger. "Can you believe those folks pay me to have this much fun?"

Tom Matlack

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QUICKSILVER

After the doctor left I stroked her forehead and pushed the brittle white locks back. She turned only her eyes to me in greeting. "No more food, Grandma," I said, knowing she would be relieved. We had a two-year joke about meals: I tried to appeal to her non-existent appetite, and she tried like a good girl to eat. Even so, with the leukemia and the awful medications, she grew smaller and smaller. And in the last month, after a series of strokes, she hadn't the mouth muscles to manage anything but a milkshake, awkwardly sucked through a straw. She was never so pleased as when my kids would sneak off and finish it for her.

But I wasn't ready for the bolt of joy that crossed her face. Her whole body and every feature quickened, and she gripped my hand with her little claws and pulled it to her mouth, trying clumsily to kiss without teeth.

I shook my head slowly, weeping silently and looking into her bright eyes. I didn't need to say a word about how worthless I felt. She had watched me grappling unsuccessfully with an addiction for a long time, counselling me and supporting me as I tried to work through the program that helped people recover.

I felt hopeless about losing her, not because of death, which neither of us believed in, but because I didn't believe that I would ever be good enough to be with her again. I felt like a tiny child reaching for her mother who is striding out the door. I just couldn't keep step.

She began making a voice but could not form words. She tried again, struggling, but with a lightness still in her eyes, shaking her head, amused at how ludicrous verbal communication was, and how futile. I was desperate to understand her, as if she had saved some final truth that could help me. I stared like a beggar, grasping at her meaning. She tried one more time and I realized she was saying, "Bless you."

"Bless you, Grandma? Is that what you're saying?" She nodded, relieved. I laughed and asked her if that was all, and we both laughed tenderly. It felt like enough. Her light faded as a long weariness came over her. She was painfully tired.

So I brought Dylan, three weeks old, and laid him beside her ribs, a favorite pleasure. She was so curved from collapsing vertabrae that she nearly encircled him like the silver crescent moon. She fell asleep smelling him, and I left.

Janna Odhner

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GRANDFATHER

"Go tell your grandfather it's time for dinner," my mother says. I stare at her. "Go on," she repeats. I slide out the back door and walk slowly across the yard to the barn where my grandfather lives. My eyes search the ground for slugs. I step on one and it squeezes between my bare toes. I scrape it out with my slug stick, tied by a string to my shorts. My big brother who is eight says it is good luck to step on a slug. I make sure to get two before I am at the barn. If I just call in through the door then I won't have to talk to him.

I put my finger through a hole in the screen and think about what my dad said: "Why don't you talk to your grandfather?"

"I don't know."

"Does the way he speaks scare you?"

"He has a hole in his throat," I said slowly.

"It's where he breathes now."

"It hurts him to talk," I said.

"No it doesn't. It's just harder for him to say a lot of words. You can't just stop speaking to him. He thinks you don't like him."

My finger makes the hole in the screen larger. The bowl of fireballs is there on the kitchen table. If I go in and talk to him, I might get one. I look around for another slug and squeeze it neatly between my toes: extra good luck.

When I knock, I hear him fold his newspaper and say, "Come in." His voice is like water against the granite at Singing Beach, jerky and low. It must hurt. The screen door bangs behind me. "Well," he says and watches me. We stare at each other. The paper cloth around his throat flutters in and out. I slide a look at the bowl of fireballs and quickly look back to my grandfather. He draws his face into his neck and closes his mouth tight. "Come here," he says, pointing to the floor before him. I shouldn't have looked at the bowl, I think. He holds out his hand for a handshake and clasps his other hand on top, so mine is captured inside. "Yes?" he asks. The paper cloth puffs and catches on his collar. I can see the wrinkled skin around the hole. I yank my hand out. He raises his eyebrows and looks like an owl. His great, bald head tilts to the side.

"Dinnertime," I say. Then, more softly, "Can I have a fireball, please?" He gets up slowly and walks to the table. His hands are outlined through his pockets. He nods toward the bowl. I reach in, and cellophane wrinkles against my fingers. I pull a candy out with one hand and then again with the other. I shove them both in my pockets. "It's dinnertime," I say again, and wait by the door while he puts on his hat.

Alexis Kloman

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CONTRADICTIONS

Monday morning Michael says we should both be seeing other people. Thursday afternoon he sends flowers. Neither of those statements is the truth about what Michael feels or wants. I don't know quite what that truth is, but I do know where to look for it. It's wandering around--lost child that truth is--between the fencepost he set Monday and the one he set Thursday. Michael's contradictions are the boundaries within which I hope to apprehend him.

Contradictions work another way too. I think about Veronica: the invitation to the condo she and her husband bought at the beach; the elaborate meals she prepares, the elegant table settings; the cozy guestroom. I should feel welcome, but I don't because when I arrive the condo is empty and there's a note on the door: "Gone to the club. Back at 4:00." She's laid all her cards on the table. They're all different--and yet looking closely, I recognize they're all the same suit. Diamonds. She has to impress me.

But that's okay because at least I know what I'm dealing with--Michael's ambiguity about our relationship, Veronica's sense of inadequacy. I'm comfortable with their contradictions, with the cracks in their facades, probably because they make me feel a lot less self-conscious about the cracks in my own. It's the behavior without contradictions that I find surprising. The smooth, glassy surface of perfection is inscrutable. And unnerving.

Leslie Brooks

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PETRUCHIO

In his junior year, Jerry abandoned profane tee shirts and metal-studded black leather in favor of neat, exaggeratedly narrow slacks, sport shirts, ties, and suspenders. Because he was a tall, handsome boy with a proud carriage, the effect was quite elegant. He still wore the rings, though, as many as six at a time, grotesque surrealistic faces in heavy silver, and he often polished his nails black or glittery. Shy and sensitive, he used his outrageous costumes partly as ironic statement and partly as barricade. When he was in love for a while in the fall, he wore all red and white and looked like a walking valentine among his dark denim peers.

After a few weeks the girl broke up with him. He regressed for a while into a black metallic funk, but luckily we began our study of Edgar Allan Poe at the same time, and Jerry found a better outlet for his bereavement. He wrote a series of short stories after the style of Poe that were so wonderfully, savagely funny that David Huddle awarded him the Bread Loaf Seal of Approval at the New England Young Writers Conference. He was chosen to partricipate in the final public reading in the little theater. Of all the great writers I have heard read from that privileged lectern, none has affected me more deeply than Jerry. He threw the moment away, though, too nervous to do justice to his own fine prose.

When I dropped my pen in class one day, Jerry picked it up and returned it to me with the comment, "Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell, a knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap. Away with it!"

"What heavy metal band sings that?" I asked him.

He grinned at me. "Shakespeare. I'm playing Petruchio."

"Oh? Who's Kate?"

"Sarah Gaines."

I sought out the drama coach. "Karen, you've got to be crazy. Shakespeare in the hills of Claremont is tough enough, but Jerry to play Petruchio? The poor kid doesn't even know what kind of bird he is until he puts his feathers on in the morning. And Sarah as Kate? That flaming extrovert of a girl--she'll eat him alive!"

Karen smiled. "Yeah, I guess I'm crazy. I'll tell you why I'm doing it. When I directed those two as Li'l Abner and Daisy Mae last semester, I kept seeing them as Petruchio and Kate. Jerry'll surprise you, Susan, he's a good little actor."

The day before the first performance, Jerry stopped by my room after school. He had been quiet and withdrawn in class for more than a week. "I have to talk to you about the play," he said urgently.

Uh oh, I thought. "What's the problem, Jerry?"

"Well--." He looked down, jiggled his foot, took a deep breath, and burst out, "Do I have to wear tights? I'm going to walk out on stage in those stupid tights, and everybody's going to laugh at me!" This from a kid who had come to class days before wearing a voluminous white sweatshirt and the skimpiest of blue nylon running shorts held up by red suspenders embroidered in flowers.

"Trust me, Jerry," I said, "it'll be okay."

Everybody did laugh, but not at the tights. Wisely Karen had choreographed the play so that Kate and Petruchio's verbal battles were accompanied by a lively physical struggle that delighted the Claremont audience. Sarah was a big, vigorous girl, and in order for Jerry to dominate her, he needed to find a strength of character within him I had not guessed was there. It was a fight to the finish, and therefore all the more convincing when Jerry ordered, "Kiss me, Kate!" and she sweetly complied.

Susan Wanner

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SCHIZOPHRENIA ACADEMIA

Cast of Characters:
Ms. Donovan (alias Martha)
Martha (alias Ms. Donovan)
Students

Act One:
(Setting: Generic Prep)

MS. DONOVAN: Okay, class, today is vocabulary day.

MARTHA: My least favorite day of the week.

STUDENTS: We hate vocabulary. It's so boring.

MARTHA: Stop whining, you little brats. This is just as boring for me.

MS. DONOVAN: No it isn't. It's a lot of fun. Really!

MARTHA: Fun? Come on, Martha. Who do you think you are kidding?

STUDENT: Maybe for you it is, since you don't have to take the quizzes.

MARTHA: He does have a point there. I would probably fail these quizzes.

MS. DONOVAN: Listen, are you really going to remember this in five years? I certainly want you to do your best, but try to put it in perspective. If you blow one vocabulary quiz, your future is not going to be ruined.

MARTHA: They aren't going to believe this. It's easy for me to say that grades don't matter, but most of these kids can't see that. Their parents, the college office, society tells them they have to succeed. They won't believe me.

STUDENT: You don't know my father.

MARTHA: Unfortunately, I do.

MS. DONOVAN: Just tell him to call me.

MARTHA: Shit, what if he does?

STUDENT: Why do we have to take these quizzes anyway? I forget the words as soon as I learn them. And I never use them; I mean, come on, Ms. Donovan, how often do you use the word "adscititious?" I don't even know how to pronounce half these words.

MARTHA: They're right. I've got to talk to Ailsa about this. I can't keep pretending that this is education. These kids aren't learning vocabulary. I hate being a hypocrite. I hate SAT's. If I believed in nuclear weapons, I'd drop one on Educational Testing Service.

STUDENT: Yeah, and "faceshush" is a really useful word! Why not just speak in English and say funny?

MARTHA: Well, facetious is a great word, but he's right--some of the words are really useless.

MS. DONOVAN: That's "facetious," Tom. Listen, guys, I know this is not easy work, but keep in mind how important words are to communication. We couldn't talk to each other without words. You wouldn't be able to argue with me right now if you didn't have a good vocabulary.

MARTHA: Hmm, that's a good point. Good job, Donovan. You pulled that one off. How can they argue with this? It's so important that they learn to communicate well, to tell what they're really feeling. I love being able to tell people exactly what I'm feeling.

STUDENT: We're not arguing against words, Ms. Donovan. We're just against long words. This book only chooses words which are at least ten letters long.

MARTHA: I should have known it; they didn't buy it. Now what do I do? I hate having to defend myself. Especially when I agree with them in the first place.

STUDENT: Yeah, what's wrong with short words?

MARTHA: Oh, shit, now everyone is going to get into the act.

MS. DONOVAN: All right; let's try an experiment. Let's have a conversation, but no one may use any words longer than three letters. Okay, go.

MARTHA: This will be fun--watching them struggle. They won't be able to communicate with only short words. They won't be able to argue anymore.

STUDENT: But, Ms. Donovan--oops!

MARTHA: See, they can't do it.

STUDENT: Hey, do you . . . uh, let me see, can we . . .

MARTHA: They can't complete a full sentence.

STUDENT: This is--oh no!

MARTHA: This is amusing.

STUDENT: I saw a dog! Hey, not bad, eh? See, we can communi--oops!

MARTHA: Not quite Shakespeare but not bad, considering.

MS. DONOVAN: Interesting conversation, isn't it? Are you sure you want to give up long words so quickly?

MARTHA: Don't be so sarcastic, Martha. They're just kids. Why are you being so defensive?

STUDENTS: That wasn't fair. That wasn't realistic; no one uses only three-letter words.

MARTHA: I hate it when kids use the word "fair"; they have no understanding of what that word means.

MS. DONOVAN: Listen, we can wax eloquent about this, but the sooner we go over these words, the sooner you can take the quiz, and the sooner we can get to the story you read for today. Okay?

MARTHA: I hate to cut them off, but we've got to have time to get to the Hawthorne story I assigned for today. And we're not getting anywhere. I've got to talk to Ailsa after class. I can't take this anymore.

STUDENTS: Groans.

MARTHA: What now?

MS. DONOVAN: What's the matter now?

MARTHA: Shit, do I really want to know?

STUDENTS: Hawthorne uses such big words!

MARTHA AND MS.DONOVAN: Groan.

Martha Donovan

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EMERALD GLASS

"Grandma, I'm sick. I don't feel good," I moaned. I tossed the wool blankets aside in the sofa bed where I slept. "Grandma, where are you?" I called out from the darkened living room. The rustling of Grandma's sensible flannel nightgown moved down the hallway, her slippers determined on the hardwood floor. She flicked on the corner lamp next to the sofa.

"Susan, what's wrong?" she asked, leaning down close to me. Her sharp blue eyes scanned my face for some evidence of illness.

"Grandma, it's my stomach. I feel like throwing up." Her strong hands gently pressed my stomach here and there. "Maybe it was the sauerkraut and bratwurst," she said apologetically. I nodded, knowing she was probably right, remembering the fine German meal she served at supper. Not wanting to disappoint her, I ate it all, each forkful an agony.

A frown had settled on her finely chiseled face; tousled gray hair loosely framed it in the glow of the lamplight. Grandma took my child-size hand, cradling it in hers. She did not touch me often, and this movement of hers startled me. "I'll get you a bucket and something else." Off to the kitchen she marched, her nightgown and robe flowing from her large, angular frame.

Grandma's routine stern aloofness was what I knew. A strict, German-Lutheran, her belief in mandatory Sunday church attendance, an immaculately clean home, and an unrelenting dominance of Grandpa separated her from me. I wanted to love this woman, but I didn't know if I could. I had closed my eyes for a minute, the pain in my stomach lifting.

"Susan, sit up a little. Here, I'll help you." Grandma lifted my aching body up, and propped some extra pillows behind my back. My stomach rolled again, the movement making me queasy. She tucked the blankets tightly on both sides of the bed; I felt secure in my cocoon. Already sitting on the rug was the bucket Grandma used for scrubbing. Grandma leaned over, handing me a small emerald glass, ornately cut, filled to the top with some stinky smelling deep-purple liquid. "Drink this. Drink all of it. I think it'll settle your stomach,"she cajoled.

"Grandma, what is this?"I asked.

Grandma's eyes twinkled, amused at my question. "It's blackberry brandy. I give it to your grandpa when he's not feeling good. Now drink up."

Sue Gaustad

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THEIR LANGUAGE

First school day of hunting season. Half of my male students are absent. They've gone to the woods with their fathers and grandfathers. It is by rights up here, a coming of age, something expected, unquestioned. It's the hunt.

Tension has been building for over a week. Conversations begin and end with deer. In class, the boys have a common topic to discuss. The girls are ignored. They are not upset by this. They accept it as easily as they accept their own breathing.

Dick says he will get his buck before he comes back to school, even if it takes the full two weeks. Scott says he knows where there's a nine-pointer and he's going to be in the meadow waiting for it every morning. I admire their attention to detail; the constant trade of information, the exact location. Brad explains to Paul: "You know the Hughes' orchard at the top of Round Hill? Well, take the logging trail on the right, behind the shed, and go three hundred, maybe four hundred yards, until you come to a rusted-out blue jeep. There's a field just past it. They graze on the far side of that field. They're out there every evening."

Nervous energy hangs in every classroom, slips through the halls, flows ebulliently into town. Bill's Garage is full of words from men hungry for venison and sport. They boast of last year's kill, speak softly of the one that got away.

Although not a hunter by definition, I am attracted to their yearly ritual. The comaraderie it brings. The coming together of fathers and sons. Fathers and fathers. Sons and grandfathers. It's a connection to the land, a tradition. An excuse for fathers and sons to be together. "Did you see it move?" asks one. "There it is again, just beyond that maple."

"Yes, I see it now."

"Quiet, real quiet. Take your safety off. Easy. Come my way. Closer. That's it. Aim for the heart. Steady. Steady." This is their language for love.

Andy Green

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TRUNDLE BED

It didn't look like two people lived in our room. At night it did, but not during the day. In the daytime you'd see only a single bed lying longways between the window and the radiator. It probably didn't look like kids lived there either. Very neat. No toys. A couple of stuffed

animals on the bed. But by that time we weren't really kids anymore.

The trick was that your bed fit under mine. It's strange that I call one yours and the other mine, because before you moved out, we switched off sleeping in both. When you left, I started calling the one that folded underneath yours, and the upper one mine. Just because it made sense, not out of spite.

About an hour after dinner, though, the folded bed was pulled out and raised by a lever until it was even with the standing one. Together they made a king-sized bed.

I loved the nights before we went to sleep. That was our time, just yours and mine. We didn't have to share it with parents, with step-brothers or step-sisters. We didn't have to be careful, or try to juggle divided loyalties. We lay side by side looking up into the greyed ceiling, watching the lights from the windows make patterns on the walls. We recounted the events of the day. Through our words, we reenacted the time Daddy ran after the horses or the time we shouted out on the bus that our balloons looked like "bosoomos." We must have known what "bosoomos" referred to because we laughed so hard that the whole bus watched us. We passed the scenes back and forth between us, reducing them to the crux of their silliness, until only one word would send us into hoots of laughter. Our mother would come in at that point to tell us to be quiet. After she left, we looked at each other with wide eyes, trying to restrain our lips. One of us would whisper, "bosoomos" and we would snort hysterically into our pillows.

We rolled back and forth over the expanse of the beds, or jumped from one to the other until one of us landed in the crack between them. We loved to make ourselves heavy and sink slowly into the crack, dragging all the covers with us. In pushing the beds back together, wincing at each screech the metal wheels made, we tugged at the thick layers of material until we fell backwards in triumph. We snatched the blankets from each other, rolling ourselves up in them.

Once, when you had chicken pox, I had to sleep in the living room. When I came out of the bathroom, you whispered to me in the hallway that we should hug so that I could catch it, too. I hugged you gladly. By morning, I was in bed beside you.

During the day I followed you everywhere. You were the instigator and I picked up your every cue. Even when someone took a photograph of us, I never looked into the camera, but was always captured watching you.

Then one day, you said, "I'm moving into the maid's room." I don't remember when you said it. It was probably during the day. It must not have been a school day, though, because I remember having had time to think about it. You said it so casually, as if you had said, "I'm going to the bathroom," or, "Here, hold this for a moment," that I hardly heard you at first. In any case, I didn't know what you meant.

The maid's room was a dark, narrow room behind the kitchen. The building's first tenants used it to house live-in maids. It had one window that looked out onto an alleyway and was barely big enough to hold a single bed. I wondered why anyone would ever choose to live in such a room, but I trusted your judgment and was about to go with you, when it suddenly occurred to me that I wasn't supposed to.

With that one statement, you had created your own private world. I had no idea you wanted one. I was left behind with what I had been given. It had never entered my mind that what was given could be changed.

After you moved out, your bed stayed tucked under mine. We pulled it out on rare occasions for sleep-over guests. But most of the time I forgot it was there, or rather what it had been. It only became a nuisance every morning when I tried to make my bed. It dragged and resisted when I pulled the upper one, or it stayed behind, sticking out if I pushed mine back against the wall. When it stuck out, I'd place my foot on its edge and, with every ounce of my strength, I'd slam it back underneath.

Joanna Sharf

EXPECTATIONS

I didn't expect so much death. Warren McDowell was the first. On a steaming night in October, Warren dove into the end zone in the final seconds of a game to catch a pass that gave us a league championship. The next summer, he dove off the dock of his family's summer home, struck a rock, and drowned.

Mr. McDowell asked me to say a few words at the service on behalf of the coaches. The community knew Warren well, and the small country church was cramped. I don't remember what I said; I remember the oppressive heat and silence. No one coughed or cried and my glasses steamed so that I couldn't see the text of the eulogy.

That wasn't the last death, but it was the last funeral I attended. After Warren, there was Tom Noonan, who set his father's horse barn on fire, then hung himself from a beam. Arlene Hayner, the guidance counselor's daughter, the homecoming queen, was killed on her way to school by a drunken driver. Joe Fryer shot his younger brother Rodney while squirrel hunting. John Bunny ran his motorcyle off the I-90 overpass. There were others.

This spring Sandy Bartels and Kelly Verinini ran off the road a half mile from my farm. The car flipped twice and exploded. I taught both children; Sandy

was the daughter of a close friend. Sandy's mother called me the day after the accident and asked if I would read some of Sandy's and Kelly's writing at a memorial service for the girls. The service was planned for the high school the following day.

When I walked into first period class the next morning, the kids were in their seats, silent. First period had been Sandy and Kelly's class. As I walked to the front of the room, most looked up; some were crying, some had been, and some were fighting it. The kids wouldn't stop looking at me. They were waiting for me to say something. I had nothing except the readings for the memorial service. I took them out and read them. Sandy's piece was about her debut with the New York City Ballet's production of The Nutcracker last summer at Saratoga. Kelly's described her preparation before a soccer game. The last line read, "The whistle blew and the game began."

I finished--and slowly the kids began to speak to one another in low tones. I sat at my desk trying to read. Ten or fifteen minutes had passed when Rose Hansen came to my desk and asked if she could speak to the class. "Most of us want to go to the memorial service and the funerals together--who can drive?" Three or four people raised their hands, but it wasn't enough. Rose turned to me and said, "How many of us can you take, Mr. B.?"

". . . Six. I think."

"Good," she said,"then we can all go together."

Deane Bogardus

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BUBBLING

At our first in-service session, Ms. Jones "orientated" the Calhoun High School faculty to the new teacher evaluation "instrument." She explained that DePICT/DePART was the acronym chosen for Describing Planning for Instruction by Classroom Teachers/Describing Practices and Routines of Teachers. She explained that DePICT would require us teachers to write and turn in summaries of our educational and professional achievements; statements of our philosophy and goals; lists of our objectives, activities, resources, and materials; plans for evaluating our students; descriptions of our procedures and routines; and copies of our lesson plans and classroom rules; and that DePART would require us to bubble.

Ms. Jones explained that our bubbling was to be performed in the presence of observers who would make three visits--two prearranged, one unannounced--to our classrooms over the course of the year. Each observer would have been especially trained to recognize forty-five "teacher behaviors identified as desirable," and he would be looking for them during his observation. Ms. Jones explained that desirable teacher behaviors would include presenting new material, reviewing previous learning, giving directions, providing feedback, correcting errors, praising students, disciplining students, handling interruptions--nothing we wouldn't ordinarily do in our classrooms.

Ms. Jones explained that each observer would arrive at the beginning of a class period equipped with a stopwatch and an optical scan sheet. The scan sheet would list the forty-five desirable teacher behaviors and would be marked off into columns representing thirty-second intervals. Ms. Jones explained that, using the stopwatch, the observer would note the behavior being displayed by the teacher at each thirty-second interval and would blacken the appropriate circle--or fill in the appropriate bubble--on the scan sheet. Ms. Jones explained that teacher behavior which prompted an observer to fill in a bubble would be referred to simply as "bubbling."

Ms. Jones explained that following our observation, the bubbles on the scan sheet would be analyzed by a computer to determine what percentage of our time each of us spent displaying each desirable teacher behavior. In response to our questions, Ms. Jones assured us that none of us would lose our jobs as a result of the DePART observation; rather, the data would help us to "enhance" our teaching skills.

And no doubt it did. Following her third observation, Susan Miller learned that she spent 16.1 percent of her time praising students, while the average teacher with a master's degree and 19 years of experience spent only 13.9 percent of her time bubbling that particular behavior. Margie Wilson learned that she spent no time giving directions because "Turn to page 167 and do exercise C" was not considered sufficiently specific to bubble. Frank Smith did not bubble handling interruptions because he neglected to assign seat work before rushing out into the hall to break up a fight.

Being required to bubble not only helped us Calhoun High School teachers to enhance our teaching skills, it "impacted" our lives in other ways as well. Edna Robinson took early retirement. David Stewart accepted an assistant principal's job in another district. Linda Morris remarried her second husband and moved to Missouri. Kathy Martin got her real estate license. And I enrolled full-time in a graduate school of English.

Jane Whitfield

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60 FATHOMS

I awoke to the sound of thunder and heavy raindrops on the deck above my bunk. The wind was howling in the

rigging, and the boat was racing along at what must have been close to hull speed, crashing powerfully through the dark sea just a few centimeters of fiberglass away from my bunk. I climbed through the hatch into the cockpit. Bob was standing at the wheel, grinning, obviously enjoying the wild ride and the spray blowing under the bimini top into his face. Phoebe was huddled in a corner of the cockpit, looking miserable.

"Hey, Bob, don't you think we ought to reef the main?" I yelled.

"No, you wimp, it's only blowing twenty-five knots. Look at this baby go!"

"Well, she's heeling pretty much, and it sounds like we're about to get hit by a major thunderstorm!" I could see flashes of lightning in the sky ahead.

"Yes, Bob, please slow us down!" Phoebe whined. "It's getting too rough."

"Oh, all right," Bob agreed reluctantly, then gave Phoebe the wheel to head the boat up into the wind while we reefed the main and genny and doused the mizzen. It was tough work, the big mainsail flapping furiously as we wrestled it down to the first reef point, struggling to keep our footing on the wet deck. I razzed Bob for waiting too long to reef, calling him a hot dog racer who'd rather drown his friends than slow down.

"If you'd waited much longer," I said, "we could have blown out one of the sails or popped a fitting, and then we'd be in big trouble! This isn't our boat, you know, and it's no little club racer either--it's a quarter-million-dollar yacht, and they're paying us to get it safely to St. Thomas, even if we have to motor the whole way!" Bob merely grinned in response.

Back in the cockpit, I discovered that it was almost midnight--time for Carol and me to come on watch--so I told Bob that I'd take over. He agreed and said he would wake Carol before he went to sleep. The boat had settled into an easier rhythm, still making good speed, and the rain had let up, so I didn't need any help on watch at the moment. The night was warm despite the rain, and totally dark except for the occasional lightning flashes and the flecks of phosphorescence kicked up by the boat's wake. Taking the wheel from Bob, I checked our heading by the dull red glow of the compass light. It looked more like 150 degrees than 153. Wondering how careful he had been, or whether he had been deliberately shaving the course, I asked Bob what he had been steering, and he replied casually, "Oh, right about 153. Besides, we're probably making a couple of degrees of leeway, so it's okay to steer a little closer to 150."

"How about the light; have you seen it?" I asked, staring off to port where it should appear.

"No, but it should be visible anytime now. We should be getting close to the cape."

I checked the depth sounder, which showed that we were still in more than 60 fathoms of water, and went back to trying to hold exactly 153 degrees, glancing occasionally over to port in hopes of seeing the light. Until it appeared, it would be tough to know exactly where we were. The water, according to the chart, remained over three hundred feet deep almost right up to the little island off the cape, Cabo Beata, which we had to round before heading due east along the Dominican coast towards Puerto Rico.

In a few minutes Carol appeared, yawning and stretching. She smiled sleepily and asked how things were going.

"Fine, I think, although there's no sign of the cape yet," I replied. "And we keep getting showers, so you might want your slicker."

"Well, it sure is dark out here. Nights like this make me wish we had radar," she said, peering intently out into the night. "I can't see a damm thing! Where do you think we are?"

"About five miles from the cape, I think, assuming Bob's kept us on course. I plotted it at 153 degrees to keep us several miles away as we rounded, since we don't know the currents around here and that light on the island is supposed to be visible for eleven miles. No point in taking chances."

Carol took the helm while I went below to make a sandwich and check the chart. According to my calculations, the light should have appeared off our port bow before this. In fact, unless we were going slower than I thought, it should be almost abeam of us by now. As I rummaged through the icebox, I wondered if I could have made a mistake.

"Roger, come quick--the depth sounder shows that the water's getting shallow!"

I ran up the companionway ladder and looked at the dial. It showed less than 40 feet of water, and was dropping steadily--37, 34, 29 . . .

"Jesus, that shouldn't be! Where the hell are we?"

"Listen!" Carol said, "Do you hear that noise? It sounds like surf breaking!"

And it did, the low but unmistakable roar of surf breaking on a rocky shore. Suddenly, the lightning flashed, and straight ahead of us loomed the dark outline of a mountain, unbelievably big and close.

"Oh, my God, look at that! Start the engine! We've got to get out of here!"

I grabbed the wheel and spun it hard to starboard, then gunned the engine, praying that there would be enough room to maneuver. The surf was now audible even above the noise of the big diesel as we stared frantically at the depth sounder. It went down to 11 feet before beginning to rise again. We were still shaking when it again read over 60 fathoms, and we had cleared the cape.

Roger Smith

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LOVE AT J.H.S. 141

In math class, our desks met, forming a right angle. We passed an eraser back and forth over the crack in the T. I kicked you when you placed the eraser on the far edge of your desk out of my reach, and as I did so, my knee thumped against the desk's metal underside. You coughed, I dipped my head and giggled into my palm, and as you started to inch a book with your elbow over the crack, we were reprimanded by the teacher. I became serious and, raising my hand, answered questions, but my eyes kept you in their peripheral vision. You rested your chin in your hand. Your hair, long and frizzy, angled outward more than down. We copied the equation from the blackboard, you lazily with your chin still in your hand, I studiously, and we raced each other to finish the problem first. I slapped my hand over my answer and glanced over at your paper. I frowned and shook my head, pretending your answer was wrong, and waited for you to lean over and make a sarcastic remark or shoot a crumpled piece of paper up against the edge of my notebook. We wrestled silently over our perpendicular desks.

Then one day, as I sat on the rounded top of a United States Postal Service mailbox, exulting in the sky, you, on the pavement below, looked up at me and said, "I know what you will look like when you are old."

Joanna Sharf

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NOTE ON EDITORS

Yeast editors this summer have been

Number 3: Don Beyer
Alexis Kloman
Joanna Sharf

Number 4: Leslie Brooks
Martha Donovan
Tom Matlack

Number 5: Andy Green
Susan Wanner

BREAD LOAF PEAK

Woody's car crunched the gravel of the Steamengine Clearing parking lot at about nine o'clock. "Maybe we should do a few stretches, Trevelyan," I suggest cautiously, avoiding pre-emptory tones. I hadn't seen my son since last summer, and we were still in the bit awkward, getting-to-know-you-again phase that usually lasted about a week. Each padded lightly about the other's feelings, perhaps afraid that something had changed for the worse. Nothing had, as near as I could tell. He was still my beamish boy, round-faced, open, trying hard to please, and ready to laugh at anything which touched his expansive sense of humor. After some token exercise, we head up the Skylite Trail with the others.

"Should I carry the pack, Dad?" Trevelyan asks over his shoulder. Was his British accent stronger now? He doesn't seem self-conscious about it this summer.

"I have it. Piece of cake, Son." Why doesn't the word son come easier?

It is a cool, misty day. As we approach the Forest Service sign-in box, Woody assures us that the sun will break through the cover just about the time we hit the peak. No one looks convinced.

Woody signs us in. There is a small pile of 2x4s a few feet away and a note: "Going up? Please carry a 2x4 to help with the building of Skyline Lodge. Thank you."

It seems reasonable to help. We don't have a load of gear to carry. There are five 2x4s. There are six of us. An eight foot piece of lumber doesn't seem to warrant much consideration. At least Trevelyan doesn't seem to think so. We shoulder the boards and head for the peak.

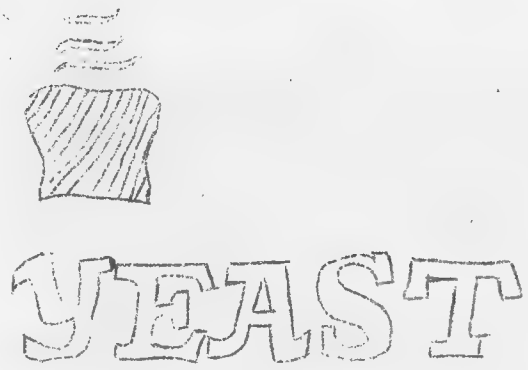
After an hour of steady climbing, I start to have real feelings about the 2x4. A good deed has become a fifteen pound burden. It, plus the pack, has slowed me down considerably. Or is it the altitude? I'm a flatlander. I shouldn't have told Woody that I had done some jogging, even though it was true. My ragged huffing and puffing could damage my credibility. But what the hell does it matter?

I tell Trevelyan he doesn't have to carry the board. Nobody cares. He gives me a quick smile and says, "It's okay." Why is he looking at me like that?

Things are getting serious. I lag behind the others now, scheduling my own rest stops. Trevelyan waits for me up ahead as he has done several times already. He looks a little concerned. "Should I take the pack for a while?"

"No!" is my immediate, unthinking response. Then, "Well, okay. For a few minutes." I give him the pack but don't feel much lightened. What is he thinking, I wonder? Then I decide it is probably good for him to see me slowing down. Had to happen, sooner or later.

God, I'm proud of that kid. He carried the pack and the board for another half-hour before ditching that silly 2x4.



Some names of characters and authors have been changed to protect against injury.

Editors for this issue:
Kim Pope, Ann Howell, Deane Bogardus

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Bread Loaf School of English
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He wouldn't have been able to make this climb last year. Now he displays stamina and good sense on the same day. I'm still carrying the 2x4 and fading fast.

Don Beyer

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LITTLE THINGS--TINY THINGS

A sunny Vermont afternoon. Ike Coleman wears bare feet again, taking wide strides across the side yard by the Inn. He tells happy little tales about Devin, his son. Ike's laughter rises to a devilish cackle, poking fun at the afternoon stillness. He settles in at the picnic table, his eyes intense, his mood reflective.

"I taught in a poor, rural county in the South. The school that I worked at had a principal named Dick Ivey whose number one priority was maintaining absolute quiet. The kids, six periods a day, had no study halls, only three minutes between periods, and no breaks except for lunch. On top of that, there was a lid on everything. The teachers were supposed to keep the kids quiet even in the halls during passing time. The kids were frantic to talk. One day he decided to check and make sure the kids were peein' in the bathroom and not talkin'. Dick Ivey was built like an enormous ex-Marine. He stood over this kid to make sure he was peein'. Nobody could pee with Dick Ivey standing over him. So the principal put the kid in **In-school Suspension for three days. And then he called an emergency faculty meeting to tell the other teachers to go in the bathrooms to make sure the kids were**

peein' and not talkin'.

"There were some not-so-funny stories, too. Marshall was an incredibly poor county. There was little or no industry except for the few whites who owned farms. The majority of the population was black. Madison, the town where I taught, was on the waterfront. The only jobs available were shucking oysters and picking crabs. Just really subtle but very deep oppression. And there were things going on in kids' homes. I knew about it. Everybody knew about it. And nobody did anything about it. The county was a pressure cooker just like the school.

"The school situation was a reality I couldn't avoid. Every time I took up the kids' journals, I knew I had to deal with something. And then when I'd open a journal, I'd find out a kid's brother had committed suicide. I would go to the guidance counselor to report a kid. He'd say, 'Here. Fill out the form. Your responsibility is over. Thank you. Good bye.' The only way to survive, at all, was to harden myself. I was twisted in pieces. At the same time, I consciously said to myself, 'I'm going to make myself put up with this.' The best I could do was survive every day. I'd have to go home and run just so I could talk. There came a point where I couldn't do it any more. It was horrible. It really was. So I quit.

"I had planned to study at Oxford before I quit teaching. I had no idea what I was going to do, but knew that whatever it was, it had to be better than teaching at Madison. Having quit the job, I wanted very much to say, 'OK, that is gone. I'm going to shut that out. I'm not going to deal with it anymore.' I couldn't do it. I spent a lot of the summer working through the trauma of that teaching experience. I don't know how many times I cried talking to Tony Burgess. He is a wonderful man. Incredibly understanding, incredibly open, incredibly compassionate.

"While at Oxford, it was hardest to deal with the fact that I was in this class full of phenomenally good and effective teachers. I blamed myself. I'd ask, 'What's wrong with me? Why couldn't I do this? These other people could.' I knew that the system at Madison was completely screwed, but I couldn't help but say, 'Nevertheless, that's the way public schools frequently are in other places. Other people deal with it, why couldn't I?' To some extent, it was true. A dif- ferent person might very well have been able to deal with it better than me. And do a better job of teaching.

"The healing took a long time. When I left Oxford, I still really hadn't made peace with myself. But I had come closer. I told myself, 'OK, that was an absolutely, insane situation.' Later Paul Cubeta hired me to direct the Bread Loaf Rural Writing Network in South Carolina because I'd seen what poor, rural schools do to teachers and students.

"With this job, I'm doing a little bit to help teachers who are in the same situation I was in. I really am doing something for them in a very human way--for the kids and the teachers. One of the most important things that I can do is help them see that they're competent. In one school, there are three wonderful teachers--magnificent human beings. Yet, they've been told so long and in so many subtle and not so subtle ways that they're awful teachers. And they believed it. So, I came to their school and told them, 'I'm not going to be a boss. My title is Project Director, but, by god, that's not what I need to do. You figure out what your kids need, and I'll help you carry it out.' That alone is really quite an accomplishment.

"There are little things, tiny things I do. One of the teachers who works with the Project is a computer teacher--a wonderful lady. She needed a bunch of disks. Her school wouldn't give her disks. I mean, they wouldn't give her disks! Year after year they told her 'no.' So we bought her a bunch of disks. She copied a Share-Ware processing program, and the whole school's doing word processing now just because they were given some disks.

"In this job I help out rural teachers, and I provide a source of ideas, when it's appropriate, beyond the typical options that teachers are exposed to. It makes me feel good to help. This job is fantastic; it's unbelievably good. I keep thinking life isn't supposed to be this good."

Sue Gaustad

CRAZINESS IS CRAZINESS

At this point in the Bread Loaf summer, I hear people talking about how they are "going crazy," or getting "neurotic" about their papers, or verging "on a nervous breakdown." But we use those terms loosely; very few of us know much about mental illness. To learn about the mentally ill, I interviewed Ellie Russell, a student at Bread Loaf who, prior to teaching, worked as a counselor at a psychiatric halfway house. Ellie spoke about her experiences with this stigmatized and misunderstood population:

"At the time that I took the job as house manager, I thought the schedule--one week on and one week off--would be great. I imagined I would work intensely for a week and then spend a week in the mountains. But it was a split life. When I was there I would dream about it every night, and I never felt free of it. I got really involved with the residents, thhough that changed in the year and a half I worked there. During my first couple of months, I would talk to anybody

about anything. But then I realized that was interfering with the goal of the program which was to provide the residents with tools for independent living. So I began to ask 'Is this something you could figure out for yourself or do you really need to talk to me?' I also learned to separate myself for my own protection. The more residents came and went, the less invested I was. I had illusions, initially, that I was going to change them. Then I realized that I couldn't save them--change had to come from themselves--so I started letting go. Also, I got used to residents making progress and then having another psychotic break; once that happened a bunch of times, I came to accept the realities of mental illness. Probably the most depressing thing in dealing with adults who are mentally ill is their frustration of having known another way of being. Most of them got sick in their late teens or early twenties, but they had dreams for themselves just like you and I do.

"One of the hardest things to deal with was when a resident would get manic. I once had to deal with a resident who believed that Christ was in the driveway, she was his bride, and there was a plane waiting to take them to Hawaii. It was a sure sign that this woman was starting to get manic when she would bring her Bible downstairs and start reading it at the kitchen table. I could see it coming on and I would try to intervene, but sometimes it would come anyway and she'd be in the shower singing. It sounds crazy but manics can be very funny and you just have to laugh because they are so grandiose and happy--so happy--and so loving. If they have any gift of drama, they're in another world. I brought this woman into the emergency room. When the young doctor came in, she said, 'Oh, and you, you're coming on the plane with me to Hawaii, you handsome thing.' It's so different from the depressive side of the illness. But it's frustrating to see someone like her completely off the wall like that. And the dangerous thing is that manics think they're invulnerable.

"The hardest thing I had to do, after sitting in on this woman's psychiatric evaluation, was to sign the commitment papers, which was really emotional. It was a frightening power and yet it was necessary. But I felt for the first time how limited and awful the options are for the mentally ill. Her problems were more than I could take care of and yet it was so difficult to send her off to a place as hellish as the state mental institution. To go from the role of caretaking to signing the commitment papers was heavy.

"After a while I needed to be working with people who I could get more back from. Living there got into my stomach, my body, my bones. If you're a social worker you can limit your involvement with these people from nine to four, but if you live with them you end up talking with them over coffee late into the night. I really grew to love them, but I also needed my own life. I don't regret it at all, but when I go back there it's hard to see the ones who haven't made it out on the streets. They're still sick. Very few of them make it.

"I think subconsciously--or not so subconsciously--I wanted to work in this field because of my sister's illness. When I was sixteen, and she was twenty-one, Rachel had a total psychotic break and was slammed with the label "mentally ill." One evening, my father heard the breaking of glass and went downstairs where he found Rachel amidst the shattered glass, eating soap, and talking to a neighbor who wasn't there. Imagine my mom picking me up at boarding school and trying to explain to me what had happened to my sister who I saw as tough and incredible. It was a long, hard road to accepting that.

"I was angry and full of denial at the time. We had a family therapy session and I told the doctor, 'Fuck you! You're the one who is mentally ill. You're the one who is sick. You can't call my sister sick.' I was angry and I didn't understand anything about it. I think how in the dark my whole family was when that happened; we had no idea what was happening to us when she got sick. It was like the ultimate nightmare. It was beyond anything we knew. We had no tools to deal with it. And it was like my sister was no longer Rachel. It was so difficult that we denied her illness for many years, thinking, 'Oh, that was just a little thing and it's going to get better. Oh, she's getting better, better, better, better.' But you can't say she's better when all of a sudden she's back in the hospital.

"It was incredible that by working with the mentally ill I was able to stop seeing my sister as the only mentally ill person in the world. Through getting to know other sick people, I was able to see that what she had was not all that unusual, that there are a lot of people struggling with terrible depression and anxiety. Seeing the residents' anger helped me be more empathetic with my sister's anger. Because it wasn't my sister pointing her finger at my family, I was able to stand back and see that my family didn't know how to be with Rachel.

"The whole other big piece about working at a psychiatric halfway house was being with people who had accepted their illness. Rachel, even twelve years later, hasn't accepted her illness. It became harder and harder to deal with Rachel because the sicker she became and the more bad things happened to her as a result of being manic dor depressed, the more my family became invested in her getting well and the more our lives revolved around her. When she would go up, we would go up; when she would go down, we would

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an inside view of the family. Instead, I recall my first taste of the exotic guava, my discovery of the iguana, and dining on roast suckling pig in Havana while hearing distant gunfire.

"After the birth of my first child, I was at home for fifteen years. I returned to Life for temporary jobs, but devoted most of that time to my family. I tried to instill a love of learning in my children as my mother, who was a teacher, had done for me. When my oldest son entered a reading contest, he doubted he could win. To help him, I read 165 children's books with him. I read with all my children. Any interest my children showed, I followed." After hesitating, she told me that two of her children had graduated from Harvard and one from Williams. Her daughter Cynthia, an English major, graduated from Middlebury this year.

"People was started in 1974 with a core of former Life personnel. I was among that group of pioneers in personality journalism. Because it was a different treatment of events and people than Life, I had to develop a respect for the magazine. I did develop a deep respect. Its editors are highly educated--some are brilliant. They are masters of their craft. They must be concise. They have to compress a story into a limited amount of space. Today, because of the speed of communication and how quickly news reaches an audience, the editors have to move fast and ably. We started with a small staff of a half-dozen reporters. Now, People has about twenty-five.

"You can't knock success, but the greatest detractors of People are those who don't read the magazine. People has a selling rock cover, but it has the same subjects as Time: world and national news, religion, education, and theater. You may not like some of the subjects or the details, but People shows how it is. This is what's happening all over the world. As a Time/Inc. publication, People stands behind what they say. If they print it, they've checked it. I know they've checked it!

"My work at People was more fact checking and telephone interviewing for stories in the stages of editing. Time/Inc. uses group journalism. A staff of house writers re-write to space the stories that reporters go out and get. I learned to appreciate group journalism. It creates richer stories because of the different insights and backgrounds. Reporters also work with lawyers to make sure articles are not libelous.

"Time/Inc. opens many doors because its reputation has been for honesty and accuracy. I was always impressed by the accesibility of people who were at the top of their professions. They wanted to be sure that whatever was said about them or their work was accurate. Once I talked with a famous brain surgeon for five hours between operations, to go over the procedure of a brain operation after a medical writer had already described it for us. Then I told the editor, 'There are only two words you can change and these are your choices.'

"I remember a compliment I received while interviewing celebrities for People that was perhaps the most pleasing to me. It came from Helen Frankenthaler, a queen of modern art known for being difficult. I was prepared for the interview. I had seen and studied her work as well as read about it before I talked with her. When I finished what was indeed a difficult interview, she said to me, 'This was an intelligent interview.' From her, it was a crowning tribute.

"Sometimes the way you get people to talk is to call and say, 'There are various reports on this. It's going to be printed and we would like to print what is true.' Usually people cooperate. Once I had to call Bess Truman to ask her something personal about Harry Truman. She hung up on me! My first thought was, 'I can't go home and tell my children that Bess Truman hung up on me!' So, I called her back. She bluntly answered the question to get it over with. Another time, I called Henry Kissinger to ask the hue of his wife's eyes because she was on our cover. He was warm and humorous.

"Some reactions are surprising. I was heartsick when People disclosed the story of Betty Ford's alcoholism. I felt our story was unfair to her, and I was upset because I had had a part in writing it. I had such great admiration for her. The pub- lic's favorable reaction to our story astonished and pleased me.

"Once I had to call a convicted murderer and ask him to describe how he killed the person. He told me exactly how he did it. I recall not being shocked, but stunned by his gentlemanliness. When I hung up, I said, 'He is a real class act, a George Raft reborn!'

"Working at Time/Inc. is like learning at Bread Loaf. Every story opens up a new world. In reporting there's something new every day. You're always learning. The pressures of a New York based news weekly are incredibly demanding. There's always the pressure of time. You think you'll never get what you need in the time you need it. What makes the work most exciting is the caliber of the editors. You have to race to keep up with them. You can't keep up with them, really. It's the highest degree of professionalism. Bread Loaf is the same way. The challenge makes it exciting."

Ann Howell

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CASTING ABOUT

He fills his pipe with fingers the size of sausages and looks out over the river. The pine and wood smoke scents mingle and hang above like the first smoke rings from his pipe. At eighty-four, Dudley

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Soper's still-athletic frame lifts from the chair with ease, and he leans against a porch post to look at the sky.

"I don't know--with these clouds and the humidity, probably be a good night for blue-winged olives. We'll try it after supper."

On this river in late July, supper was early--three o'clock. That gave plenty of time to fish the evening hatch. "I've been fishing this river for nearly seventy years. I don't know who knows which better. Sometimes I think it fishes me rather than the other way around."

He returns to his chair and sits quietly for a few moments. He did that often, thought after he spoke.

I met Dudley eight years before, at his fly rod shop in Delmar, New York. The shop was small and cramped and smelled of varnish, alcohol lamps, and bamboo. The walls were lined with spools of wrapping thread, hanging rod sections, and multi-colored furs and feathers for tying flies. I introduced myself, and he said he remembered my grandfather. "A little mite he was, but a good fisherman and a hell of a boxer." Grandpa had been dead for twenty years.

We both returned from reverie--"What you think," Dud said. "Will there be blue wings tonight?" I answered out of obligation, knowing if Dud said there would be blue wings, there would be blue wings. "Maybe a late hatch of pale evening duns if it doesn't rain." Dud nodded and puffed.

He had fished around the world: South America, Scandinavia, Australia, and a trip last year to New Zealand.

"New Zealand was the best. It was like here, the Ausable. The mountains ain't as high and they're softer topped, you know, but the rivers are like this--fast and heavy, and so are the fish. The people were generous too. We'd be fishing some river on a farmer's land and about noon a woman from the farm would come along with grub and wine and coffee. Me and Dick (Dick Talleur) didn't have a plan when we went. We rented a rover and just started fishing. People were always offering food and a place to sleep. We did have one problem. We were eating in a small restaurant and a little girl all in pink and her mother sat at a table across from us. All at once, the little girl pointed at us and said, so everyone could hear, 'Mommy, those men are pigs.' The lady was mortified of course and came over to apologize. I asked what the girl meant. She said we were stabbing our food rather than pushing it on the backside of our forks with a knife. I thanked the lady--it was a good thing to know. We didn't want to offend. Dick and I practiced during the rest of breakfast.

I could imagine the practice. A huge man with hands the size of peck baskets, pushing scrambled eggs delicately on the backside of his fork. He'd hunch over the eggs and work with the same concentration as he would if he were hunched over his vise, tying flies smaller than the head of a pin.

We talked about rods and rod building. For sixty years, Dud Soper's bamboo rods have been legendary. Many sell for two thousand dollars. "The museum in Manchester said one was sold in Europe for seven thousand dollars; though I don't think it's true." Even so, Dud has made rods for John Voelker, Hemingway, Presidents Eisenhower and Carter, Ted Williams, Charlie Ritz, and Gary Cooper. "I don't think Hemingway ever used the one I sold him. He died too soon after he bought it. But, I fished with him once at the Firehole. He was pretty good too, only a bit heavy handed."

"What about Williams?" I asked.

"He was real good--a great caster--never a wasted movement. But he took it all too serious. It was like work with him. I think he had a mean streak too, though he was pleasant enough. We fished three days down on the Keys for bonefish and tarpon."

Dudley loves rivers as much as fine rods and strong fish. When he speaks of the Madison or the Green or the Willomec, his shoulders straighten, his head lifts and his eyes snap like he's speaking of past lovers. "The Bow River in Jasper Park--you got to fish that before you die. It looks like a slow, even stream, but it's not. The current's so strong it sucks the gravel out from under your boots. The water sparkles--I swear it's like no color you've ever seen. It just sparkles. In the late fall, the big browns spawn and they're in full color. When they hit a nymph or streamer, it feels like hitting an iron post with a sledge. They'll bust up your tackle and teach you a lesson."

"Next summer," I said. "Let's try to go next summer." Dud drops his head and looks at the bowl of his pipe, then out at the river in front of us. "No, the Bow's a young man's river--too tough to wade. I'm comfortable here or on the Battenkill. These are the rivers I started with and they fit best." He pauses and relights his pipe and sips brandy.

"Last week I was fishing the ski jump pool. The caddis hatch was heavy and lots of fish. Tight against the rock cut, a rainbow was sucking in caddis two-three at a time. I waded close enough to watch his rhythm and get a cast, but I never did. I watched him for twenty minutes, maybe a half hour. When he was full, he drifted back under the rock cut. I hadn't thrown a cast at him. Just packed up and headed home."

Deane Bogardus

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LIFE WITH FATHER

My father ruled our house.

"Shut off the light when you leave the room!" "Don't hold the refrigerator door open!" "Don't gulp your food!" His anger sent me scurrying for cover like a dog hides from thunder. My baby sister cried when he corrected her table manners. My mother didn't say much, even when he criticized her housekeeping. The list of do's and don't's covered every aspect of behavior, from personal hygiene to patriotism. Disobedience or insolence was unfailingly punished. My father was the sole judge and executioner, although my mother was occasionally allowed to serve on the jury, or testify as a character witness. Irresponsibility was a major offense.

To my father, responsibility meant doing everything well, and completing every task on time:

"Did you finish mowing the lawn?"

"No Sir, mother told me it was time for lunch."

"Didn't I tell you to mow the lawn before lunch?"

"Yes Sir, but..."

"No buts. You would be finished by now if you had started when I told you to. Go finish it. You can eat lunch later."

If mother intervened successfully, and he relented, his directive would be amended:

"Because your mother fixed it for you, you can eat lunch, but you can't have any dessert until after you finish the lawn."

Responsibility included getting good grades in school. Fortunately, I usually did, but when I flunked a geometry test in the ninth grade, he made me quit the football team for the rest of the season. Sports were only play. He never went to any of my games, although he did go to the State Championship Track Meet after I had been written up in the local newspaper. He seemed disappointed when I came in second.

My father continued to judge everything I did by his high standards. He was disappointed when I no longer made A's after going to boarding school, but fortunately he didn't make me come home. He didn't approve of my decision to go to Harvard, because he thought I might "put on airs and get a lot of silly ideas." By the time I was a sophomore he was convinced that I had.

"Why haven't you enrolled in ROTC like I suggested?"

"Because the courses are insultingly simple-minded, and I don't want to do all that military baloney (this to a military college graduate and reserve officer)." I waited for him to explode, but surprisingly he didn't.

"Well, you're probably going to end up in the service sooner or later, so it would make a lot more sense to take ROTC and become an officer. And they will pay you while you're in college. It's stupid to pass up the chance."

He thought it was just as stupid when I declined to go to Officer Candidate School after being drafted, but he didn't say much about it. By then we had reached a kind of uneasy truce; we didn't talk about politics or each other's values. In fact, we didn't talk much at all. But I still felt him watching me.

When I got out of the Army and moved in with my girl friend in Boston, I didn't tell my father. I knew he wouldn't approve. He did seem to approve of my decision to go to law school, and even seemed pleased when I was hired by by one of the biggest firms in New York City. Becoming a lawyer was responsible. He loaned me the money to buy a house:

"Son, you seem to have reached the point of being a responsible adult. Your mother and I would like to help you get settled."

Four years later, when I decided to quit practicing law, my biggest concern was how to tell my father. I could imagine how he would react. It was several months before the time seemed right, when we were sailing together off the North Carolina coast.

"Dad, I've got something I need to tell you."

"What's that, Son?"

"I've decided to quit practicing law."

"Oh? Why is that?"

"I just don't like it. The work just doesn't seem meaningful to me. I mean, it's intellectually challenging, but just not any fun. I don't want to do it for the rest of my life."

"Son, work isn't supposed to be fun; it's just what you have to do to earn a living. Do you think I had fun going to work every day when you were a kid? It's just what I had to do to support you and the rest of the family."

"I suppose so."

"What are you planning to do if you stop practicing law? How are you going to pay for your house? Have you thought about that?"

"Well, to be honest, I think I'll sell the house and use the money left over after paying you back to go sailing for a while in the Caribbean. I've always wanted to do that."

"That sounds kind of irresponsible to me, turning your back on a good job and then frittering away your money on a lark. I thought you had more ambition than that."

"That's what I was afraid you'd say, but I hoped you would understand."

"Understand? Hell, of course I understand. I'd have liked to go off sailing myself when I was your age, but I never had the chance. Your mother and I got married right after college, and then World War II came along, and then we had you children, and by time the war was over I had to go to work. Now it's too late." His words shocked me. I had never heard him talk that way about his life or

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express any discontent.

"Then you approve of what I'm doing, Dad?"

"No Son, I don't exactly approve, but I do understand. I don't have to approve. It's your life and you're old enough to make your own decisions. You've got pretty good sense most of the time, so I think you'll do okay."

I heard his words with a mixture of surprise and confusion. I was thirty-three years old. My father said I was free to make my own decisions. I wondered how long that had been true.

Dewey Cheatham

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MARY CHRIST

I left the Blue Parlor Reading feeling as if I had been to a communion service. I was intrigued by the religious imagery Mary Christ had woven into her poems and wondered where those images came from in her experience. Mary claimed she didn't try to write religious poetry. I believed her. The blend was natural and authentic. It stretched my familiar interpretations of stories like the parable of the sower, seeds in the city not finding soil, sown in the air.

Two weeks later we chatted for over an hour on the west lawn beside the Inn, easing into the deep chairs and sliding from one topic to another. Our discussion of women's voices in the writing of Emily Dickinson, Virginia Woolf, Gertrude Stein, and Pamela Hadas--who has often taught at Bread Loaf--led us around to women's experiences in the church and feminist interpretations of literature and scripture. This is Mary's second year at Bread Loaf. She has just finished a Master's of Divinity and will begin a Ph.D. in theology in September at Union Theological Seminary.

"I think it's no accident that the most conservative field within Christian studies is Bible, in terms of women breaking into the field and also because of the nature of the field. Biblical Studies is very scientific and encyclopedic. I'm trying to get away somehow from the nineteenth century German form of the scientific critical model. And it's women who are looking to literary criticism and hermeneutics, women who are looking at scripture not just as a fixed word but as ambiguous. I think there's a lot of male power invested in the fixed doctrine of the word, whether that's literary canon, religious canon, or law.

"Feminists bring different issues to the scriptures. For instance, how can the scriptures be a testimony of salvation when you have stories like Jephthah's daughter or the rape of Tamar? Tamar's story is awful and certainly no credit to King David. The King David succession narrative is one of my favorite parts of the Old Testament. David is a very ambiguous character, yet that's not how he is presented through liturgy or Sunday School. So much of women's experience in scripture is in the words that don't get spoken. Tamar is never given her own voice.

"The last time I went to St. Stephen's (the Episcopal Church on the green in Middlebury) I was feeling in general very overstressed. Then to go in and fight the liturgy as well, every time I heard "Lord" and "King was too much." Whenever the congregation stood I considered, 'I could leave now.' But I was also aware that the Eucharist was coming up. I said, 'You came for that. And if you walk out what are you going to do? Are you just going to walk around town and be pissed about the service and feel even worse? What's the point? Well I'm not going to drink <u>His</u> blood, <u>His</u> body.' I don't know. Somehow thinking of the actions separate from the words and coming to the altar in communion with other people, I felt at peace. But I'll tell you, it didn't last very long. The words really wore me out.

"Jesus was an historical figure who was male. We can't rewrite that. But I'm beginning to learn and feel that much of the church's words, theology's words and scripture's words about Jesus either don't leave room for women or are blatantly misogynist or make Jesus a misogynist savior. For example the encounter that was portrayed in the medieval morality play last weekend, between Jesus and the adulteress has been used to set up the paradigms of Jesus as the morally perfect man and of the inherently sinful woman, even by a world known scholar like Raymond Brown who has written a definitive commentary on John. Well, here we are. We've got Eve back in the Garden again. I'm sure that is not intended by Jesus at all. But women haven't even started with a fighting chance. I see my task as a theologian to expose these readings. Maybe it will mean rewriting the parables or Jesus's words. I have the audacity and the God-given right to do that. If the scriptures and particularly liturgy and church teachings do not really offer integrity and redemption for women on women's own terms, then that's a task to be done. Not that I'm going to do it alone.

"In my Master's thesis I try to develop <u>a</u> Christology that would work for women who have a real problem with the figure of Jesus, at least as they have inherited Jesus. That's been my problem as well. I had grown up with a kind of Christology where God had to save us from a Jesus who demanded a lot of sacrifice. It's kind of a midwestern Methodism that in my mind is really sick but very powerful. I still have a hard time with a male savior.

"I realized I couldn't start with an historical Jesus, which is not to throw Jesus completely out but at least as a starting point. Fundamentally, Christ, whether that's Jesus or what, is about

redemption. Why do we need redemption? Because we suffer. Then I looked for a characteristic of suffering that women know and that is cross-cultural and cross-generational. And I came up with the silence and silencing of women--whether that's through domestic violence or exclusion from literary or religious canon. I even looked at some feminist linguists who have studied women's speech and how women tend to speak less directly about something or strain their voices to be heard. So there are even characteristics in speech that can make women sound like they're not meant to be taken seriously (a prevalent attitude in our culture, I think). Of course, I haven't developed this Christology completely and wouldn't want to. That would be antithetical to the purpose, wouldn't it?

"I think I'm moving toward ordination, actually. My meeting point with Jesus, ironically, since I've fought the church most of my life, is seeing him as one who also fought the religious establishment. As a woman I find ordination is both participating in the institution and undermining because it is a predominantly male organization. I'm not one to act totally outside of institutions. I'm in them and I fight them. It's hell sometimes." She laughs. "But I need the community of institutions."

Kim Pope

SNOWBOUND

It's one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, January 12. I'm standing in the middle of a road in Norton, Vermont. Everything is white. It's snowing hard. The wind is pulling at my body, snapping my loose flannel shirt back and forth. The truck I was driving is sideways in the road in front of me. The right front end is completely demolished. My sister is sitting in the passenger seat, still shaken. A young boy, maybe eighteen, lies in the snowbank to my right. His body is twisted, mangled. He is dead. His snow machine is next to him. There are pieces of it all over the road. Four or five of his friends are huddled together crying, shaking their heads and hugging each other. They are gathered around their snow machines about twenty yards behind me and off to the side of the road. I am standing in the road looking ahead, watching for a car, a truck, anyone. My body is numb. I feel only the snow and wind pulling at my face. Snow squalls gather and swirl in the road, then blow off into the fields. More snow machines come off the trail. Three people get off their machines and make a circle around the body. One boy comes up to me and asks me if I'm all right. I stare down at him, then back at the road. He moves slowly away.

An orange salt truck pulls up behind me. I can hear a man talking on his CB. He is calling for an ambulance and the state police. Pretty soon another car comes along and pulls over. Then another. The ambulance and police arrive. Blinking orange and red lights flash through the snow-blown air.

* * *

6:30 - Tom's house. We have just gotten a ride from the wrecker. It was Tom's truck I had borrowed to take my sister to the bus station. He greets us as we get out of the wrecker. He's never met my sister before. He hugs her, then me. Dave, another teacher and friend, comes out the door. "We're okay," we tell him. After we look at the truck, Tom says it's a miracle we were not hurt. "You should have been through that windshield," he says. We agree, then go inside. Dave tells me that everyone in town has heard about it. This doesn't surprise me. He says the principal called to see if I am all right. Several other teachers also called. We all go into the living room and sit. I tell the story, just like I had to the state police hours earlier, and how I would to each of my classes the next day. I tell them that there were a lot of snow machines on the road that morning. The snow was deep on the trails, so they had taken to the roads. We were driving extra slowly. In Norton, we were doing about twenty-five or thirty when we crested the hill before Billadue's farm. At the peak, we saw someone on a snow machine in the middle of our lane heading right for us. He must have been going about sixty. In the opposite lane, there were two machines flying up the road. On our right was a three foot snowbank. I had half a second to act. If I crossed lanes I would have hit both machines. I slammed on the brakes. In a second he was onto us, smashing head on into the right front end of the truck. His machine crumpled off into the snow bank. We skidded another twenty yards, started tipping over, but our weight shifted and we came down, right side up, in the middle of the road. We were not hurt. When I got out of the truck, I found the boy in the snowbank, his body wrapped around the machine, his head with helmet on, buried in the snowbank. I knew he was dead right away. His two friends came over and we dug him out. His hands were swollen, veins bulging through his skin. We pulled the helmet from his head. His face was smashed in. I felt his neck for a pulse.

* * *

8 a.m., next day - The halls are quiet, as I pass through. I can feel all eyes on me, kids whispering as I go by.

First period. I ask the students to write in their journals for ten minutes.

They are tenth graders and I know what they are thinking about. What I don't know is how they feel. I tell them to write on anything. When they're finished, I ask if anyone would like to share what he has written. Silence. All eyes look down.

I tell them about the accident. They have questions. What was he doing in the middle of the road? Why weren't you hurt? Why did it have to happen? Then they begin to share stories with me. I learn that one girl lost her brother to leukemia five years ago. Another student tells me about his friend dying in a hunting accident. Even Calas, who usually never talks, tells me of his dog that died last year. He says, "there's just nothing you can do about it." The bell rings. As the class files out, one student drops a note on my desk. It is Robert, a student who may not pass English. I open the note. "Hang in there Mr. Green."

Andy Green

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BLIZZARD

Blizzard! It's a full force gale on the mariner's Beaufort scale. One hundred and fifty miles of open, icy water hones the wind to frostbite sharpness. White caps born in far-off Canada roar ashore as twenty-foot swells. This is Presque Isle Point, Michigan, on the southern shore of the inland sea called Lake Superior. And I have come to welcome the winter's first arctic-powered storm.

I crawl far out on the rimed and spray-blasted rocks. Water surges around my boots as I climb a tall boulder and carefully crouch on top. There is no going any farther. Below me is the maelstrom, swirling and roaring in blue, grey, and black.

Squinting into the storm's fury, I am exultant. The wind's point-blank power blows into my body. Personal concerns and problems are blasted out of me and fly off into the scudding mist. I shiver, not with cold but with ecstasy.

But I do feel the cold--deep and wet and dangerous. I retreat to the scant shelter of a boulder. Out there is a communion between the rock, water, and wind I don't understand. To fully comprehend, wouldn't a person have to join the fray? Could I also crash among the stalwart rocks and then be hurled beyond what I now know? On that tall rock, just a moment ago, one more step and I would have understood.

Thomas Matlack

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TREASURES

The copies of Ebony haven't moved since you left them on my coffee table last January. Every few weeks I've thrown out the back issues of Time, the accumulation of catalogs, the alumni magazines. But Ebony stays.

It's June, and I'm moving to a bigger apartment on a quieter street. Reason enough to take inventory. I fill two bags of clothes for the Salvation Army. I decide to throw out the stack of old New Yorkers that I moved from my last apartment. Yellowed "Book Review" sections that I've always meant to read.

Ignoring the coffee table, I start to pack my books. I reach for The Autobiography of Malcolm X. Suddenly, I'm back in that restaurant. The white college woman who has followed Malcolm X from Boston to New York asks, "What can I do?"

"Nothing," he tells her coldly. The passage still haunts me, even though you insist that Malcolm X came to regret his response.

Another box for the bedroom. A glass bowl filled with ticket stubs and matchbooks. The ribbon from the bouquet caught last September. A pair of enormous blue pajamas that I'll never wear. A picture at a football game--I am standing on the bleachers so that for once your shoulder fits under mine. The purple sweater you gave me the night you said goodbye. I pack my treasures carefully.

But the magazines are more casual relics, read on the train and then left behind. The covers have faded in the sun and are warped from rain blown in the window. As I look at them I remember cold stares on a hot Charleston sidewalk. The smell of Harlem when it rains. B-boy music on the clock-radio. Laughter.

My memories will stay with me. I can give up the magazines and the myth of a recent past. I wink at Patti LaBelle and lay them lightly in the basket.

Louise Burnham

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OUT OF THE CAVE

"Susan, wait, I'll join you," Dan Sullivan called from his classroom next door. Immediately all my senses went on alert. Dan was my mentor, appointed by Dr. Tower, the principal, to look out for me, the new young teacher on the English wing. Dan was superb at the job. The first day of school he had told me, casually, how to watch for a certain shadow in the hallway. When the shadow was there, so was the principal, eavesdropping.

"You'd better learn the way things work here. We're on a merit pay system. If you

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I entered Dr. Carleton Mahn's office, principal of San Luis High School. Without a word he handed me a long letter, on very fancy paper. It looked familiar. Yep. That's it. It was a letter from Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum on Education, and it said teachers should get parental consent before they present any controversial material, including witchcraft.

"Tom, do you recognize this letter?"

"Yes. I do."

"Do you know what it says?"

"Basically."

"This particular copy isn't from the faculty meeting last month. Might you know where I got this one?"

"Mrs. Lewis?"

"Yes. She just gave it to me. Do you know what I'm going to do with it?"

"Use it as evidence at the next board meeting to terminate my position?"

"Hell no. I'm going to send this piece of right-wing bullshit back to her with my own damn letter. If she ever wants to come into this office talking crap about me and my staff then she needs an appointment, just so I can have the satisfaction of cancelling it." He went on, less angry, "Under the circumstances, Tom, you're doing a fine job. Just give the Lewis kids something else to do."

"Yes sir!" I was smiling like a fool when I walked out.

I went to the library to find something else to do for the next class. Jack Furness walked up to me.

"Wow, Mr. Matlack, I love that witchcraft stuff we're talking about in English. Are there any good books about it in here?"

Thomas Matlack

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I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD

When I was eleven, I went underground. Something was different—I started doing strange things—but I didn't let anyone know the reasoning behind it. Before that, I had been a helpful, patient child. On family trips I let all the other kids push themselves out of the car first. I volunteered to do people favors. I usually gave away my desserts. But by age eleven, I think I had overloaded my circuits.

I began to believe that the whole earth was populated by microscopic beings. Every surface—every table top, chair, floor--was covered with them. The air was thick with them. If I touched a table, or if I brushed against a wall, I would disturb millions of tiny creatures. I often tried to peel my finger or foot carefully off the surface it touched, hoping I could prevent anything from being annihilated. I had trouble writing. I couldn't figure out a way to move the pen on the paper without destroying colonies of beings. I retraced one mark over and over again, hoping with each retracing that the creatures would wipe off and stay put. My homework papers were full of thick blocks of ink. My sister tried to help me. She sat next to me and took me through word by word. I managed to write faster when she was there, because I thought I could blame her if any beings got hurt. "She told me to do it," I thought I could say.

My parents sent me to a psychiatrist. The first time I went, I sat in a big armchair. Dr. Peters sat far away on the other side of the room. I was glad to be able to finally tell someone what I believed. I was tired of keeping it a secret. So I told him the whole thing--how the microscopic world worked, where all the little people lived, how I was supposed to take care of them. When I finished, he didn't say anything. He didn't tell me what it meant. I left, and when I came the next time, he didn't ask me any questions. So I started telling him some other thoughts I had. I was afraid to say nothing or to ask questions. From movies, I had the idea that seeing a psychiatrist meant saying everything that was on your mind. I became a reporting machine. I came in every time, sat down and recounted every detail that had been on my mind or that popped into my mind at the moment. I was extremely dutiful, excruciatingly honest. My doctor never corrected my impression of what therapy was. He just let me talk on, hardly ever interrupting or giving me parameters or telling me that many of my fears were normal. I didn't stop believing in the microscopic civilization; I didn't stop feeling terribly afraid that if I made a wrong move or said the wrong thing, people would zoom down on me for destroying their lives. I just stopped acting strangely on the outside. The pressure had been taken off for the moment, so I could write normally and walk down the street without looking like I was treading sharp rocks with bare feet.

About a year ago, I had a talk with my father. I told him I didn't want to teach anymore. I said I found myself wanting to look out the window along with my students instead of following my own lecture. I wanted to sit down and whisper along with them, to read the forbidden book under my desk, to say I had to go to the bathroom and slip out into the freedom of the hallway. I wanted to laugh with them when one of them made a joke, instead of playing the somber adult. I told my father I was angry with myself for wanting to be so childish. He said I shouldn't be angry. He said I shouldn't be so hard on myself. I had been the perfect child, mature at a very early age. I wasn't acting childishly now. I had never been childish.

At twenty-eight, I do not know what the world looks like. I do not see. I am too afraid to look straightforwardly at anything. The world becomes whatever is safe

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at the moment, whatever the people next to me say it is. I've lived so long with other people's opinions, with other people's thoughts, that I am barely able to feel my own body. I do not know what shape I am. I'm not quite sure how much space I take up. I often bump into things or catch myself just before I tip over. I misjudge how far the ground is from my foot. I do not investigate for myself; I only look around to see if anyone else notices me stumbling. I do not have a center. I am hollow inside. It is strange to walk around without a soul.

Madeline Berkson

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HOME IN RIPTON

"I've come back to my home ground, and I love it," smiled Mildred Inskip. She sipped spiced tea from a blue china cup and gazed out the window of her Ripton home at the July sunshine streaming over Bread Loaf Mountain.

Mrs. Inskip, now 86, was born in nearby Brandon but grew up in New York State. She attended college in Troy, New York, where she met her husband Leonard, also a student. He became an engineer for Bell Laboratories, and they lived, with their two children, in Glen Ridge, New Jersey. But they always spent their summers in Vermont.

"In 1932 my father, who was a Methodist minister, bought a little place on Maiden Lane. It was during the Depression, and at that time people were leaving the country and going to the city. The land was being sold for practically nothing, but we still just didn't understand why he did it. But then we came up here!

"After my father's death, we bought the little house from my mother. We came up there one day to look over our property, and on our way up through the woods, whom did we see but Robert Frost, who was also looking over his property. We didn't know it when we bought it, but our land adjoined his.

"Of course, we didn't build any stone walls!" she laughed.

"We summered there every year until the children were grown. I had a little antique shop. It was fun. It brought people to me and I enjoyed it. People would come down from Bread Loaf. Both of my children worked up there. My daughter learned to peel potatoes there."

In 1962, the Inskips bought a larger house on a hill above Ripton. They spent two summers restoring it, and when Mr. Inskip retired, they left New Jersey and moved into the white clapboard home on three-and-a-half well-kept acres.

"This was an old farmhouse that we learned to love. It was built during the Civil War," Mrs. Inskip said, glancing about at the hardwood floors covered with braided rugs and the white walls hung with photographs, paintings, and bric-a-brac. Her eyes rested briefly on the hand-hewn ceiling beams.

"The beams we brought in, and the old brick around the hearth and in the kitchen came from Middlebury. It was made in 1800. They were tearing down a building, and we took the station wagon down. Leonard climbed up and tossed the bricks down to me. I would catch them in a blanket so they wouldn't break. The new brick is a darker red; this is pink.

"We had a builder come in to help us, but we did the papering and painting."

As year-round Ripton residents, the Inskips were active in the village's church, civic groups, and politics. Mr. Inskip won a selectman's seat, and Mrs. Inskip founded the Ripton Historical Society. In 1970, however, Mr. Inskip died.

"My friends never thought I'd stay after Leonard died," Mrs. Inskip remembered. "They'd say to me, 'Mildred, do you think you'll like it in the winter?' But as long as my larder is supplied, I'm happy to be snowed in. It gives me a chance to read a book.

"I look forward to the first snowfall. It's really exciting to see it coming down--heavy, white snow. Yes, I love it, and so does Cara"--she pats the miniature German shepherd nuzzling her knee--"She gets that excited feeling just like I do.

"One time I saw a red cardinal in the snow, and it brought forth a poem. It was at a time when I had just lost a sister and a best friend. That red cardinal just brought forth the emotion, and it came out in words."

The experience of being snowed in all winter and then watching the snow melt in the spring also moved Mrs. Inskip to write a poem which helped her finally to come to terms with her grief over her husband's death four years earlier.

"You go through that hard time of being closed in with your grief, and, like the snow, you didn't know how deep it was until you've been lifted up from it."

She turned toward the window behind her where a hummingbird feeder was suspended above a blue thistle bush. "Oh, look! I've got a ruby-throat, a ruby-throat! I just put the feeder out yesterday, and the little birds found it right away! They came right to it!"

Leslie Brooks

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THANK YOU

Now that Yeast is being composed on computer disks, the staff of the Apple Cellar joins Elaine Hall of the Bread Loaf central office as part of the production crew. Thanks to Betsy Bowen, Jeff Schwartz, Ken Leupold, Ike Coleman, and Joanne Tulonen.

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CORRESPONDENCE

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

March, 1987

Dear Bread Loafer soon to be at Oxford:

This is a first effort to help you make your travel plans for a great summer at Lincoln. A letter of "useful" details will be sent you in late May.

The School is now full and we have a waiting list. If your plans change, please call the Bread Loaf School of English Office collect 802-388-3711, Ext. 5418, so that some other Bread Loafer can have the advantage you have to postpone.

You should secure a valid passport at once, a task that can take several weeks. You may obtain a passport application from your travel agent or town clerk. If you already have a passport, make sure it is valid until at least September 15, 1987.

You should make your flight reservations just as soon as possible. With airlines offering some bargains, flights will probably be heavily booked. If you are departing directly from the States, would you please let me know the following: 1) date of departure; 2) point of departure from the U.S.; 3) airline and flight no.; 4) time of departure and arrival. This information will assist Larry Danson if you don't turn up when you should.

Plan to arrive in Oxford no later than Monday, June 29, so that you will be almost over jet lag by Registration Day at Lincoln on June 30. Lunch at 1:00 p.m. Monday, June 29, is the first meal served. Your room will be available at Lincoln on June 29. If you have trouble securing lodging at Oxford before then, write Miss Joy Makin, The Steward, Lincoln College, Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom. Here is a good bet at Oxford for bed and board, not too expensive: Walton Guest House, 169 Walton Street, Oxford (90865-52137).

Tutorials conclude by Friday, August 7, but I hope you'll feel welcome to stay for the Banquet and Commencement on Saturday evening, August 8. We'll have a great ceremony for about fifteen graduates. You should plan to leave Lincoln no later than Sunday morning, August 9, but you can make reservations during the summer to stay on at the Mitre, a nice bed and breakfast hotel run by Lincoln and across the street from the College. Rates are about £11 a day for bed and breakfast. There will be no chance of your staying on in your room at Lincoln.

Most flights to London from the States leave either early in the morning or late at night. Because of the five-hour time differential from the East Coast, night flights usually arrive in London early the next morning, so that you will have no trouble making direct connections to Oxford. Early morning departures, on the other hand, arrive in London around 10:00 p.m., too late to make connections to Oxford. If you arrive in London at night, hotel accommodations are highly desirable, even essential, but expensive. Details on how to proceed to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick airports will be sent out in my letter in

May. Beware of standby air tickets and charter flights, which may encounter delays with rerouting to Stansted in Essex, a long and complicated commute to Oxford. Be sure to have a reservation for your return flight.

Students in Writing, Learning and Culture should bring manual typewriters, if possible. Oxford tutors, however, do not insist that you type your papers. Typewriters (expensive, scarce, and poor) can be rented in Oxford. Electric typewriters will set you back £50 for the summer. Remember that electric typewriters and all electrical appliances must be fitted with an adapter (purchased here since they are not available in Oxford). British current is 220v, not 110v, as in the States.

Airlines allow two suitcases - any weight - and one piece of luggage to go under the seat. Since surface shipping takes at least two months (or never), and air freight is expensive, it's better not to send books or clothes on in advance. If you must mail ahead, please address the label as follows:

(Your Name)
Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

HOLD FOR ARRIVAL:
June 29

Neither Middlebury nor Lincoln College assumes any responsibility for items lost either in transit or after arrival at Lincoln College.

Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan in order to expedite payment to our Oxford doctors, should you need their services.

You can purchase your books at Blackwell's, one of the world's great bookstores, or at several fine paperback bookstores, all just a block away from Lincoln on Broad Street. You should, however, read as many of the main texts as possible prior to the session. Books published in the U.S. are less expensive, but are cumbersome to carry over.

We have booked tickets for all students for a performance of Twelth Night at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. There is no word yet on our night at the Barbican in London, but I'll let you know in my May letter.

I know that it will be a summer worth waiting for. Beth and I look forward so very much to joining you in mid-July. We already have our tickets.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:dw

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

May 1987

Dear Bread Loafer at Lincoln College:

Your international travel agent reporting in once more with the last set of details. I hope that they make your trip easier and your arrival at Lincoln pleasanter.

Enclosures:

1. Medical Information Form. Please return in sealed envelope with your name on the outside to Dana Washington for transmittal to Lincoln.
2. Insurance Information.
3. Information Sheet re Passport Number/Next of Kin.
4. Lincoln College Floor Plan.
5. List of Bread Loafers at Oxford, enclosed for your delectation, curiosity, anticipation.
6. Bus schedules from Heathrow and Gatwick to Oxford and Gatwick/London.

Your bill has already been sent to you. It is due and payable upon receipt prior to your leaving for England.

Money: It's best to take your money in travelers checks (American Express, Barclay, Visa) in £'s - since the pound will probably not fall sharply this summer. Banks charge 55-75p or more for an international exchange transaction. Travelers checks in £'s eliminate the uncertainty of currency fluctuations. The best plastic money is VISA. Be sure to convert enough money into British currency at the airport to get you through the first weekend. There isn't time to open summer checking accounts at Oxford. Even certified cashier's checks will take two weeks to clear. Personal checks (yours, or those made out to you) are uncashable. You should take about $1,000, or their £ equivalent, in travelers checks for spending money while at Lincoln. Students in Messrs. Smallwood and Well's course should expect to spend another $200. Seniors will also encounter some graduation week extras including, but not limited to, a charge of $12.75 for the rental of the hoods which are a part of the graduation ceremony.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport - Commercial Flights - Concourse C

1. Go through Immigration, present passport, explain nature and length of stay.
2. Collect luggage downstairs.
3. If you have nothing to declare (no one does), go through customs exit GREEN AISLE.
4. Get $ converted to £ at Barclay's Exchange near customs exit.

Instructions on Arrival at Heathrow Airport (Continued)

5. You can take a direct bus to Oxford from Heathrow and Gatwick (X70). Joy Makin and Dennis Kay strongly recommend the bus. There is frequent service and it's cheaper.
6. Or you can buy a British Rail (Air-Rail link) ticket to Oxford at the window next to Barclay's. Follow coach signs outside and get Brit Rail coach (bus) direct to Reading Station. Board express train north to Oxford. Outside Oxford Station, get a cab to Lincoln College (tip 5p per 25p charge). At main entrance to Lincoln, give your name to the Porter, who will give you your room assignment.
7. You should be met by a Bread Loaf Green Ribbon Greeter.
8. Get over jet lag.

Instructions on Arrival at Gatwick Airport - Charter Flights

1. After you go through Immigration and pick up your luggage, you can get to Oxford by bus (a 2-hour trip) or a bus-train link. There are two direct trains per day via Reading. There are many more trains with a change at Reading.
2. You can get a convenient direct bus to Gloucester Green, Oxford, a ten-minute walk or short taxi ride to Lincoln (see schedule).
3. There is also a train from Gatwick to Victoria Station, London. At Victoria Station, take the 'Circle Line' Underground (subway) West to Paddington Station. Get express to Oxford (1 hour). Or you can catch the X70 bus from Victoria Coach Station to Oxford.

Advanced Arrival: Lincoln cannot accommodate earlycomers, nor will the Mitre be available. You must make your own arrangements with hotels or guest houses. If necessary, ask Joy Makin, Steward of Lincoln College, for her help. The following guest houses in Oxford have been recommended by Bread Loafers:

Walton Guest House, 169 Walton Street (865-52137)
Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Flanakin, 103 and 105 Woodstock Road
Old Parsonage Hotel, 3 Banbury Road

All of these places are in the £10-14 range for bed and breakfast.

Monday, June 29: We need your expected time of arrival so that we can give the Steward an accurate meal count. Lunch is at 1:00 and dinner at 7:00. Your room in Lincoln will be ready on Monday. It will be either a living room with attached bedroom, or a single. There are shared bathrooms in most entries. Most bedrooms have hot water. The number of rooms in each entry vary from two to twenty-five. Some rooms are directly across the Turl (a medieval street not so wide as the road to the Barn at Bread Loaf). It is not possible to accommodate all Bread Loafers in College quadrangles.

Registration Day, June 30: If you did not register on Monday in the Bread Loaf Office (Entry VIII, Room 1), do so after breakfast. You can spend the day going to Blackwell's, checking out the location of the tutor's College where your seminar will be held (many of your first seminars will be held on Wednesday, July 1), or getting acquainted with Oxford. Mr. Danson will be in the Bread Loaf office during the day for registration and will have maps of Oxford

Registration Day, June 30 (Continued)

for you. He will be assisted by Phebe Jensen and Paul Crumbley, Bread Loafers East and West. They will be in residence at Lincoln and are ready to help you adjust to Oxford, socially and academically. Mr. Kay will take you over in groups to sign in at the Bodleian, if you promise not to burn it down. You will need two passport-sized photographs for your Bodley registration. You can either bring over extra passport pictures or obtain them from a coin-operated machine in St. Aldate's Street or in the Covered Market, a block from Lincoln. There will be an introductory meeting at 5:00 in the Oakeshott Room, a reception at 6:15 in the Beckington Room before dinner at 7:00. A short ceremony of welcome will follow afterwards in Hall.

Tutorials: You should be ready to read your papers before your seminar group or in tutorial, since that is part of the Oxford system. Do try to get as much reading done in advance as you possibly can. You'll be happier in July since substantial secondary reading will be assigned.

Mailing Address: Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

Phones: The main phone at the Porter's Lodge of Lincoln College can be direct dialed from the States 011-44-865-279800, (for person-to-person calls stateside: 011-44-865-279800). If necessary, the Porter will take an incoming message and leave it on the Bread Loaf bulletin board outside the Main Entry. Should you wish to make or receive international calls between 1:30 and 2:30 P.M. Oxford time, the Bread Loaf office phone is 011-44-865-279818.

Dress: Casual clothes for travel and daily wear (corduroys, slacks, jeans, sweaters, informal dresses or skirts and blouses). Since the British like to dress for an occasion, suits and ties are more common in London than in New York, or at Bread Loaf. One or two dressy outfits for our formal evenings, opening night, our evenings in Stratford and London, and Commencement would be appropriate. Don't forget your raincoat. Try to underpack; there are a wide variety of stores in Oxford, if you forget anything. Good walking shoes are a must. The Laura Ashley dress sale takes place in July.

Medical: Our doctors (McPherson, Fowler, McLennon and Lloyd) do not treat visiting students on the National Health Service. There are reasonable rates (a minimum of £10) for an office consultation or for a visit in College (£15 minimum in day time; £20 between 11 P.M. and 8 A.M.).

Laundry: Lincoln has washers and driers for your use. The College provides blankets, linens and towels, but not face cloths.

Computers: There are no computers available, but there is electricity (British voltage). I do not recommend your bringing your own word processors.

Sports: Bring your own squash and tennis rackets if you want to play. Lincoln has squash courts, and tennis courts are available for about £5 for six weeks. There is a 20-minute walk to the courts. Bicycles may be hired on a daily or weekly basis.

Reading About Great Britain: Bread Loafers recommend a good student guide like Let's Go. You'll be given a map of Oxford and a copy of Vade Mecum, a handy guide around Oxford.

Please don't bring radios, or steroes, except maybe pocket transistors, because quad noises carry badly.

Weather: (As unpredictable as Vermont's, only more frequently.) Days can be warm (80°), although the average Oxford temperature in July is 60°. It does rain in Oxford, even on sunny days.

Time: Oxford is five hours ahead of Eastern Daylight Time. (It's daylight until 9:30 P.M. or so.)

Guests: Student guests can be accommodated at meals in Hall if responsible warning is given at the Bread Loaf office. You will be asked to sign up and to purchase a meal chit the day before. If you plan to have overnight guests, make reservations for them to stay in the Mitre, a nice bed-and-breakfast hotel across the Turl from Lincoln and operated under the auspices of Lincoln. If you'd like to stay in Oxford after the School, you can book a room at the Mitre. During the summer your guests can be accommodated there for £9.20 per diem for bed and continental breakfast. The cost of meals for your guests in Hall will be £2.00 for English breakfast, £3.30 for lunch and £5.00 for dinner. Your guests are not permitted to reside in College. Violations of Lincoln's regulations could create an embarrassing hassle. You will be billed by the College, and your guest will be asked to leave. We are guests of Lincoln College and are expected to abide by the Rules of Lincoln College.

Plays: We will make picnic excursions to the Barbican Theatre in London to see Romeo and Juliet on July 24 and to Stratford for Twelfth Night on July 8. Tickets have been purchased for you.

It's been great sharing all this planning with you. I so hope that the trip will not be an anxious one for you because the summer holds every promise of being a memorable one at Oxford. Beth and I look forward to being with you on July 17.

Cordially,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

BREAD LOAF — MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MEDICAL INFORMATION FORM

INSTRUCTIONS: In order to attend Bread Loaf, you must complete this form.
Except where otherwise noted, we require that you provide all the information requested.

WHERE NECESSARY, ATTACH ADDITIONAL SHEETS OF INFORMATION.

NOTE: *Do not use the reverse side of this form; it is reserved for use by the College physician.*

TYPE OR PRINT — Send the completed form to the Bread Loaf Office,
Old Chapel, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753

If you put your name on the envelope and mark it "Medical Information - Confidential," it will be opened only by the Bread Loaf Medical Staff.

Name ..... Campus Address .....

Address if living off-campus (include telephone number) .....

.....

1. Do you have any physical disabilities or health problems? ..... If so, please describe: .....

.....

2. Do you have any allergies? ..... Please describe: .....

3. If you are currently under the care of a physician, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

.....

4. Recent surgery or medical illness for which you are no longer under the care of a physician: .....

.....

5. Have you had any emotional problems for which you have received treatment within the past three years? .....

Please describe: .....

.....

6. If you are currently under the care of a psychiatrist or psychologist, please give his name, address and telephone number: .....

7. Please list any medications which you are currently taking: .....

.....

8. Are you allergic to any medicines? ..... Which ones? .....

9. Other pertinent information: .....

.....

10. In case of emergency, please notify:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

Alternate:

Name ..... *Relationship* .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* ..... *Zip* ..... *Telephone* .....
Area Code

11. Your church affiliation (optional) .....

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY VT 05753

INSURANCE

We have provided a plan of accident insurance for summer school students. The plan provides medical reimbursement for the expense arising from an accident. Reimbursement will be made up to a maximum of $1,000 for each accident. The plan is broad in scope and covers all accidents, wherever the student may be, during the term of the policy.

Exclusions: The Plan does not cover eyeglasses or hearing aids; dental treatment unless treatment is necessitated by injuries to sound, natural teeth; loss caused by plastic surgery for cosmetic purposes; loss caused by war or any enemy action; loss resulting from having been in or on an aircraft unless riding as a fare-paying passenger in a passenger aircraft operated by an incorporated passenger carrier; nor an expense incurred by a student after twelve months from date of termination of the student's insurance. In the event that the insured is covered by the Automobile Medical Payments provision of a motor vehicle policy, no duplication of payments will be made for automobile claims. In such an event there will be payment of any expense up to the policy limit that might exceed the amount of medical payments applicable to the particular case.

Claims: In the event of accident, claims should be reported to Fred S. James & Company, 40 Broad Street, Boston MA 02109, within 30 days from the date of the accident. Claim forms are available from the Bread Loaf Nurse, or the Nurse at Lincoln College. Medical bills must be submitted within 90 days from date of treatment.

The insurance will be effective for the periods indicated below:

English School	23 June - 9 August, 1987
English School at Lincoln College, Oxford*	29 June - 9 August, 1987

*Under Britain's medical program, you must have medical coverage to meet the treatment of medical conditions and problems you have on arrival in Britain. National Health will, at the discretion of our doctor, meet expenses of emergencies encountered during the summer. Expenses of hospitalization are paid by National Health under normal circumstances. Be sure to bring your medical insurance forms for claiming expenses under your own medical insurance plan.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

INFORMATION SHEET

Please Print or Type

NAME: _____
Last First Middle

PASSPORT NO. _____ DATE OF ISSUE _____

PLACE OF ISSUE _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME AS IT APPEARS ON PASSPORT _____

PERSONAL SICKNESS & ACCIDENT INSURANCE (if any)

Name of Company _____

Policy No. _____

_____ _____
Father's Name Address

_____ _____
Mother's Name Address

_____ _____
Spouse's Name Address

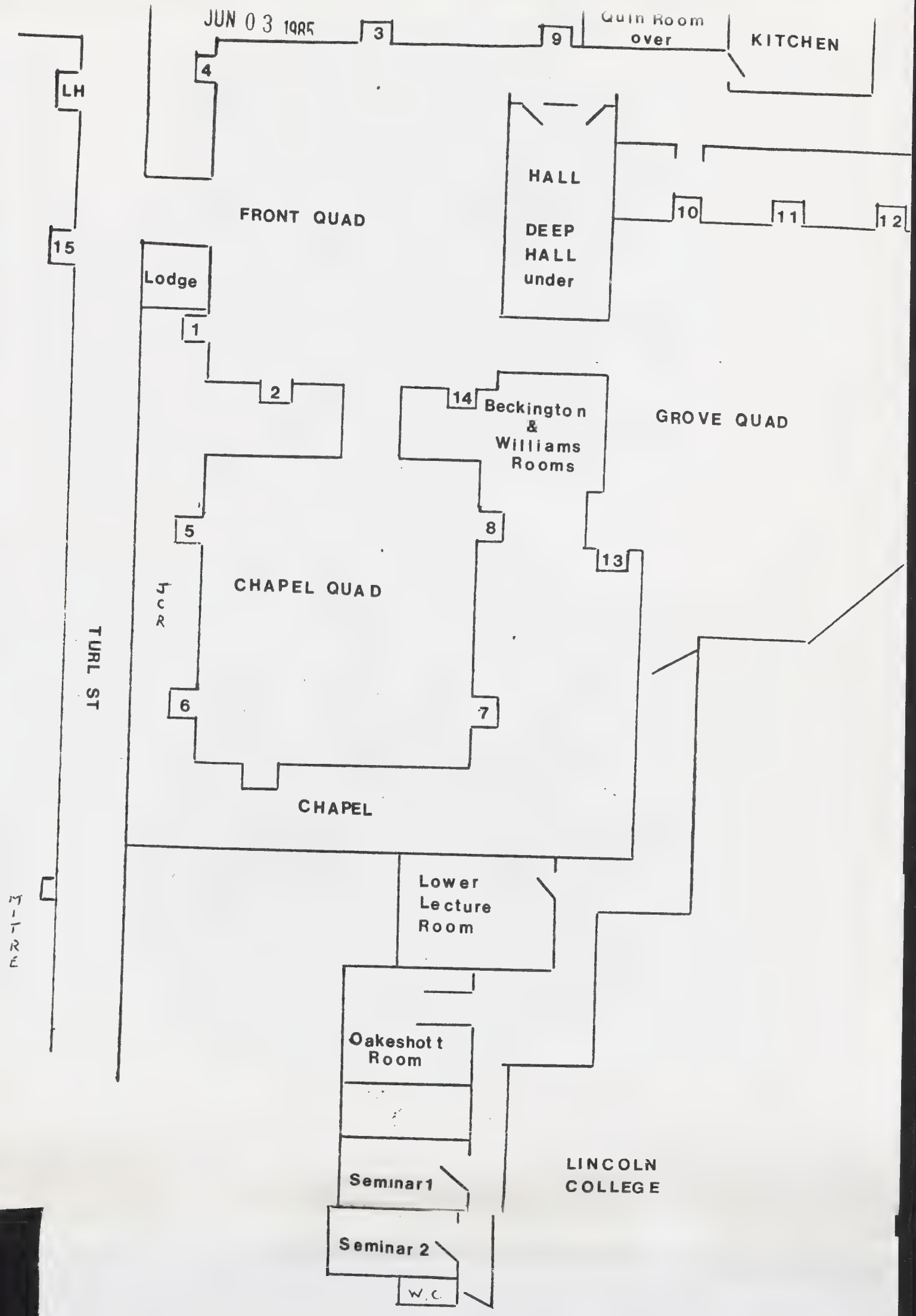
ADDRESS & TELEPHONE NUMBER (with area code) OF PARENTS OR NEXT OF KIN (Please give relationship.)

_____

_____

Signature _____ Date _____

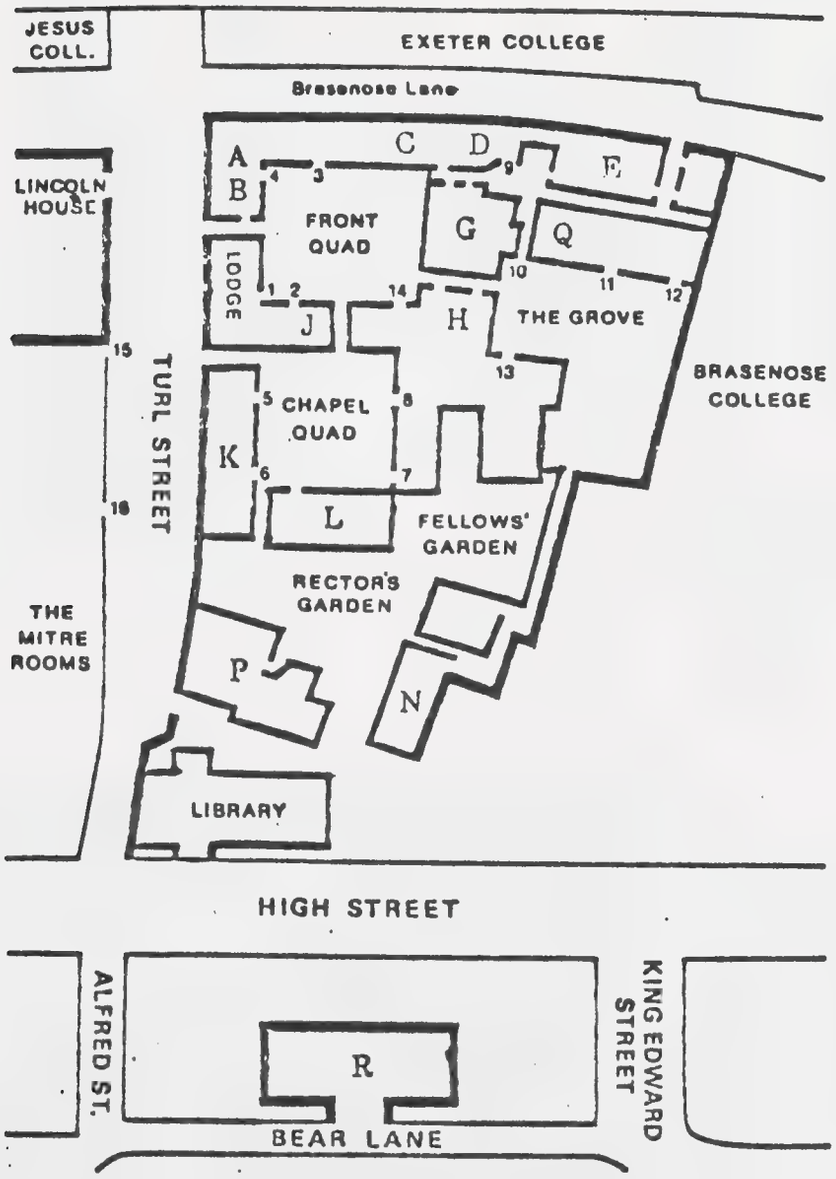
JUN 03 1985


Quin Room over
KITCHEN
LH
3
4
9
HALL
DEEP HALL under
FRONT QUAD
10
11
12
15
Lodge
1
2
14
Beckington & Williams Rooms
GROVE QUAD
5
8
13
CHAPEL QUAD
JCR
TURL ST
6
7
CHAPEL
Lower Lecture Room
MITRE
Oakeshott Room
Seminar 1
LINCOLN COLLEGE
Seminar 2
W.C.

LINCOLN COLLEGE

Sketch Map

GROUND FLOOR PLAN



A Bursar's Office
B Steward's Office, Rector's Office & College Secretary's Office above
C Senior Common Room
D Buttery, Quin Room above
E Kitchen
G Hall, 'Deep Hall' under
H Beckington Room, Williams' Room
J John Wesley Room, over: War Memorial facing Chapel Quad
K Junior Common Room
L Chapel
N Lecture Room
P Rector's Lodgings
Q Middle Common Room
R New Bear Lane Building

NB Numerals indicate staircase numbers

NOW EVERY 20 MINUTES

190

OXFORD LONDON

Marble Arch and Victoria

Commencing Sunday 26 April 1987

OXFORD CityLink

For 24 Hour 190 Timetable Information
Telephone Oxford 248190

For information on any Oxford bus or coach service
Telephone Oxford 711312

CITYLINK 190
OXFORD TO LONDON

Depart Oxford Gloucester Green – Daily

0500 NSU	0935	1315	1655
0550	0955	1335	1715
0620	1015	1355	1735
0635	1035	1415	1755
0650 NSSU	1055	1435	1815
0705	1115	1455	1835
0735	1135	1515	1905
0755	1155	1535	1935
0815	1215	1555	2035
0845	1235	1615	2135
0915	1255	1635	2235

NSU – Not Sundays or Bank Holidays
NSSU – Not Saturdays, Sundays or Bank Holidays

ALL COACHES ALSO STOP AT QUEEN'S LANE, ST. CLEMENTS, GIPSY LANE (FOR POLYTECHNIC), HEADINGTON POST OFFICE, GREEN ROAD ROUNDABOUT, AND SANDHILLS TURN (FOR THORNHILL PARK AND RIDE)

* **CITYLINK 190** the non-stop Motorway Express coach service between Oxford and London now operates every 20 minutes during most of the day.

* **CITYLINK 190** – the only way to travel to work, shop or just visit the sights.

* Connections at Victoria Coach Station with National Express services to the rest of the country.

* Most journeys take just 100 minutes – sometimes less, although during the morning and evening peak periods you should allow more time for your journey to take account of road congestion in London.

* **CHEAP FARES**
  – apart from single tickets, day returns and period returns are also available. Regular commuters can save more with a season ticket.

CITYLINK 190
LONDON TO OXFORD

Depart London Victoria Bay 14 – Daily

0715 NSU	1145	1525	1905
0800	1205	1545	1925
0830	1225	1605	1945
0900	1245	1625	2005
0930	1305	1645	2025
0945	1325	1705	2045
1005	1345	1725	2115
1025	1405	1745	2145
1045	1425	1805	2245
1105	1445	1825	2330
1125	1505	1845	0030

NSU – Not Sundays or Bank Holidays

ALL COACHES ALSO STOP AT MARBLE ARCH, STOP Y APPROXIMATELY 5 MINUTES AFTER DEPARTING FROM VICTORIA

X70

OXFORD HEATHROW GATWICK

Commencing Sunday 26 April 1987
Until Saturday 31 October 1987

OXFORD CityLink

For 24 Hour X70 Timetable Information Telephone Oxford 722270
For Information on any Oxford bus or coach service Telephone Oxford 711312

X70 OXFORD TO HEATHROW AND GATWICK – DAILY

Oxford Green depart	Gloucester Bus Station arrive		Heathrow Central Terminal 4 arrive		Gatwick Airport arrive
0400	↓	0505	↓	0510	↓ 0610
NSU 0500	↓	0605	↓	To London Victoria	
0600	↓	0705	↓	0710	↓ 0810
0700	↓	0805	↓	0810	↓ 0910
0800	↓	0905	↓	0910	↓ 1010
SSU 0830	↓	0935			
0900	↓	1005	↓	1010	↓ 1110
1000	↓	1105	↓	1110	↓ 1210
1100	↓	1205	↓	1210	↓ 1310
1230	↓	1335	↓	1340	↓ 1440
1400	↓	1505	↓	1510	↓ 1610
1430	↓	1535	↓	1540	↓ 1640
1530	↓	1635	↓	1640	↓ 1740
1600	↓	1705	↓	1710	↓ 1810
1730	↓	1835	↓	1840	↓ 1940
1800	↓	1905	↓	1910	↓ 2010
1930	↓	2035	↓	2040	↓ 2140
2100	↓	2205	↓	2210	↓ 2310

Note: Passengers are advised to allow sufficient time to check-in for flights on which they are travelling.
Heathrow Airport Central Bus Station for Terminals 1, 2 and 3
NSU – Not Sundays or Bank Holidays
SSU – Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays

Valid until 31 October 1987

X70 GATWICK AND HEATHROW TO OXFORD – DAILY

Gatwick Airport Ground Level Coach Stop 9 depart	Heathrow Airport Terminal 4 Bay 17 depart		Heathrow Central Bus Station Bay J depart		Oxford Gloucester Green arrive
0655	↓	0750	↓	0810	↓ 0915
		0820	↓	0840	↓ 0945
0855	↓	0950	↓	1010	↓ 1115
		1020	↓	1040	↓ 1145
		1120	↓	1140	↓ 1245
1055	↓	1150	↓	1210	↓ 1315
		1250	↓	1310	↓ 1415
		1350	↓	1410	↓ 1515
1355	↓	1450	↓	1510	↓ 1615
		1550	↓	1610	↓ 1715
		1650	↓	1710	↓ 1815
1655	↓	1750	↓	1810	↓ 1915
		1850	↓	1910	↓ 2015
1855	↓	1950	↓	2010	↓ 2115
		2050	↓	2110	↓ 2215
2055	↓	2150	↓	2210	↓ 2315
A 2355	↓	0045	↓	0055	↓ 0200

Note: A – This journey may arrive in Oxford earlier than 0200 depending on traffic conditions.
Heathrow Airport Central Bus Station for Terminals 1, 2 and 3

Valid until 31 October 1987

* **X70** — Oxford's direct Airport service to Heathrow and Gatwick

* Also stops on request at Queen's Lane, St. Clements, Gipsy Lane (for the Polytechnic), Headington Post Office and Green Road roundabout.

* **HEATHROW** — Frequent departures from 0400 to 2100 every day
  Journey time just 65 minutes
  Most journeys also serve Terminal 4

* **GATWICK** — 8 journeys per day, timed to connect with most charter flights
  Journey time just 130 minutes.

---

* **CHEAP FARES**

OXFORD TO	HEATHROW	GATWICK
SINGLE	£5.00	£8.00
DAY RETURN	£5.50	£10.00
PERIOD RETURN	£8.00	£14.00

(Fares correct at 26/04/87 – subject to revision)

Sorry, but reduced fares for students and pensioners are not available on the X70 service.

---

* When flying out, seeing friends off or welcoming them back, or just watching one of the world's busiest airports at work, travel by X70.

May 26, 1987

Mr. Robert Broad
3534 Yuma St. N W
Washington, DC 20008

Dear Bob:

Our tradition of Vermont Bread Loaf Green Ribbon Greeters has been so successful that I'd like to start the custom at Lincoln College. As a returning Lincolnite, would you be willing to help welcome Bread Loafers when they arrive at the Porter's Lodge on Monday, June 29 (late morning and afternoon)?

Phebe Jensen and Paul Crumbley, this summer's assistants, will set up strategies, but all it should amount to is helping to orient bewildered, jet-lagged Bread Loafers as they stagger in.

I should be pleased to extend you an honorarium of L5 for your much appreciated help. Please let Dana know if this request will be possible for you.

Cordially,

Paul M. Cubeta

cc: Phebe Jensen and Paul Crumbley
Lawrence Danson

~~Enclosure~~

Dictated by Paul Cubeta and signed in his absence.

MUSEUM ROAD INFORMATION

1987 SUPPLEMENT

The rental for a family living in a Museum Road house at today's exchange rate would be $920, but you will be charged at the rate as of April 15, which should not differ dramatically from this figure. Meals are not included in this fee, but utilities are. Although there is heat, it may or may not be turned on by the College during the summer. There are no individual phones in the houses, but there is a pay phone in the complex. Laundry facilities are also available.

There is no organized daycare program, but there are a few options. You can contact Miss Joy Makin, The Steward, Lincoln College, Oxford OX1 3DR, United Kingdom, and ask about professional baby-sitting services such as "Nannies, Inc." Since the houses are joined, Bread Loaf parents have made cooperative arrangements with each other. These houses do not have much of a yard, and although the street is technically blocked off, it is possible that a car may come by. Children cannot be allowed to play unsupervised, since there are neighbors to be considered, among them medical students who sleep during the day. The huge University parks are nearby, and are more suitable for play. Parents may want to rent TV's and VCR's for the summer.

MUSEUM ROAD

FOUR LEVELS

Courtyard in back

Basement: Kitchen, everything supplied: dishes, cups, glasses, wash cloths, pans, can openers, silver ware, tables, chairs, teapots, kettles, stove, refrigerator (small) - extra small freezer

First floor: Sitting room, usually (may be on second floor): chairs, desk, dresser, sink

Study: desk, chairs, wardrobe, book shelves, sink (sometimes a bed - can be used as a couch)

Second floor: Bedroom(s): beds, sheets and blankets supplied - changed every Wednesday; chairs, desk, wardrobe, dresser, sink

Third floor: Bedroom(s)

Bathroom - tub, sink, toilet - no showers; clean towels once a week

Scout comes Monday - Friday - empties trash cans, vacuums once a week; general cleaning, makes beds, spoils us.

Laundromat - basement of flat #9; ironing board and iron

Telephone - back part of flat #23

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

July 1987

Dear Colleague:

All grades of students at Bread Loaf are reported by letter. More important than the grade on the transcripts are the brief comments I'll ask you to write on each student at the time you submit your grade. These judgments become a part of the School's records and are most helpful in determining whether to readmit a student and in my preparing letters of recommendation. I attach a statement on School policy regarding these comments since they are included under the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974.

I should like to suggest the following scale, but please remember Middlebury's computer has not been programmed to take Oxford grades:

Description	Oxford	Bread Loaf
A superlative achievement	A+ A	A+
An extraordinary accomplishment. Grades of A and higher are probably received by no more than 10% of all students.	A- A-- AB	A
A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.	BA B++	A-
Very good work. (About half of Bread Loaf grades are B+ or A-)	B+?+ B+	B+
Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in the lower range of your class	B?+ B B?-	B
Passing, but undistinguished work.	B- B-- BC	B-
A failure. No credit awarded.	-	C

If you have concerns about any of this, let me know.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

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MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

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A distinguished performance at the Master's level. Excellent work.	BA B++	A-
Very good work. (About half of Bread Loaf grades are B+ or A-)	B+?+ B+	B+
Good, competent performance, entirely creditable, but in the lower range of your class	B?+ B B?-	B
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Passing, but undistinguished work.	B- B-- BC	B-
A failure. No credit awarded.	-	C

If you have concerns about any of this, let me know.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC/elh

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

July 1987

Dear Bread Loafer at Oxford:

As I begin planning our eleventh summer, I would appreciate your help, as will John Fleming, the Director at Lincoln in 1988. These questions are meant merely to be illustrative of my concerns, so please add anything you believe will help make next summer even better.

1. The Academic Program

Your comments on your course, its structure and demands, etc. What was your judgment of your tutor, his (her) interest in you, the class? What was your assessment of the papers (amount of work acquired for them), your tutor's criticisms?

2. Lincoln College

Your comments on your room, the food, the personnel of Lincoln, etc.

3. The Extracurricular Program

Your comments on lecturers, trips to the theatre, etc.

4. Improvements

How could I improve the program? What was your happiest surprise? Your most serious disappointment? What would you recommend I tell next summer's students?

5. Your further suggestions or comments. (Please use reverse, if needed.)

You may submit this assessment anonymously, but it will be more helpful if I knew who was advising me. Thank you for the time you've taken in filling out this form. It will help me help Bread Loafers at Lincoln in 1988.

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Lincoln College, Oxford

July 31, 1987

Dear Bread Loafer in the Program in Writing:

Even though I've already imposed on you for your help in evaluating this summer at Lincoln College, I would be immensely grateful if you could give me your assessment of the Program in Writing so that we can improve the Program in 1988.

Sincerely,

Paul Cubeta

1. Your writing course--methods, demands, instructor

2. The value of your experience for yourself and for your school

Name_____

(optional)

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Professor Dennis Kay
Lincoln College
Oxford OX1 3DR
United Kingdom

Dear Dennis:

As one of the ways in which Bread Loaf students may earn credit off the Mountain, the School permits able students to undertake an Independent Winter Reading Project, which is explained in the attached letter. I might need you to read an essay some time early in July. An early draft was read by a member of the Bread Loaf faculty this spring. I hope you won't find the task of reading them burdensome. You and John Wilders would read the essay and if it were judged to be worthy of a passing grade (B-), you would then conduct an hour oral exam. The purpose of the exam is to reconcile differing judgments between colleagues, to give a student an opportunity to clarify aspects of his essay and in general to improve his grade. An unhappy oral would not fail a paper which was judged to be worthy of credit. In other words, a student can only help himself during the exam. That recognition takes a lot of strain off the performance.

There is a possibility, therefore, that I may ask you to help assist in reading the following projects:

Student	Topic	Readers
Louis Colasanti	Shakespeare's Dispersion of the Chorus	Kay/Wilders

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:dw

cc: Lawrence Danson

Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College, Oxford
1987

126. INDEPENDENT WINTER READING PROJECT (1)

Louis Colasanti

Dixie Goswami

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT 05753

Bread Loaf School of English

June 1987

Professor Michael Wood
Exeleigh South
Starcross, near Exeter
EX6 8PB
United Kingdom

Dear Michael:

As the final requirement for earning the Master of Letters degree at Bread Loaf, a student must undertake a three-hour written and a one-hour oral exam in the area of his or her concentration. I am requesting that you serve as one of the two members of the M.Litt examination board for Margot Sempreora. The exams will be held in early August, and there will be ample time for us to discuss arrangements at Bread Loaf. I just did not want to spring any surprises on you once the summer got under way. I hope that this task will not be a burdensome one for you.

I am enclosing Meg's reading list. Early in the summer, Dorothy Bednarowska and you can meet with Meg to discuss her preliminary statements so that by the time of the exam, you will have a better sense of what its dimensions are.

The purpose of these exams is to draw together authors, works, themes, genre, etc., which a student has been thinking about in the selected field of concentration. The exams are not meant to be all-inclusive in coverage, but they should give the candidate a chance to discuss in writing and in conversation his work for this degree.

The student is expected to be prepared in depth to write on those works which may be used for exploration during the oral exam.

The exam as a whole must be passed as a degree requirement. It is graded simply pass/fail.

I would very much appreciate your assistance in undertaking this additional academic chore.

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul M. Cubeta
Director

PMC:dw

cc: Lawrence Danson

STATISTICS

Bread Loaf School of English

Lincoln College, Oxford

1987

FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS (17)

Stefani Ballard

Anne Blake

Catherine Booras

Teresa Conlin

Robert Dale

Karen Hammerness

Marla Henken

Fern Hilton

Monica Matouk

Sarah Messer

Hardin Pantle

Thomas Robertson

Ronald Saltz

Paul Siewert

Margaret Sutherland

Cabel Tennis

Daniel Victor

Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College, Oxford
1987

SCHOLARSHIPS BY NAME

The Griffiths Chair - Dorothy Bednarowska

The John M. Kirk, Jr., Chair in Medieval Literature - Douglas Gray

The Laurence B. Holland Memorial Scholar - Thomas Keelan

The Mark Wilson Memorial Scholars - Sarah Albano
Paul Siewert

The Lillian Becker Scholar - Julie Hile

The Reginald and Juanita Cook Scholar - Robert Broad

The Raymond A. Waldron Scholar - Terry Tiernan

The Wylie and Lucy Sypher Scholar - Lauren Muller

The Kathleen Downey Memorial Scholar - Linda Henry

The Charlie Orr Memorial Scholar - Todd Van Amburgh

Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College, Oxford
1987

GENERAL STATISTICS

Student attendance by states:
(according to address list)

California	3
Colorado	1
Connecticut	5
Delaware	1
Florida	3
Idaho	2
Illinois	1
Louisiana	1
Maine	2
Maryland	2
Massachusetts	9
Minnesota	2
Missouri	1
New Hampshire	1
New Jersey	7
New York	14
Ohio	1
Oregon	1
Pennsylvania	2
South Dakota	2
Tennessee	3
Texas	1
Vermont	4
Virginia	2
Wyoming	1
Wisconsin	1
Washington	2
Washington DC	1
France	2
Switzerland	1
United Kingdom	1

(27 states represented
and 3 foreign countries;
plus Washington DC)

Total student enrollment		80
Men students		36
Women students		44
Former students		63
New students		17
Cancellations		33
Number of courses		15
Number of faculty		13
Number teaching 1 course		5
1987 M.A. degree candidates		8
1987 M.Litt. degree candidates		1
Scholarship students		42
Candidates for Midd. M.A.		55
Candidates for Midd. M.Litt.		11
Candidates for Midd. M.M.L.		0
Undergraduates		8
Continuing Education		3
Undesignated		3
Average age of students		32
Median age of students		29
Under 21	0	
21 - 25	22	
26 - 30	23	
31 - 35	14	
36 - 40	8	
41 - 50	9	
51 & over	4	
Private school teachers		23
Public school teachers		26
College & Jr. College teachers		5
Other:		
Undergraduates		8
Graduate students		3
Ph.D. students		0
Unemployed		9
Other occupations		6
Pre-1982 B.A. or B.S. degree		46

Bread Loaf School of English

Lincoln College, Oxford

1986

ENROLLMENT FIGURES

1978 - 59

1979 - 53

1980 - 58

1981 - 64

1982 - 64

1983 - 83

1984 - 72

1985 - 79

1986 - 83

1987 - 80

Bread Loaf School of English

Lincoln College, Oxford

1987

FACULTY LOAD

Bednarowska, Dorothy	10	(6 + 4)
Brown, John	7	(7) (shared with Dixon)
Cunningham, Valentine	4	(4)
Danson, Lawrence	3	(3)
Dixon, John	7	(7) (shared with Brown)
Gray, Douglas	6	(6)
Kay, Dennis	10	(5 + 5)
Park, Roy	9	(5 + 4)
Pitcher, John	5	(5)
Shrimpton, Nicholas	4	(4)
Smallwood, Robert	11	(11) (shared with Wells)
Wells, Stanley	11	(11) (shared with Smallwood)
Wilders, John	11	(5 + 6)

Bread Loaf School of English

Lincoln College, Oxford

1987

COURSE ENROLLMENT

126A.	Independent Winter Reading Project		1
504.	17th Century Poetry	(Wilders)	5
510.	Classic Modern Fiction	(Cunningham)	4
516.	Tragedy and Religion	(Park)	5
518.	Sharkespeare: On the Page & Stage	(Smallwood/Wells)	11
519.	Milton and Marvell	(Kay)	5
521.	Negative Capability	(Park)	4
524.	Chaucer	(Gray)	6
526.	Shakespeare's Comedy	(Wilders)	6
528.	Shakesperean and Jacobean Drama	(Kay)	5
533.	Reading, Writing & Learning	(Dixon/Brown)	7
551.	The Epic: Homer/Joyce	(Pitcher)	5
552.	Victorian Imaginations	(Shrimpton)	4
553.	Marriage in the Victorian Novel	(Bednarowska)	6
554.	The Essay	(Danson)	3
555.	Experiments in the Form of the Novel	(Bednarowska)	4

Bread Loaf School of English
Lincoln College, Oxford

1987

GRADUATE CONTINUING EDUCATION (5)

Fern Hilton

Kathleen Potier

Frederick Rollenhagen

Margaret Sutherland

Cabell Tennis

UNDERGRADUATES (8)

Katy Booras	Middlebury College
Karen Hammerness	Middlebury College
Marla Henken	Middlebury College
Monica Matouk	Middlebury College
Sarah Messer	Middlebury College
Hardin Pantle	Middlebury College
Ronald Saltz	Middlebury College
Daniel Victor	Middlebury College

Bread Loaf School of English

Lincoln College, Oxford

1987

126. INDEPENDENT WINTER READING PROJECT (1)

Louis Colasanti

Dixie Goswami

Bread Loaf School of English

Lincoln College, Oxford

1987

M.LITT. CANDIDATES/AREAS OF CONCENTRATION

Thomas Andrew	Medieval and Renaissance Lit.
Brenda Armstrong	19th & 20th Century Novel
Anne Blake	
David Dougherty	Renaissance
James Hemingway	Novel
Julie Hile	
Margot Sempreora	Early Modern Novel, English and American, Late 19th, early 20th century
William Sempreora	19th Century Prose and Poetry
Marilyn Taylor	Drama
Suzanne Taylor	Novel
Denis Wadley	Renaissance

COMMENCEMENT

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

The Bread Loaf School of English
at
Lincoln College, Oxford

TENTH SESSION

Commencement Ceremony

THE LINCOLN COLLEGE CHAPEL

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1987

9:00 P.M.

1987

Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts

WENDY HAMILTON BLUE
CATHERINE LOUISE CHALLENER
ROBERT W. HILL, III
LEONARD CHESTER LeSOURD
REBECCA SUE McNEES
JENNIFER REED
DANIEL G. SLACK
MATTHEW WEBSTER SOULE

Candidate for the Degree of Master of Letters

MARGOT S. SEMPREORA

Processional

Introductory Remarks

LAWRENCE DANSON, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.
Professor of English, Princeton
Director of the Bread Loaf School of English,
Lincoln College, 1987

Commencement Address

JOHN PITCHER, M.A., D.Phil.
Fellow and Tutor in English, St. John's College, Oxford
University Lecturer in the University of Oxford

Conferring of the Degrees of
Master of Arts and Master of Letters

LAWRENCE DANSON, B.A., M.A., Ph.D.

VIVIAN GREEN, M.A., D.D.
Rector of Lincoln College

DENNIS KAY, M.A., D.Phil.
Fellow and Tutor in English, Lincoln College
University Lecturer in the University of Oxford

Concluding Remarks

Recessional

PANICULUM

PANICULUM

Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College
Volume 10, No. 1, 29 June 1987

WELCOME

Welcome to Oxford, Lincoln and Bread Loaf. If you haven't already done so, please come by the Bread Loaf office so we can extract some information from you and award you a school I.D. There should be several Bread Loaf "greeters" nearby to assist you with luggage and directions (look for the blue name tags).

HOW TO FIND YOUR ROOM

Room assignments, keys, and directions can be found out from the Porter in the Porter's Lodge (the sliding glass window to your right).

FOOD AND DRINK

Lunch will be served today at 1:00 in the Great Hall. If you're in immediate need of coffee, tea, or a snack, there are several tea houses nearby. Ask in the office for directions.

The Lincoln College pub, Deep Hall, will be open at 5:30 this afternoon. The pub is located beneath the Hall, accessible down Stairway 10. Come down for a drink and socializing before dinner, which will be served at 7:00 in the Hall.

CLASS SCHEDULES

Most classes will have organizational meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday. A list of times and places will be posted on the bulletin board as soon as possible.

TOMORROW'S BUSINESS: BODLEY REGISTRATION

A most important event which will take place on Tuesday is registrationn at the Bodley library. If you don't already have two passport size photos for this purpose, please have them taken now. There is one photo booth at the High Street end of the market, and another one in the main post office on St. Aldgates.

Bread Loaf students should meet at the Porter's Lodge to go over to the Bodley at the following times:

Last names beginning in	A - G:	11:00
	H - M:	11:30
	N - Z:	12:00

Dennis Kay will lead the groups over to the library.

TOUR OF LINCOLN

Dennis Kay will also conduct a short tour of Lincoln College and introduction to the Lincoln College library on Tuesday morning. Meet at the Porter's Lodge at 10:15.

ORIENTATION

There will be an informal orientation for first time Bread Loafers at Lincoln on Tuesday afternoon at 5:00 in the Oakshott room. Topics will include an introduction to Oxford, differences between Lincoln and the Mountain, and academic expectations.

TOMORROW EVENINGG

Tomorrow evening the program will be officially inaugurated with a reception in the Grove Quad (or the Beckington Room in case of rain) followed by a High Table dinner in the Hall at 7:00. Formal attire is called for.

TOMORROW MORNING

Breakfast is served at 8:00.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 1 30 June 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

TODAY'S AGENDA

This afternoon's activities, in addition to class meetings, are:

5:00: Orientation in the Oakshott Room by Larry Danson, the Director of Bread Loaf at Lincoln; Phebe Jensen and Paul Crumbley, the Director's assistants; and Dennis Kay, a Fellow of Lincoln College.

6:15: Reception in the Grove if the weather holds; in the Beckington Room if it doesn't. This is a fancy dress occasion, to be followed by --

7:00 High Table dinner in the Hall.

COMPUTERS??

Bread Loaf does not presently have access to word processors, but it may be possible for students to band together and lease some independently. Dennis Kay will discuss this with interested students at the end of the 5:00 orientation session in the Oakeshott Room. Veteran Lincoln students who are interested should therefore attend the orientation session -- or at least drop by for the tail end (about 5:30).

OFFICES AND OFFICE HOURS

The Bread Loaf office, located in Stairway 8 in the Chapel Quad, will be open today until 4:00. Once things settle down a bit we (Phebe and Paul) will be in the office Monday-Friday, 9:00-11:00 a.m. and 1:30 - 3:00 p.m. Please feel free to come by with questions -- or just to meet us if you haven't already. Also, anyone who hasn't registered should do so now.

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE HOURS

Mr. Danson will be in his office, VII-1, much of today, and he invites all Bread Loafers to drop by to get acquainted or reacquainted.

MEALS, AGAIN

Please read and commit to memory the notice about signing out for meals if you're a resident at Lincoln, and signing in/paying for meals if you're not.

MAIL

Mail will be brought in at Breakfast and displayed on the table at the end of the Hall. For late sleepers, unclaimed mail will be trotted out again at Lunch.

SENIORS

Though it seems far away, now is already the time to begin planning for graduation. All Seniors please come to Deep Hall at 5:30 Wednesday for the first of several important meetings.

PHONING HOME

The British telephone system has made great technological advances of late. Most phones -- including the pay phones in Lincoln House and Stairway 6 -- operate with phone cards which can be purchased at the Porter's Lodge, the Post Office, and various shops around town. When the phone card is inserted, a digital display tells you how much money is on the phone card; once you're connected, the display counts down so you know how much time is left. This enables you to make direct-dial calls to the States or anywhere else at the lowest rate possible.

If you want to make a collect/credit card call to the U.S., dial 155 for the international operator. Local operator is 100.

Calls can also be made from the Bread Loaf office, but they are more expensive since they must be operator-assisted calls.

NEWS FROM HOME

Several daily newspapers, including the International Herald-Tribune, which specializes in American news, will be provided first thing each morning in the JCR. Please do not remove them from the JCR for any reason; they are for everyone's use.

LOCAL NEWS

Please check the bulletin board often; all messages, memorandums, items of interest, and personal notes for Bread Loafers will be posted here.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 3 Wednesday, July 1, 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

PAGE AND STAGE STUDENTS TAKE NOTE:

Your first theatre trip will be to the Barbican in London on Friday, for the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of Macbeth. Please come by the office tomorrow morning by 11:00 a.m. to pick up and pay for your tickets.

EXTRA MACBETH TICKETS FOR THE REST OF US?

As with all Page and Stage theatre trips, some extra Macbeth tickets were ordered and can be purchased by Bread Loaf students. If you want a ticket, be forewarned: tickets will go on sale in the Bread Loaf office at 1:30 p.m. on Thursday afternoon. First come, first served. This will be the first of a continuing effort on our part to distribute the limited number of tickets fairly.

We will know the exact price for tickets and transportation tomorrow, but throughout the summer you can expect to pay approximately 13 pounds for Barbican tickets or 17 pounds for Stratford tickets, plus 2 to 3 pounds for round trip bus service (Bread Loaf charters the bus). Bread Loafers who have been here before will notice with dismay that ticket prices have skyrocketed. Inflation is part of the explanation, but there is also a more palatable one: Bread Loaf has purchased the best seats available for all performances.

Buses will leave for the Barbican on Friday at 3:00 p.m.

FUTURE THEATRE OUTINGS

Since Bread Loaf has already paid for our two all-school theatre trips, you'll be interested to know that the first one will be Twelfth Night at the Barbican next Wednesday, of which more later. Throughout the summer, extra Page and Stage tickets will go on sale in the manner described above. If you're trying to decide whether to go to Macbeth, come by the office and check the schedule of Page and Stage summer performances now. You may want to decide which plays you really want to see if your funds or time are limited.

SENIOR MEETING REMINDER

Seniors will meet in Deep Hall at 5:30 tonight to elect a President and start planning graduation.

LAUNDRY AND RELATED ISSUES

There is a washer and dryer underneath the Bread Loaf office (down Stairway 8). Both take 10p coins. The ironing board that is usually in the laundry room has mysteriously disappeared, but should be replaced soon. An iron can be signed out from the Porter's Lodge.

THE HISTORY OF LINCOLN COLLEGE

Vivian Green, the Rector of Lincoln, who welcomed us so graciously in Hall last night, will deliver a lecture on the history of Lincoln on Thursday evening at 8:15 in the Oakeshott room. His talk is highly recommended for new and returning Bread Loaf Students. Dr. Green has also written a book on the history of Lincoln, which can be perused and purchased (5.50) in the Bread Loaf office.

CHAPLAIN

Although there are no services scheduled in the Chapel during the summer, the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Christopher Cunliffe, is available to any member of Bread Loaf should the need arise for counseling etc. Dr. Cunliffe has rooms in Chapel Quad (Staircase 5, Number 3), or can be contacted at home, 5 Museum Road (Tel. 52860).

COMPUTERS!

Bob Broad is organizing a group of students who want to join forces and rent a computer or two for the summer. See this bulletin board for details, and sign up now if you're interested. If you have questions, contact Bob or come by the office.

NEW LINCOLN ATHLETIC FACILITIES

Those of you who were not at the orientation last night, take note: Lincoln has expanded its athletic facilities since last year. There is now a gym complete with nautilus machines, stationary bikes, etc. available for use by Bread Loaf students. If you want to use the gym, you must sign up, get the key, and get directions from the Porter's lodge. The facilities are located behind the lodgings in Museum road.

SERIOUS AND UNHAPPY NEWS

The peace and quiet inside the walls of Lincoln can beguile you into forgetting that Oxford is a big, busy modern city. There is always the possibility of theft, and in past years several items were stolen out of Bread Loaf students' rooms. We are now very sorry to report that there has already been a theft from one of the rooms in Lincoln House. Please, always lock your door when you go out, and if your windows looks out on the ground floor or an accessible ledge, lock your windows as well.

Though the streets of Oxford are perfectly safe during the day, in past years some students have been harassed when walking around alone late at night. If you'll be out after the pubs close, do be aware of this -- and try not to go alone.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No.4 2 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

MACBETH TICKETS

About a dozen Macbeth tickets will go on sale to the general Bread Loaf population at 1:30 this afternoon. The tickets are 11.50 each, plus 3.30 for round trip bus transportation, making a total of 14.80 for the trip.

For those lucky few who manage to get tickets, the bus will leave from in front of Trinity Gate (on the Broad across from the Turl) at 3.00 p.m. Friday afternoon, and return sometime after midnight.

VIVIAN GREEN LECTURE TONIGHT

A reminder to go hear the Rector speak on the history of Lincoln College at 8:15 tonight in the Oakeshott room. His book on the subject, The Commonwealth of Lincoln: 1427-1977 is for sale in the Bread Loaf Office for 5.50.

ENTERTAINMENT, TONIGHT AND EVERY OTHER NIGHT

A weekly bulletin called "What's On in Oxford," posted on the bulletin board facing this one, lists movies, theatre, concerts, etc. There are several theatre societies in Oxford, both University-associated and independent, which put on plays throughout the summer. Current goings-on include a Handel festival at the Sheldonian festival; tickets may be available for Friday evening. If you're interested, come by the office or go to "Tickets in Oxford" in the Tourist Office on the High.

LATE-BREAKING LAUNDRY NEWS

In addition to the laundry room down Stairway 8 in the Chapel Quad, there is another little-known one complete with iron and ironing board. It is located up Stairway 15 (next to Lincoln House, across the Turl) on the third floor.

OXFORD FOR CHILDREN

Last year's children at Lincoln put together a guide to Oxford and England for the younger set. Copies are available in the Bread Loaf office for interested parties.

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE HOURS

Mr. Danson will be available in his office, VII.1, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from 10.00 to 12.00 and on Tuesdays and Fridays 12.00 to 1.00, and appointments can be arranged at other times as well.

NEW LEADER

The Senior class has elected Louis Colasanti as their class president. Mrs. Thatcher extends her congratulations.

PUNTING -- Go early in the day on Saturday or Sunday; the rivers get crowded in the afternoon. If you want to take along a bottle of wine, there is an off-license store conveniently located on the way down to the punts at Magdalen bridge. Lincoln also bottles its own wine, for sale in Deep Hall.

TOURS OF THE COLLEGES: Many of the colleges are open to tourists during the afternoons. You can explore on your own, or take one of the walking tours which leave regularly from the tourist office on High Street.

BICYCLING: If you plan to cycle a lot, you might want to purchase a detailed map of Oxfordshire (available in the Tourist Office) There are maps available for reference in the Bread Loaf office.

THEATRE: The Zoo Story is being performed tonight at Northgate Hall, St. Michael's Street, by the Isis Theatre Commpany. We have not heard any reports, good or bad, but tickets are only 2.00. The play starts at 8:30

MOVIES: See "What's On in Oxford," on the bulletin board opposite.

ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM: The most famous of several museums in Oxford, located on Beaumont Street. Open Tuesday-Saturday 10:00-4:00.

CHURCH SERVICES: The office has a schedule of local church services.

Many more suggestions and brochures available in the Bread Loaf office, as well as in the tourist office on High Street.

NEXT WEEK CELEBRATE the 130th anniversary of the semi-famous Oxford Union Murals. These now-invisible masterpieces of Pre-Raphaelite art will be restored, after a fashion, by N. John Hall, Distinguished Professor at the City University of NY, in an illustrated lecture called 'Max Beerbohm's Rossetti and His Circle: A Silver Thread of Lunacy,' on Monday at 4.00 in the Oakshott Room. Refreshments follow and everyone is invited.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 5 FRIDAY 3 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

PRIMARY SOURCE RESEARCH

The office is compiling a collection of reject Bodleian mug shots for the Bread Loaf archives. Pictures of familiar faces masquerading as serial killers, career IRS examiners, and electric shock recipients are especially in demand. Be brave: we know what you really look like.

POST INDEPENDENCE DAY READING

Jack Boyle announces the sextennial post-Independence-Day Bread Loaf Readings, to be held the fifth of July (Sunday) at 8:00 in the Quinn Room. Both readers and listeners are welcome; bring your own refreshment. For more information, find Jack or come to the Bread Loaf office.

PICKY EATERS

Today is the last day to change your mind about special diets. Whatever you told the office last is what you'll eat for the rest of the summer.

ARE YOU ON THE BUS...

Final reminder: the bus to Macbeth will leave from Trinity Gates at 3:00 p.m. this afternoon. They tend to leave promptly.

BUS FOOD

If you're going to Macbeth and you're on the meal plan here at Lincoln, a delicious box dinner will be provided for you.

COME BACK HERE THIS MINUTE

If you will be away from college for all or part of the weekend, sign out now for the meals you will miss.

SPORTS FOR CHILDREN

If you're wondering what your children will do all summer, here's an idea for one week at least: the Peers School Sports Centre is running a week-long sports camp near the end of July for children between the ages of 8 - 17. You must book by July 7th. For more information, call the Centre at 779348.

AFTER THE THRILL OF WIMBLEDON IS OVER...

You can still practice your own game on Lincoln's Sports Grounds on Bartlemas Close (out the Cowley Road). The centre has five grass courts and one recently overhauled hard court. The Sports Grounds are open until dusk every day except Tuesdays and Thursdays, when they close at 6:00. Come to the office for directions.

WHILING AWAY THE WEEKEND HOURS

For those of you who are staying in town, there are about a million things to do and see in Oxford and vicinity, as you will have guessed by now. Some suggestions:

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 6 MONDAY 6 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

TWELFTH NIGHT APPROACHES

This Wednesday, the whole school will go to Stratford for Twelfth Night. Tickets will be handed out on the bus on the way out of town. If you plan to go, do nothing: just show up at the bus at 5:00 on Wednesday outside Trinity Gates. If you have decided not to go, however, please sign up below as soon as possible -- and certainly by Tuesday morning. We need to know how many extra tickets we can make available to the significant others of Bread Loaf students.

FOR THOSE IN SEARCH OF TICKETS

There will be a limited number of extra tickets available for Twelfth Night. Spouses of Bread Loaf students will have first priority for these tickets. If you would like to purchase a ticket, sign up today in the Bread Loaf office.

PRE-RAPHAELITES IN COLOUR

Strange happenings when Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his friends come to Oxford. At 4:00 in the Oakeshott Room, N. John Hall, compatriot and Professor at the City University of New York, will deliver an illustrated lecture, "Max Beerbohm's Rossetti and His Circle: A Silver Thread of Lunacy." Everyone invited, and light refreshments will follow.

COMPUTER PEOPLE:

Please attend an important organizational meeting today (Monday, July 6th) at 12:00 noon in Deep Hall. We will discuss financing and sharing of our computer, which will be available for your use starting tomorrow. Thanks for your support, and congratulations!

-- Bob Broad

NOTES FOR PANICULUM

You, too, can see your name in print in the PANICULUM ("all the news we can think of, we print"). We try to complete it by 9:00 a.m., so please give us items the day before or at breakfast. Of course, notices can also be pinned up on the bulletin board.

SENSITIVE EARS

In the interests of international peace and domestic tranquility, please refrain from unkind remarks about D.C. Kay's new haircut.

DEEP HALL BACCHANAL

The Bread Loaf office requests the pleasure of your company at a disco this Friday night from 8:00 to 12:00 in Deep Hall. A pound each will be collected to defray the cost of the D.J.; drinks at the usual Deep Hall prices. RSVP not necessary.

BE CAREFUL

Oxford continues to suffer a rash of thefts, though there has been no incident in Lincoln since last week. Please remember to lock your doors and windows when you leave your room. Also, now that you're familiar with your neighbor's face, be on the look-out for intruders. Report suspicious characters to the Porter's Lodge at once.

PLEASE SIGN HERE

if you're **not** going to Twelfth Night on Wednesday

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 5 TUESDAY 7 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

TWELFTH NIGHT TICKETS

Once again: please notify the Bread Loaf office if you are a member of the program and you've decided not to go to the play on Wednesday. All extra tickets will be sold beginning at 1:30 p.m. today. Spouses who have signed up in the office will be given priority.

DEPARTURE FOR STRATFORD

The bus will leave promptly at 5:00 from Trinity College gates. These gates are on Broad Street directly across from the Turl.

DINNER WEDNESDAY

Picnic dinners will be provided for everyone on the meal plan; these will be distributed when the buses arrive in Stratford. No meal will be served in the Hall. If you're not going to the play you can pick up a box dinner from the Porter's Lodge at about 4:30 on Wednesday; let us know beforehand so we don't take your dinner with us.

LIBRARY PROTOCOL

If you're not sure of the procedure for checking out and returning books, ask the librarian. Here is the procedure as described in the "Guide to the Library":

> To borrow a book, take the card from the plastic pocket at the front, sign it legibly, and place it in the tray provided on the table in the upper library. **NOT** in the tray at the front desk. Books should be returned via the Book Return Bin by the entrance.

SINGERS OF MADRIGALS

Is anyone interested in singing and/or organizing madrigals? Potential leaders, please make yourself known to the Bread Loaf office as soon as possible. Everyone who is interested in singing please come to a meeting in Oakeshott Room at 5:30 p.m. Thursday, July 9th.

ART AT AN ENGLISH MANOR

More than 200 artists and craftspeople from around the world will be gathering at Waterbury House (near Whatley) for Arts in Action '87 next weekend. Classes and demonstrations will be held in crafts such as, printmaking, textile conservation, silk rug weaving, sculpting, jewelery making, and more. There will also be wine tasting sessions, plays and stories for children, food, and music -- all set in the landscaped grounds of an English manor. Wendy Blue recommends the festival highly for both adults and children. Arts in Action will run from July 16th to July 19th (10:30 - 5:30) and Waterbury House can be reached by bus from Oxford. Details in the office or from Wendy Blue.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 8 WEDNESDAY 8 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

BUSES LEAVE FOR STRATFORD TODAY AT 5:00:

From Trinity Gates across Broad Street at the end of the Turl.

VISITING SPEAKER NEXT WEEK: BARBARA HARDY

Barbara Hardy, Professor of English at Birkbeck College, University of London, will be visiting the Reading, Writing and Learning group next week. All interested members of Bread Loaf are invited to attend her introductory talk, "Acts and Arts of Narrative in George Orwell," at 4:45 p.m. Monday in the Oakeshott room. A reception will follow in the Grove Quad. Ms. Hardy is well known to students of literature for her books on Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, Thackery, George Eliot and Victorian Novelists, and to teachers of English in secondary schools (and members of the National Association of Teachers of English) for her thrilling lectures on narrative, the imagination, and lyric -- their sources in human dialogue and their development in art forms.

BOOK YOUR CARS NOW

In doing some comparison-shopping for rental cars, Tom Andrews has discovered that booking ahead can save you money. If you're thinking of renting a car at the end of the session you can still get the following rates from these local car hire establishments:

Fransman's (63979)	4 days	44.60
	Week	67.70
Hotson's (63127)	4 days	55.20
	Week	80.50
(All Others	4 days approx.	65.00)

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR LITERARY KNOWLEDGE

Last year's Bread Loaf students left two electric kettles and one hairdryer in the office for distribution to this year's students. These appliances were made for the English electrical system; they do not require elaborate attachments, adapters, or reconcilers to make them run, and they are guaranteed not to blow up. In anticipation of a large demand for these items, the Bread Loaf office has decided to award one appliance a day to the first student who can identify a selected literary passage (author and title only). Prizes are not transferable (but you can guess even if you don't need a hairdryer).

PASSAGE NUMBER ONE:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy Shade."

Please bring answers and inquiries to the Bread Loaf office.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 9 THURSDAY 9 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

TOMLINSON TO LECTURE NEXT WEEK

Charles Tomlinson, poet, essayist, translator, painter, and Professor of English at the University of Bristol, will lecture next Tuesday at 5:00 in the Oakeshott Room. A reception in the Grove and High Table dinner will follow.

(Next week's lecture schedule:
Monday -- Barbara Hardy, lecture at 4:45, reception follows
Tuesday -- Charles Tomlinson, lecture at 5:00, followed by reception and High Table dinner)

SENIORS TAKE NOTE

On Tuesday, July 14th, after the Charles Tomlinson lecture, during the Grove reception and before High Table dinner, an official group photograph will be taken of all seniors. These will then be available for purchase.

MADRIGALS TONIGHT?

Anyone interested in singing madrigals please meet at 5:30 tonight in the Oakeshott room. No one has of yet come forward to lead such a group, but if enough people are interested something can probably be arranged.

MORE POETRY READING

There will be a second informal reading this Sunday, July 12th. This time, the group will meet in Todd Van Amburgh's room (12.9) at 8:00. Please bring scripts, novels in progress, a passage from your favorite text, and whatever beverage suits your fancy.

PUB TOUR SCHEDULED

Pip has generously offered to show all interested Bread loaf students a sampling of the finest drinking establishments in Oxford. His area of expertise is real ales and the very best of the local brews. All interested persons should be prepared to leave by foot from the Porter's Lodge at 7:30 tonight.

A PARTY IN A HOT PLACE

Don't forget: Deep Hall Party this Friday night from 8:00 - 12:00. Come prepared to dance (or spectate) in a hot room!

DOESN'T ANYONE WANT A KETTLE?

Okay, here's an easy one. First student to identify this quote will win a deluxe appliance and the approbation of his or her peers:

> "His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow
> falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling,
> like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and
> the dead."

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 10 FRIDAY 10 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

MADRIGAL GROUP

All singers will welcome the news that a madrigal group has been formed, and has already practised a motet by Tollis. New singers will be warmly welcomed to the next rehearsals, held in the Oakeshott room:

Monday 13th June 7:45 p.m.
Thursday 16th June 2:00 p.m.

Group Topic

Apply feminist critical theory to the following quotation:

"Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing."

PUB CRAWL

Last night's tour of local drinking establishments was an unqualified success. There were no unexpected impediments to imbibement and the drink itself was of the highest quality. Congragulations to all involved. Special thanks to Pip.

PARTY TONIGHT

Don't forget to remember the disco in Deep Hall. The music will begin at 8:00 and conclude around midnight. Dress lightly, and bring a pound to pay the man at the door.

PLEASE TRY HARDER

Not enough people are signing out or in for meals in advance, which is making the chef's job more difficult and messing up the weekly accounts between Bread Loaf and Lincoln. We understand that you won't always know at 10 a.m. if you'll be going out or staying in for dinner. However, we do have a problem, so if you are a chronic non-signer-out or non-signer-in, please MEND YOUR WAYS. Also, if anyone can think of a better system let us know.

HELP

This one we really don't know, so if you do, please tell us:

"To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings
Of cities founded, commonwealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superior things."

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 11 MONDAY 13 JULY 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

BARBARA HARDY

Barbara Hardy, Professor of English at the University of London who is visiting the Writing Program today, will lecture at 4:45 this afternoon in the Oakeshott Room on "Acts and Arts of Narrative in George Orwell." Everyone is invited to the talk and subsequent reception in the Grove Quad.

CHARLES TOMLINSON TOMORROW

Keep in mind the lecture by Charles Tomlinson tomorrow night. After this lecture there will be a reception and a High Table dinner. **Seniors:** remember that a picture-taking session will be held at the Grove reception on Tuesday.

TICKET MANIA AGAIN

We're selling tickets for two plays this week: Julius Caesar at Stratford on Wednesday, July 15th (buses leave at 5:00); and Antony and Cleopatra at the National Theatre in London on Thursday, July 16th (buses leave at 3:00).

Tickets for Julius Caesar will go on sale in the Bread Loaf office at 1:30 on Tuesday afternoon. There will be only a dozen or so tickets available, so queue up if you really want to go. Approximately 25 Antony and Cleopatra tickets will go on sale at 1:30 on Wednesday afternoon. This performance, by the way, is sold out for the summer.

PAGE AND STAGE TICKETS

Page and Stage students, please come purchase your tickets for Julius Caesar and Antony and Cleopatra this afternoon -- or tomorrow morning at the latest.

MADRIGAL REMINDER

There will be a madrigal rehearsal tonight at 7:45 in the Oakeshott Room. New singers are encouraged to attend.

COMPUTER RENTAL

If you would like to rent some word-processing time on our computer, please speak to any "member" of the club: Pam Parker, Dan Meier, Julie Hile, Lauren Muller, Brian Potter, Sue Jones, and Bob Broad. Any of us will let you into the computer room, help you get started, and collect 1.80 per hour for rental time. We provide free technical and emotional support, too.

Bob Broad

NEWS FROM THE MOUNTAIN

Current copies of The Crumb have arrived, and are posted below.

IN CASE YOU'RE STILL WONDERING

Last week's quotation about "ye distant spires, ye antique towers" is from Thomas Gray's 1742 poem "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College." If anyone knew this, they didn't let on to us. Quote number 2, from Joyce's short story "The Dead," was first identified by Katherine Challener (who took away a kettle). Finally, we are grateful to Angie Ferguson for correctly identifying Friday's quotation ("To sing of wars, of captains, and of kings...") as Anne Bradstreet (from "The Prologue," c. 1650).

ENTICING PASSAGE:

(from an essay by Barbara Hardy:)

"What concerns me here are the qualities which fictional narrative shares with that inner and outer storytelling that plays a major role in our sleeping and waking lives. For we dream in narrative, remember, anticipate, hope, despair, believe, doubt, plan, revise, criticize, construct, gossip, learn, hate, and love by narrative. In order really to live, we make up stories about ourselves and others, about the personal as well as the social past and future."

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 12 TUESDAY 14 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

CHARLES TOMLINSON SPEAKS THIS AFTERNOON

Poet, painter, essayist, and Professor of English Charles Tomlinson will lecture at 5:00 this afternoon in the Oakeshott Room. This talk will be followed by a reception in the Grove Quad and an elegant High Table dinner in the Hall. Everyone is encouraged to leave their essays for a little while and come hear this distinguished speaker.

SENIOR PICTURE-TAKING SESSION

Seniors will assemble in the Grove after the lecture (6:15, or thereabouts) to take The Senior Picture.

JULIUS CAESAR TICKETS

Tickets to Wednesday night's performance of Julius Caesar at Stratford will go on sale at 1:30 p.m. this afternoon in the Bread Loaf office. These tickets cost 19.50 including round-trip bus transportation. As always, there is a limited number and they will be sold first-come first-served. The bus to Stratford for non-Page-and-Stage students will leave at 5:00 p.m. Wednesday from Trinity Gates.

EARLY DEPARTURE FOR PAGE AND STAGE

Students in Page and Stage should ignore the confusion emanating from the office on the subject of buses, and be prepared to travel to Stratford early on Wednesday for seminars etc. The bus for Page and Stage students will definitely leave from Trinity Gates at 10.30 a.m.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ON SALE TOMORROW

Tickets for the Thursday night performance of Antony and Cleopatra at the National Theatre in London will go on sale Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 in the Bread Loaf office. These tickets cost 16.30 apiece (including the bus trip) and are in great demand, so come early.

GET OUT YOUR MALLETS

The Bread Loaf office has boldly accepted a challenge to a croquet tournament put forth by members of the Lincoln Middle Common Room. Thankfully, MCR members have offered to teach us how to play before the match, which will take place on Sunday, July 26th, from 2:00 to 7:00 p.m. We are now recruiting players and enthusiastic spectators for this great sporting event. If you're interested, sign up in the office and watch the bulletin board for further news.

CUBETA FLIES IN ON FRIDAY

Paul Cubeta will arrive this Friday for a two-week sojourn at Lincoln. When the time draws nearer students will be able to make appointments with him through the Bread Loaf office. There will be more news on this later in the week.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 13 WEDNESDAY 15 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ON SALE TODAY

The long-awaited ticket sales for Antony and Cleopatra at the National Theatre begin today at 1:30 p.m. We have approximately 25 extra tickets, and many people have expressed interest. Tickets are 13.00 each plus 3.30 for round-trip bus transportation.

JULIUS CAESAR TONIGHT

Page and Stage students are leaving at 10:30 this morning to do various educational things in Stratford today; the rest of us will leave at 5:00 from Trinity Gates. We sold hardly any tickets to this performance (is everyone waiting for Antony and Cleopatra tomorrow?) so if you change your mind you can come purchase a ticket at the office any time today.

COMPUTERS AVAILABLE FOR A SMALL FEE

Remember that you can use the computer club's word processor by paying a mere 1.80 per hour. Technical and emotional support are included in this price. If you're interested, contact Pam Parker, Dan Meier, Julie Hile, Lauren Muller, Brian Potter, Sue Jones, or Bob Broad.

ATTENTION INTERNATIONAL TRAVELERS:

Want to add one more country to your list of places traveled? We are looking for one or two persons who would like to share a car to Edinburgh, SCOTLAND this weekend. Please contact Tom Andrew or Sarah Albano for more details.

HISTORY OF OXFORD

The Museum of the City of Oxford, which chronicles the history of the city from its origins to the present, is highly recommended by Lauren Muller. The museum is located down St. Aldgates, a little bit past the Post Office on the opposite side of the street. Admission is free.

SPORTS TOURNAMENTS PROLIFERATE

Tennis players, sharpen up your serve: Josh Danson is organizing a tennis tournament. Sign up below if you're interested.

We are also looking for novice or experienced croquet players to help us meet the challenge thrown down by the Lincoln MCR. Sign up below. Lessons will start soon.

WE CAN'T GIVE THEM AWAY

One electric kettle or hairdryer go to the first person to identify the following quotation:

> "His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
> And lambent dulness play'd around his face."

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 14 THURSDAY 16 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA TICKETS STILL AVAILABLE

As of this morning the office still has nine tickets to Antony and Cleopatra. These are excellent tickets to a play that has received strong positive reviews. We will have no trouble reselling them at the theater, but would prefer to see them used by members of the program. Stop by the office if you would like to purchase one of these tickets.

DEPARTURE FOR TODAY'S PLAY

All people on the meal plan need to stop by the Porter's Lodge on their way to the bus in order to pick up their box lunches. The bus will be leaving from Trinity College gates at 3:00.

MADRIGALS AFTER LUNCH

There will be a Madrigals rehearsal this afternoon at 2:00 in the Oakeshott room.

TALL THIN MAN WITH BLACK RIMMED GLASSES

Beginning at around ten o'clock tomorrow morning the slender figure of Paul Cubeta will become observable at Lincoln College. If you see him, please give him a warm welcome and tell him you are looking forward to talking with him once he has recovered from the trip.

A CLOTHING OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN

The Lincoln steward, Joy Makin, has informed us that high quality women's clothing is now on sale for very reasonable prices at Tyrrwits on Woodstock Road. To find Tyrrwits, you need only walk out to Brown's restaurant and look across the street.

WHO'S PINCHING THE GUARDIAN?

Dennis Wadley reports that The Guardian is mysteriously disappearing from the JCR every morning soon after breakfast. Please leave the papers there for all to read.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. Friday July 17 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

CUBETA ARRIVES TODAY

If you watch carefully, at some point during the day you may catch a glimpse of Paul Cubeta. He and Beth are expected to arrive sometime around 10:00 this morning. They will probably make a quick tour of the campus before retiring to combat the onslaught of jet lag. Paul would love to have a chance to talk with as many of you as possible while he is here, but will not begin making appointments through the office until the beginning of next week.

EVENTS OF THE COMING WEEK

Now that many of you are beginning to bend a bit under the weight of reading and paper writing, a quick overview of next week's events may be in order:

1. TUESDAY at 5:00 Stephen Gill will deliver a lecture in the Oakeshott room. A reception in the Grove will follow at 6:15 with High Table at 7:00.

2. Some lucky people will be attending a performance of Titus Andronicus in Stratford on Wednesday. Tickets will go on sale in the office Tuesday afternoon. People in the know say this is the best Stratford production of the last twenty years.

3. Friday the entire school will depart for London at 3:00 to see Romeo and Juliet at the Barbican.

CROQUET TRAINING

David Kipling of the Lincoln MCR has very kindly provided the Bread Loaf office with xerox copies of the official rules for croquet. More importantly, he and other members of the MCR have agreed to walk those of us who are interested through the intricacies of the game. There will definitely be a practice session in the Grove after dinner on Thursday. Other practices may be scheduled. All of this is in preparation for the match to be held Sunday, July 26th, from 2:00 to 7:00.

WRITERS AND READERS MEET

The next in a series of informal poetry and prose readings will take place this Sunday in Cindy Damon's room (5:4) at 8:00. Bring your own work or the work of an author you find striking. Refreshments are welcomed and encouraged.

SENIOR PHOTOS

Some nice shots were taken by Charles Martin. Prints are in the Bread Loaf office. Sign the back(s) of the one(s) you wish and, within 8-10 days, prints of normal size will come back to you for a 30p fee. Try to choose by Tuesday as printing takes awhile. Please see Meg about the reimbursement owed Charles Martin.

PLAYS IN OXFORD

Shakespeare's The Merry Wives of Windsor is being presented by the City of Oxford Theatre Guild in Merton College Fellows Gardens. Shows are daily at7:30 p.m.; matinee this Saturday at 2:30 p.m. Tickets (3.50 and 2.00) through Tickets in Oxford.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 16 MONDAY 20 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

FIRST, THE BAD NEWS

There has been another theft, this time from a room inside the gates of Lincoln. It is, unhappily, very important to lock doors and windows even when you leave your room for only a few minutes. And if you see strangers roaming the halls, question them or report immediately to the porter.

SADDER BUT WISER

If you have a bike, take the time to put it down in the cage under the garage. We have learned that Turl Street is not a safe place for bicycles -- even if they're locked.

MUCH HERALDED KITCHEN TOUR TODAY

A tour of the Lincoln kitchen and wine cellar will leave from Hall this afternoon at 2:00.

RICKS SPEAKS ON SHAKESPEARE

Prof. Christopher Ricks, who was one of our lecturers last year and is an authority on Victorian literature -- though he speaks entertainingly and well on literature from many periods -- will be lecturing today and tomorrow at 11:30 on *King Lear* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, as part of the St. John's program, at the Taylorian lecture hall, on St. Giles Street across from the college, around the corner from the Ashmolean Museum. Visitors are asked to sit upstairs; the balcony is atop the spiral staircase as you go in the door.

Dennis Wadley

STEPHEN GILL TOMORROW

As you plan your work week, keep in mind tomorrow night's lecture by Stephen Gill, Lincoln Fellow and well-known Wordsworth scholar, followed by a High Table dinner.

THIS WEEK'S THEATRE

Page and Stage students, please come to the office this afternoon or tomorrow morning to pick up tickets for Wednesday night's performance of *Titus Andronicus*. Your bus to Stratford will once again leave at 10:30 a.m.

EXTRACURRICULAR TICKETS

Titus Andronicus tickets will go on sale to the Bread Loaf population at large on Tuesday afternoon at 1:30. This seldom-produced play will be performed in the Swan Theatre at Stratford -- a beautiful, three-quarters stage down the street from the main theatre. Tickets cost 13.00 plus 2.00 for the bus.

SCHOOL TRIP NUMBER TWO

The whole school will be going to *Romeo and Juliet* at the Barbican this Friday night. Details will follow later in the week.

APPOINTMENTS WITH CUBETA

Paul Cubeta's schedule during his two weeks here at Lincoln is constantly subject to change, since he must often dash off to meet with tutors on short notice. With this in mind, students may start making appointments with him this afternoon. Come to the office and we will (tentatively) work something out.

Students who have unresolved financial business with Bread Loaf (financial aid, paychecks, etc.), please make an appointment to see Paul Cubeta as soon as possible.

SENIOR PICTURES FOR SALE AND DISPLAY IN THE OFFICE

Meg Sempreora reminds seniors that pictures taken at last week's High Table dinner are now in the office. Please come by if you want to order copies.

THE ROSTER FROM THE MOUNTAIN

Paul Cubeta has brought with him a comprehensive list of this year's Bread Loaf students in Vermont, now available for reference in the office.

HOPE YOU'RE A FAST LEARNER

There will be a croquet practice this Thursday after dinner in preparation for the big tournament on Sunday.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 17 TUESDAY 21 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

TITUS TICKETS TODAY

Titus Andronicus tickets go on sale at 1:30 p.m this afternoon in the Bread Loaf office. Tickets to this Wednesday night performance cost 15.00 each (including transportation).

GILL TO LECTURE TONIGHT

Stephen Gill, Fellow of Lincoln College, will speak tonight on poetic revision and the poet's life. The lecture will begin at 5:00 in the Oakeshott room, followed by a reception in the Beckington room and High Table dinner.

RICKS THIS MORNING ON SHAKESPEARE

A last-minute reminder: there will be a lecture by Christopher Ricks in the Taylorian institute this morning at 11:30. Ricks is an extremely entertaining -- and fast-talking -- speaker, as those who have heard him before will attest. The Taylorian is around the corner from the Ashmolean, across St. Giles from St. John's college.

ANOTHER PUB CRAWL

After many appeals, Pip has agreed to repeat his wildly successful pub crawl. The group will leave after dinner on Thursday from the Porter's Lodge.

TODAY'S APPOINTMENTS WITH CUBETA

There is a window of opportunity in Paul Cubeta's schedule this afternoon. He will be free to speak with students from about 2:30 to 4:00 this afternoon. If you want to see him, you can make an appointment (while they last) in the Bread Loaf office.

ATTENTION: FIRST TIME BREAD LOAF STUDENTS

Students who are attending Bread Loaf for the first time (i.e., never been on the mountain) must come to the Bread Loaf office to sign, or officially refuse to sign, a waiver statement. Without this piece of paper you will not be given grades or credit.

IT'S OXFAM TIME AGAIN: A MESSAGE FROM DENNIS WADLEY

Each summer I take up a collection to assist Oxfam, the British-American famine relief agency. The agency is currently concentrating on aid to Africa, especially Ethiopia and the Sudan, where a combination of government obstruction, a civil war, and soil erosion starve hudnreds of thousands to death each year. In addition to the usual practice of bringing food directly to those who need it most, Oxfam is concentrating on a soil erosion program designed to enable people of these areas to plant and harvest crops that will permanently relieve the famine situation.

I will pass the basket at meals off and on for the next two weeks. In the past we have managed about 200.00 each summer, which amounts to between 2.00 and 3.00 per Breadloafer. Some can manage more, some not this much; but whatever you can give will go straight to the needy. Bring some change to lunch and dinner today.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 18 WEDNESDAY 22 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

TITUS ANDRONICUS IN STRATFORD TODAY

Everyone who is interested in attending tonight's performance of Titus Andronicus should be at Trinity College gates at 5:00. If you are on the meal plan, stop by the Porter's Lodge on your way to Trinity and pick up your bag of dinner. Should you be one of the intrepid few who intend to secure a ticket when you arrive at Stratford, be sure the office is informed of your plans so that room will be reserved on the bus.

ROMEO AND JULIET AT THE BARBICAN ON FRIDAY

Please tell the office if you know for certain you will not be going to the performance of Romeo and Juliet on Friday. Your ticket can be made available to others who would like to see this production. Any extra tickets will go on sale in the office at 1:30 on Thursday. First priority will be given to spouses of students; if you want a ticket for your spouse, please let us know so we can put your name on our list.

DON'T HESITATE TO WAIVER

All students new to Bread Loaf must sign a waiver that governs the confidentiality of grades and faculty evaluations. This is a standard form that must be completed before any grades or credits can be released. All undergraduates must sign this form.

EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION NETWORK

The Bread Loaf office now possesses an incredibly sophisticated sheet of paper on which you can describe the sort of employment you would like to secure, or any positions you are trying to fill. This information can apply to your immediate situation or to any change you anticipate in the next year. With this paper in hand, Paul Cubeta will do his utmost to match unemployed Bread Loafers to teaching positions.

INDEPENDENT WINTER READING PROJECTS

Descriptions of all that is required to complete independent projects are now available in the office. Be sure you have read this material before discussing your proposal with the director.

STILL WONDERING ABOUT THAT MONEY FROM MIDDLEBURY?

If you have had any problems with bills, checks you expected Middlebury to send, refunds, or financial aid, please arrange to see Paul Cubeta as soon as possible.

MYSTERY VERSE

Does even Stephen Gill know this one?

"I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my Soul."

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 19 Thursday 23 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

ROMEO AND JULIET TOMORROW

Tickets have been provided for all members of the Bread Loaf program who are interested in seeing Romeo and Juliet at the Barbican. The buses will leave from Trinity College gates at 3:00. This time, the bag dinners will be available at the Porter's Lodge between 2:30 and 3:00. Again, please notify the office should you decide not to attend this play.

AT YOUR SERVICE

The Bread Loaf staff has decided to remind you of our office hours so that you will know when to schedule your calls and when you can reasonably expect to find the office open.

M-F 9:00-11:00 a.m.
M-F 1:30-3:00 p.m.

We can of course be open at other times if an emergency should arise, but we would prefer to operate within this schedule.

NOISE GENERATION

Now that we are approaching the last third of this summer's session at Lincoln, it is important to once again acknowledge the need for silence in college. Please be aware of the way the quads magnify the power of individual voices, so that even muffled conversations can become profound distractions.

LAST DAY TO REQUEST PHOTOS

Seniors who would like copies of photos of the class must come to the office today and sign the backs of the pictures they want. This is necessary in order to allow time for processing. Pictures cost about 30p each; 1.15 per person is needed to reimburse Charles Martin. Please see Meg if you haven't already done so.

RETURN OF THE PUB TOUR

Pip has yielded to popular demand and graciously agreed to lead another of his excursions to the best of the Oxford ale houses. All interested people assemble at the Porter's Lodge at 8:00.

THE GREAT GROVE MATCH APPROACHES

Sunday's croquet match between Bread Loaf and the Lincoln MCR promises to be a high point of the summer. Tension is almost tangible as players anticipate five hours of nearly continuous play, with breathers only for food and drink. The last opportunity any of us will have to polish our skills is tonight after hall when members of the MCR will once again lead a practice session in the Grove.

STEPHEN GILL COMES THROUGH

Dr. Gill tells us yesterday's mystery passage is from "Elegaic Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle," first composed by William Wordsworth probably around 10:00 on the morning of February 17, 1806 after a light night's sleep and while he was listening to a gentle rain; later revisions were made ....

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. Friday 24 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

BUS TO BARBICAN LEAVES AT 3:00

Today's excursion to Romeo and Juliet in London will depart from Trinity College gates at 3:00. People on the meal plan need to pick up their bags of food from the Porter's Lodge between 2:30 and 3:00. Please notify the office if you do not intend to join us on this trip.

ARE YOU STAYING HERE?

Dinner will not be served in Hall tonight; however, anyone on the meal plan who is not going to the play can pick up a bag-dinner from the Porter's Lodge between 2:30 and 3:00.

SENIORS, SENIORS, WHEREFORE ART THOU...

For the general coordination of events and some final decisions that have to be made by yesterday, can all of you shall-be graduates come to Deep hall on Monday, 27 July, at 5:30 p.m. (Monday is the only day on which something is not already scheduled!) Thanks. Addio. Lou

SENIOR LIBRARY AT LINCOLN TO BE OPEN MONDAY

The oldest portion of All Saints Library will be open from 2:00 to 4:00 on Monday afternoon. We are told that this part of the library, known as the Senior Library, houses a substantial collection of 16th, 17th, and 18th century books and pamphlets. These materials are displayed on 18th century presses, so if you would like to see what an 18th century library was like, stop by.

MICHAEL WOOD WILL SPEAK ON TUESDAY

At 5:00 on the afternoon of the 28th, Michael Wood will deliver the last of the evening lectures Bread Loaf is sponsoring this summer. This is an occasion you won't want to miss.

LISTEN TO THE MUFFLED BELLS

The Oxford society of change ringers will ring a half-muffled full peal in memory of the late Lord Trend at 10:00 a.m. on Saturday. This is a rare event that demonstrates the high regard in which Lord Trend was held by all of Oxford.

OXFAM AT LUNCH

An OXFAM collection will be taken up today during lunch. If you would like to contribute, bring your cash to the dining hall.

PERSONAL INFORMATION REQUESTED

The office has a store of personal information forms we would like each of you to complete. This information will enable a central office on the mountain to compose a news letter communicating the whereabouts and the activities of current and past Bread Loaf students. These sheets can also be picked up from the Hall at breakfast and lunch.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 21 MONDAY 27 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

CROQUET FINAL

Bread Loaf had a glorious triumph of sorts on the croquet field yesterday, as we held our own against the Lincoln MCR. The final score was 1:1 after four and a half hours of enthusiastic play. Thanks to the Lincoln MCR for their challenge, their patience, and for teaching us how to play; and to Joy Makim for providing tea and absolutely delicious pastries. Anyone for a tie-breaker?...

LIBRARY OPEN TODAY

The oldest section of the Lincoln library, located downstairs behind the hitherto mysterious double doors, will be open this afternoon from 2:00 to 4:00. A librarian will be on hand to answer questions. Don't miss the chance to see this 18th century library, which houses a collection of 16th, 17th and 18th century books and pamphlets as well as an 18th century presses.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN CUBETA SCHEDULE

Tomorrow will be the last day that Paul Cubeta will be scheduling student conferences, as he will be out of town all day Wednesday and flying off to the Mountain on Thursday. If you want to see him formally, please stop by the office after lunch and make an appointment for this afternoon or tomorrow.

MADRIGALS TONIGHT

Madrigalists will sing together again at 8:00 tonight in the Oakeshott Room.

OXFAM COLLECTION PROGRESS

So far, Dennis Wadley has collected 40.16 in his annual Oxfam drive. If you want to contribute to this worthy cause, please bring some change to lunch today.

SENIOR MEETING

Seniors will meet at 5:30 this afternoon in Deep Hall to make some important decisions about graduation. Please be there.

MORE SHAKESPEARE LOGISTICS

Page and Stage is going to see King Lear at the National Theatre in London on Wednesday night, followed by The Merchant of Venice at Stratford on Thursday. Here's the drill for this week's theatre:

MONDAY: Page and Stage students, come by today to pick up your tickets.

TUESDAY: Extra tickets for King Lear go on sale to Bread Loafers at **9:00 a.m.**

Extra tickets for Merchant of Venice go on sale to Bread Loafers at 1:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY: Bus leaves for the National at 3:00 p.m. from Trinity Gates.

Bus leaves for Stratford at 5:00 p.m. from Trinity Gates.

COMPUTER POWERS TO MEET

There will be a Computer Board Member meeting on Tuesday at 12:00 in Deep Hall to discuss the printer ribbon situation.

ANOTHER CHANCE TO SEE THE WINE CELLAR

There will be a second tour of the Lincoln wine tomorrow afternoon at 2:30. The quantity and quality of the wine stored beneath these quads is awe-inspiring, so don't miss this tour twice.

ENTICEMENT FOR TOMORROW'S LECTURE

The topic for Michael Wood's Tuesday lecture will be "Misadventures of the Intelligence," a discussion of the hostility toward the intelligence found in the Modern Period. This lecture will be followed by a reception and High Table dinner.

FULL HALL FOR TOMORROW NIGHT

If anyone on the meal plan will <u>not</u> be eating in Hall tomorrow night for the High Table dinner, please let the office know as soon as possible. The Hall is now full; if we know about extra spaces now we will then be able to offer seats to off-campus guests and students.

PANICULUM

Volume X, No. 22 TUESDAY 28 July 1987
Bread Loaf School of English at Lincoln College

MICHAEL WOOD AND SPECIAL DINNER TONIGHT

Michael Wood arrives at Lincoln this afternoon to deliver a lecture at 5:00 in the Oakeshott room on "Misadventures of the Intelligence." The talk will be followed by a reception in the Grove Quad, and an extra-special high table dinner at which Paul Cubeta will announce annual Bread Loaf awards. The Hall is absolutely full for this event, so if you decide not to come at the last minute, please let us know so we can give your place to someone else.

LEAR, MERCHANT ON SALE TODAY

Extra tickets to Wednesday night's performance of King Lear (starring Anthony Hopkins) at the National Theatre in London went on sale in the office at 9:00 this morning. At present writing, there are still tickets left in the Bread Loaf office for this performance -- which, rumor has it, is sold-out for the summer.

Extra tickets to Merchant of Venice (at Stratford on Thursday night) will go on sale in the Bread Loaf office at 1:30 sharp this afternoon.

BUS TRIUMPH FOR PAGE AND STAGE

The bus to Stratford for Page and Stage students will leave at 1:30 p.m. Thursday afternoon. The bus for anyone else who hopes to go to Merchant of Venice will leave, as usual, at 5:00.

WINE CELLAR TOUR TODAY AT 2:30

Ted has generously agreed to lead a tour of the wine cellar this afternoon. The tour will gather in the Hall at 2:30.

MISSIVES FOR THE MOUNTAIN

Paul Cubeta has volunteered to carry mail back to our cohorts on the Mountain. Since he is leaving directly after lunch on Thursday, mail must be delivered to the Bread Loaf office no later than 9:30 a.m. Thursday.

WHERE ARE ALL THOSE INFO SHEETS?

Only half a dozen students have filled out and returned the information sheets available in the Hall and the office. These sheets represent an effort -- which, if successful, would benefit us all -- to formalize and strengthen the Bread Loaf network. Please help make this work by filling out a form and return it to the office as soon as possible.

STEADFAST STUDENTS

The following people must come into the office and sign a waiver now:

Katie Booras
Karen Hammerness
Marla Henken
Sarah Messer
Hardin Pantle
Tom Robertson
Ron Saltz
Nick Siewert
Cabby Tennis
Dan Victor

SENIOR MEETING TONIGHT

Seniors will meet directly after High Table dinner tonight in the Mary Lasker Room (up Staircase 9, near the Hall).